PHOTOPLAY

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

OCTOBER
25 CENTS

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ANIELS

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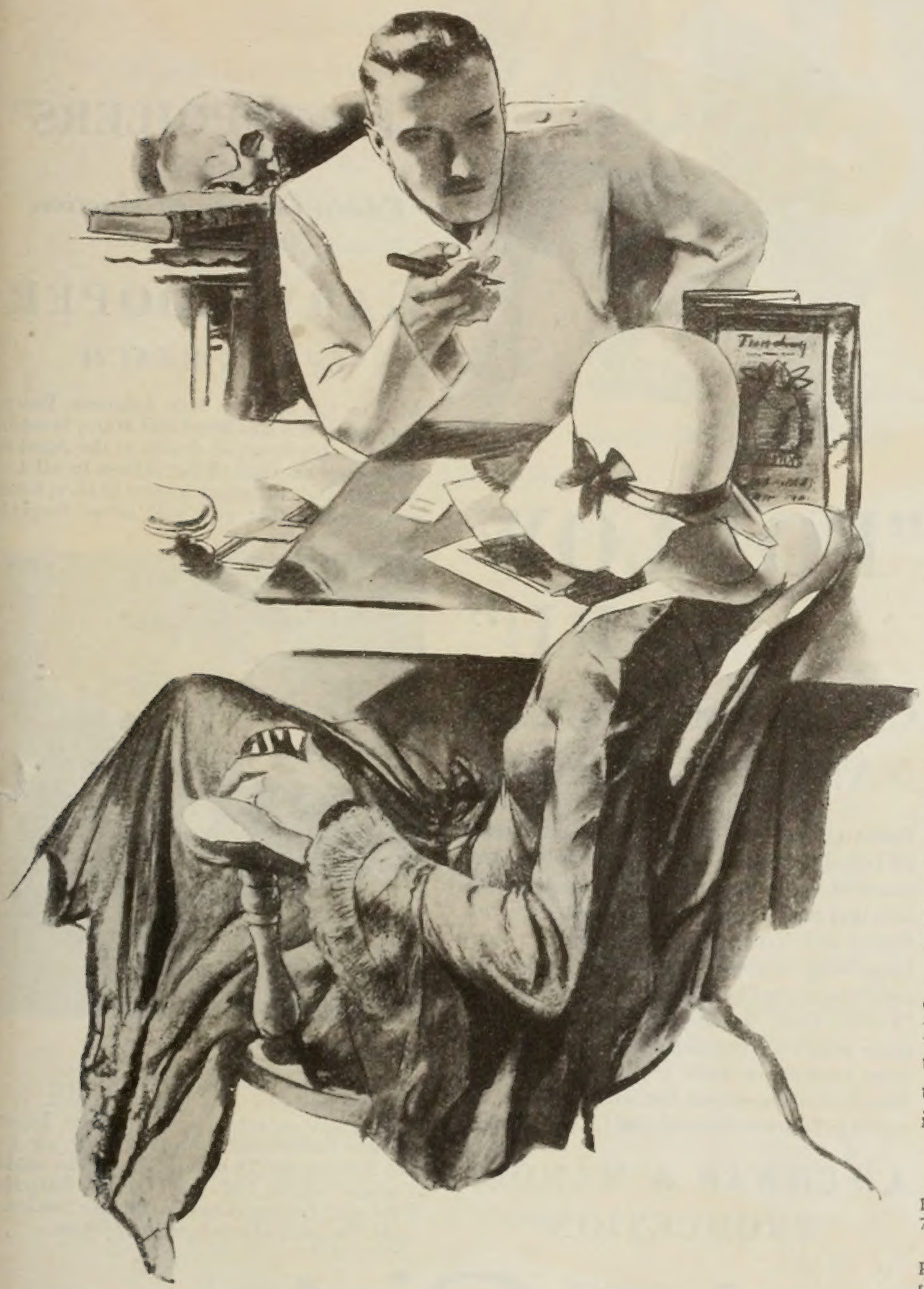

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At popular prices for the whole family!

The biggest *value* your money buys today is entertainment on the talking, singing screen! You see and hear sparkling musical hits, great plays, the work of the most famous writers, foremost music composers. Varied, colorful, stimulating entertainment that pleases all tastes and every member of the family!

The cost is so low you shouldn't miss a single opportunity to see every Paramount Picture that comes your way. Today, as for 18 years, Paramount is the greatest name in entertainment. The better theatres play Paramount regularly and often — use the name always as your guide to *"the best show in town!"*

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in "The Law Rides West"

With Rosita Moreno, Eugene Pallette, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin. All action, all outdoors romance starring Richard Arlen.

Adapted from the novel "Spanish Acres" by Hal Evarts. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf.

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NANCY CARROLL

Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley. Paramount's all talking, all musical, all Technicolor adaptation of the sensational musical comedy success that ran 54 weeks on Broadway. Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll in a bright, sparkling story of youth and love and golf with catchy tunes and laughs galore. On the screen, "Follow Thru" has the same zip and pep, the same youthful exuberance that made the stage production such a hit. By De Sylva, Brown, Henderson and Laurence Schwab. Directed by Laurence Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan.

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an

Edwin Carewe Production

with

GARY COOPER

By REX BEACH

Also in the cast are Kay Johnson, Betty Compson, William Boyd and Harry Green. Rex Beach's dynamic drama of the Alaska gold rush on the talking screen in all its strength and splendor! A story of love, hate and conflict that you will never forget!

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

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Just a Letter From a Reader

Dear Editor:

I just must write and tell you how much all my friends rely on your reviews of motion pictures and how accurate and helpful they are. I have been following them for years as my guide. Only recently I went to see Barbara Stanwyck in "Ladies of Leisure" and spent a delightful evening. I had never heard of the star and the title had failed to intrigue me. Your reviews have saved me many a wasted evening and many a wasted half dollar. Keep up the good work. Thank you.

Irene Conray, Boone, Iowa.

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This is "The New Fay Wray" as she looked in "Behind the Make-up"

Above, the Fay of "The Wedding March." Is this the Old Fay?

Another "new" Fay—this time as Bancroft's lead in "Thunderbolt"

Below, one of the latest "New Fay Wrays." Fay in "The Texan"

The New Fay Wray?

Press Agents May Dream—but Fay's the Same Sweet Girl

By Katherine Albert

PERIODICALLY the bright boys in the Paramount publicity department who rack their Hollywood-weary brains to find new and sensational stories on the people under contract to their studio, draw you aside and confide, with the light of creation in their eyes, "Just wait until you see such and such a picture. You'll be amazed! Fay Wray has the lead and she's absolutely different! She's marvelous! She isn't the sweet and simple child any more. She's fiery, sophisticated, brilliant!"

This has been happening on an average of three times a year for the last four years.

The bright boys insist, further, upon telling the world that there is an amazing discovery on the lot who always turns out to be your own poor little harassed heroine, Fay Wray.

It was in "The Legion of the Condemned" that the public and press realized the possibilities of this beautiful girl. She and Gary Cooper made as charming a pair of lovers as the camera has ever recorded. They were youth and spring and romance and all the other things song writers rhyme about. It was said that they were to be co-starred. But something happened, something that shot Gary to stardom and kept Fay Wray a leading woman. Since then the press agents have had nothing to call her but "the new Fay Wray."

They said it when Fay was cast in "Behind the Make-up." They wrote reams of copy and one story in particular called "The Transformation of Fay Wray." They credited this startling change in the girl's character to the fact that she had but recently married the dashing, handsome, smartly dressed writer, John Monk Saunders. They declared that the sweet, pleasant little girl who had made the usual genuflexions to sadism in Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March" had become a poised, brilliant woman of the world—a Madame de Stael for making the most meagre corner behave like a *salon*. "Behind the Make-up" was finished and released.

Then there was, also, "Thunderbolt." Fay was cast as *Ritzy*, the hard-boiled gangster's moll. It was a rough and ready George Bancroft film. "Ah-ha," said the Paramount publicity boys, as if they had never once thought of it before, "wait until you see 'Thunderbolt.' You'll see something amazing. Sure, Bancroft's work is good. So is Dick Arlen's; but the big surprise is Fay Wray. She is absolutely different, a new Fay." And they trotted away to their typewriters to tell the world all about it again.

"Thunderbolt" was finished and released.

Things sort of quieted down for a while when suddenly there emerged upon the horizon—yes, you've guessed it—a new Fay Wray! This time the name of the picture was "The Texan." It was a Gary Cooper starring vehicle and—could you believe it?—Fay was cast as a Spanish girl. Yes, sir, a real Spanish girl. Hot tamale! Well, this time this was it. Sure enough, said the publicity boys, you'd never imagine it, but there was to be a new Fay Wray.

"The Texan" was made and released.

NOW, strangely enough, in each picture in which Fay has appeared she has given a good, sincere performance. But all the waves of excitement that eddied and swirled about her have not, in the slightest degree, touched the woman herself. To the Paramount publicity department she has been a new discovery in each and every picture. To you and to me and to Fay, herself, she has remained the same.

Everybody, it seems, has tried to make of Fay all the things that she isn't.

A photographer tried it when he said he had discovered her, a poverty stricken little country girl in rags and tatters (fancy going about in a tatter!) and had introduced her to Hollywood.

Now the truth of the matter is that Fay comes of a very nice, comfort-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

"I make ze love to you myself—personal... What? Because you are marry you do not wish to spik of love! Leesen Lady — eef Pancho Lopez want woman, he take her, dam queek!"

* * *

Listen to him! The perfect lover with a broken accent to mend broken hearts! — L'il old Cupid with a six shooter—the Robin Hood of the deserts—The greatest character ever brought to the talking screen by

Walter HUSTON

Assisted by Dorothy Revier, Sidney Blackmer, James Rennie

DIRECTED BY CLARENCE BADGER from Porter Emerson Browne's melodramatic uproar.

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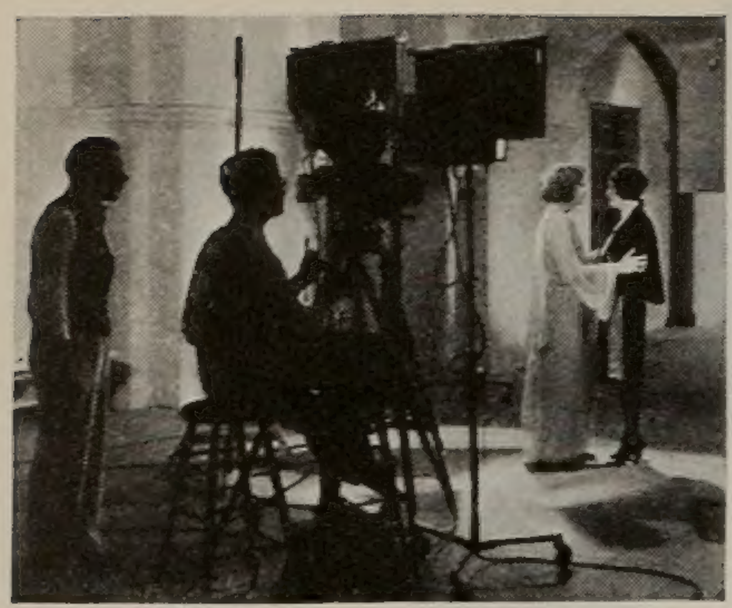

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★*Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (*June*)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (*June*)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crows* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (*June*)

ARIZONA KID, THE—Fox.—Warner Baxter follows "In Old Arizona" with another fine performance and an excellent picture. (*July*)

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (*April*)

BACK PAY—First National.—Too bad it doesn't leave us with pleasanter memories to mark Corinne Griffith's retirement from the screen. (*Aug.*)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Walter Huston swaggers through this, making it good entertainment. (*Aug.*)

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (*June*)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (*April*)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (*April*)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (*May*)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (*April*)

BIG BOY—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (*Sept.*)

BIG FIGHT, THE—Sono Art—James Cruze.—Amusing enough. Lola Lane and Guinn Williams, but Stepin Fetchit almost shuffles off with the show (*July*)

★ **BIG HOUSE, THE**—M-G-M.—Inspired by real life stories of prison riots and intelligently produced. Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery outstanding. (*Aug.*)

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (*April*)

★ **BIG POND, THE**—Paramount.—Chevalier clicks again! See him as a poor but romantic Frenchman trying to make good in an American chewing gum factory. Claudette Colbert, and some typical Chevalier songs. (*July*)

BORDER LEGION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Holt, Dick Arlen, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a Zane Grey thriller. (*July*)

BORDER ROMANCE—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican minx, Armida, stars. (*Aug.*)

BORN RECKLESS—Fox.—Maybe the fear of censorship took the thrill out of this gangster film, made from the exciting best seller, "Louis Beretti." Eddie Lowe, Lee Tracy and Catherine Dale Owen. (*July*)

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolored operetta, but slow-paced. (*Aug.*)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—All-Technicolor musical extravaganza. You'll like Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay. (*Aug.*)

BROKEN DISHES—First National.—Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (*Sept.*)

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Novarro's talents. Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (*Sept.*)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseillaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (*June*)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Anna Christie"
"Song o' My Heart"
"Journey's End"
"The Divorcee"
"Ladies of Leisure"
"The Devil's Holiday"
"All Quiet on the Western Front"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (*June*)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (*May*)

CHEER UP AND SMILE—Fox.—Good comedy drama, with Arthur Lake, Dixie Lee and the vampish Baclanova. (*July*)

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (*May*)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent.* (*May*)

CLANCY IN WALL STREET—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (*April*)

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (*June*)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and *if* you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (*May*)

COMMON CLAY—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (*Sept.*)

CONSPIRACY—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (*Sept.*)

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngest. (*June*)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (*May*)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (*June*)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (*June*)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor rôle. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (*April*)

DANCING SWEETIES — Warners. — Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a story of that much discussed "first year" of marriage. (*July*)

DANGEROUS NAN McGREW—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan*. (*Sept.*)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Barthelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (*Sept.*)

★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll in emotional drama, giving the best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (*July*)

DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A—(Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—Fox.—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (*Sept.*)

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (*June*)

DIXIANA—Radio Pictures.—Everett Marshall from the Metropolitan Opera adds voice and personality to a charming operetta. Bebe Daniels at her best. (*Aug.*)

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (*May*)

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

THE FALL SEASON STARTS WITH 3 OUTSTANDING FOX TALKING PICTURES

THE SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON'S greatest story given life and voice. Human passions in the raw battling to a stupendous climax as a brave boy, a wayward girl and a demon sea-captain meet their destiny on a sealing ship where man-made laws are laughed to scorn! An outstanding cast including MILTON SILLS, Jane Keith and Raymond Hackett. Directed by ALFRED SANTELL.

ON YOUR BACK

FROM a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. IRENE RICH in the great role of her career; H. B. WARNER magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; RAYMOND HACKETT as the boy. Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

SOUP TO NUTS

RUBE GOLDBERG—you know Rube—comedy cartoonist specializing in nutty inventions—has turned his talents to the talking screen with riotous results. Stay away from Soup to Nuts if you can't stand mirthquakes. Here's a new kind of flesh and blood comedy—seven reels of goofy entertainment with a dash of song. Introducing to the screen Ted Healey and his racketeers. Also Frances McCoy, Lucile Brown, Stanley Smith and Charles Winninger. Story, dialog and gags by Rube Goldberg. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

Your favorite entertainment **FOX** **MOVIETONE PICTURES**

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE—Warners.—Prize-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (*Aug.*)

FALL GUY, THE—Radio Pictures.—Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke in a simple little story about an out-of-work husband. (*July*)

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Ridin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (*May*)

★ **FLORODORA GIRL, THE** — M-G-M. — Marion Davies as one of the original Florodora Girls. Gags, costumes and atmosphere of the Gay '90's make this a riot of fun. (*July*)

FOLLOW THRU—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers. (*Sept.*)

FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (*Sept.*)

FOX MOVIETONE FOLLIES OF 1930—Fox.—By now the single-talkie revues have lost their novelty. Comedy, fair songs, and a bit of a love story. (*July*)

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (*April*)

★ **FREE AND EASY** — M-G-M. — Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (*May*)

FURIES, THE—First National.—Murder in the smart set. Weighty and wordy, yet fairly interesting. H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Natalie Moorehead. (*July*)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National.—Ann Harding gives zest to the old Belasco drama. Fine support and a surprise finale. (*Aug.*)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably spifficated, as usual. (*April*)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (*May*)

GOOD INTENTIONS—Fox.—Crave excitement? See Eddie Lowe as a master-crook in love with a high-society lass. (*Aug.*)

GOOD NEWS—M-G-M.—College run rampant, and set to music. Bessie Love, Stanley Smith and Lola Lane. (*Aug.*)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackaill overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (*May*)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (*May*)

★ **GRUMPY**—Paramount.—Grand entertainment. Cyril Maude's screen debut, in his famous stage portrayal of a lovable old crab. (*Aug.*)

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (*June*)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (*May*)

HE KNEW WOMEN—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce in a photographed play, "The Second Man." Good for some sophisticated chuckles. (*July*)

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (*April*)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (*May*)

HELL'S ANGELS—Caddo Prod.—Three years and $4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but $4,000,000 worth? (*Aug.*)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (*April*)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (*May*)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (*May*)

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—Fox.—A musical romance, carried to fair success by the popular Gaynor-Farrell team. (*July*)

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (*June*)

HOLD EVERYTHING — Warners. — Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (*June*)

★ **HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Ann Harding as a poor little rich girl, Mary Astor and a perfect cast make a splendid picture. (*Aug.*)

HONEY—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mitzi Green. (*April*)

HOT CURVES—Tiffany Prod.—Not what the title might indicate, unless you know your baseball vernacular. (*Aug.*)

IN GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (*May*)

INSIDE THE LINES—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (*Sept.*)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (*June*)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (*June*)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgetable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (*June*)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (*June*)

LADIES IN LOVE—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.—Let's not talk about this one. (*Aug.*)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (*June*)

★ **LADIES OF LEISURE**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck grand as a little party girl who falls for a serious young artist. Fine supporting cast. You mustn't miss it. (*July*)

★ **LADY OF SCANDAL, THE**—M-G-M.—Ruth Chatterton in delicious light comedy, from the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." (*July*)

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censor-proof. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (*April*)

LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox.—Even if you're not a "Western" fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (*Sept.*)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (*Sept.*)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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America's Greatest Actor —As You Like Him!

WARNER BROS. present

John BARRYMORE in "MOBY DICK"

With JOAN BENNETT
Lloyd Hughes, and a Great Cast

FOR seven years on the seven seas he had sought the inhuman monster that had made him a man unfit to love.

Can he win revenge against this awful enemy—or will he perish in the giant maw that has been the graveyard of a hundred men before him?

Will he ever return to his home to learn that the love he thought dead is still waiting?

These are the questions that have held hundreds of thousands spellbound through the pages of Herman Melville's immortal classic, "MOBY DICK".

They are merely hints of the throbbing thrills thatmake"Moby Dick"John Barrymore's most glorious talking picture! See it soon, at leading theatres everywhere.

Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LET'S GO NATIVE—Paramount.—Wonderfu nonsense in this burlesque of the old shipwreck-on-a-desert-island theme. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Oakie. (*July*)

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (*May*)

LET US BE GAY—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer in another swell sophisticated drama, with Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque. (*Aug.*)

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (*May*)

LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (*Sept.*)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (*April*)

LONE RIDER, THE—Columbia.—Slow-moving. Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (*Sept.*)

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (*May*)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (*April*)

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this lukewarm musical comedy. (*Sept.*)

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Claptrap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-cooers. (*May*)

★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (*April*)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Hersholt does brilliant work. (*May*)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (*June*)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good *farceur* in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (*June*)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and June Collyer, both splendid in a war picture with a Western title. (*Aug.*)

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beachcombing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (*June*)

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a boost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (*Sept.*)

MAN TROUBLE—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (*Sept.*)

MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champeen," and Leo Diegel, American "champeen," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (*April*)

MATRIMONIAL BED, THE—Warners.—A good cast, wasted on a poor picture. (*July*)

MEDICINE MAN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (*Sept.*)

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpolis. (*May*)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (*April*)

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY—Radio Pictures.—A practical joker starts something he can't finish. Betty Compson and Lowell Sherman. (*Aug.*)

★ **MONTANA MOON**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tango she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (*April*)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek.") That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (*May*)

MOUNTED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, *the Riding Kid*, avenges a murder and meets romance. (*April*)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (*April*)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (*May*)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

First National Pictures . . Page 7
Fox Film . . . . . Page 9
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . Page 119
Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
Radio Pictures . . . . . Page 121
Technicolor . . . . . Page 13
Warner Brothers . . . . Page 11

NIGHT WORK—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan stars in a nice comedy drama that goes a bit melodramatic. (*Aug.*)

NOT DAMAGED—Fox.—Sounds like melodrama, but it's supposed to be comedy. (*July*)

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (*June*)

NUMBERED MEN—First National.—Fair entertainment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (*Aug.*)

OH SAILOR BEHAVE—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (*Sept.*)

OLD AND NEW—Sovkino.—Powerful, Communism propaganda film, co-directed by Eisenstein of "Potemkin" fame. Silent. (*July*)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Disraeli" you'll rave about this one. (*Sept.*)

ONCE A GENTLEMAN—Sono Art—James Cruze.—High comedy, with a touch of pathos. Eddie Horton is elegant. (*July*)

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (*Sept.*)

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (*June*)

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (*April*)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armida sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (*April*)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (*May*)

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rich in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (*Sept.*)

OTHER TOMORROW, THE—First National.—Gorgeous Billie Dove in the usual love triangle. Just so-so. (*Aug.*)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (*Sept.*)

PARADISE ISLAND—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (*Sept.*)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent, Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (*May*)

PARDON MY GUN—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (*Sept.*)

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (*April*)

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (*April*)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (*June*)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (*April*)

QUEEN HIGH—Paramount.—An' ace musical comedy with laughs, lilting tunes and pretty girls. (*Aug.*)

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (*Sept.*)

RECAPTURED LOVE—Warners.—A bright little picture. You'll probably like it. (*Aug.*)

REDEMPTION—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's first talkie, made before "His Glorious Night," but shelved and now largely remade. A tragic story by Tolstoi that proves John can act. (*July*)

RENO—Sono Art-World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (*Sept.*)

RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Grand melodramatic hokum. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu. (*July*)

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—M-G-M.—Louis Mann as the dad of an ungrateful family. A good cast and happy ending. (*July*)

RIGHT OF WAY, THE—First National.—Starts out well but toward the end you may wish you'd stayed home. (*Aug.*)

★ **ROMANCE**—M-G-M.—Garbo personifies all the title implies in her second talkie. F'evens sakes, don't miss it! (*Aug.*)

ROMANCE OF THE WEST—Hammond Prod.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (*May*)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (*June*)

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (*May*)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (*June*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 15]

WINNIE LIGHTNER, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy wow, "Hold Everything."

twice the "IT"

A wonder screen—Technicolor. *Everything* is alive with color—*natural* color! The blue in blue eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky, sea, greensward—an orchid frock—or *gingham!* "Twice the 'it'," you'll say, when Technicolor brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of *Technicolor!*

Lovely LORETTA YOUNG takes her color bow in First National's all-Technicolor outdoor romance, "Heart of the North."

in Technicolor

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **THE CUCKOOS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!"

Grandmother's kinky-haired old furnaceman was the first to educate Marilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, just a few years later, old New York laid its heart.

MARILYN MILLER

From her grandmother's cellar . . . to Ziegfeld's Roof . . . in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was *the "Sally" . . . of the alley called Broadway.*

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success?...*Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

Nature again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.

You can "manufacture" an ordinary cigarette . . . or an ordinary actress. But only *Nature* produces the stars.

OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-an'-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (*June*)

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (*May*),

SCARLET PAGES—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie début, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (*Sept.*)

SEA BAT, THE—M-G-M.—Just another talkie, ho-hum! By the way, its Nils Asther's first audible film. (*Aug.*)

SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE—Warners.—Novel mystery-comedy, with Loretta Young and Grant Withers. (*July*)

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley. Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (*April*)

SETTING SON, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpap, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family count chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (*April*)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Paramount.—The usual delightful William Powell performance, but the story could be better. (*July*)

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (*May*)

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake and Sue Carol in a story of love's young dream. Rather nice. (*Aug.*)

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological drammer but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (*April*)

SHOOTING STRAIGHT—Radio Pictures.—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (*Sept.*)

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD — First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (*June*)

SILENT ENEMY, THE—Paramount.—Beautifully photographed story of the Ojibway Indians' struggle for food in the far North, played by real Indians. Amazing animal scenes. Sound. (*July*)

SISTERS—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (*Sept.*)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Pallette a "wow." (*April*)

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (*Sept.*)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (*July*)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (*Aug.*)

SO LONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (*April*)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART**—Fox.—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (*April*)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (*July*)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (*May*)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (*April*)

SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (*Aug.*)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (*June*)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackaill is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (*July*)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (*May*)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—A famous financier disappeared during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (*April*)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennett-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (*April*)

Cut Picture Puzzle Fans

Solutions in PHOTOPLAY'S popular contest are pouring into PHOTOPLAY'S office and the judges are ready to start their work after midnight, September 20, the deadline for entries.

Winners will be announced in the January, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY, on sale on or about December 10.

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (*June*)

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (*Sept.*)

SWEET MAMA—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (*Sept.*)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (*July*)

SWING HIGH—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (*July*)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bulldog Drummond*, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (*April*)

TEMPTATION—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (*Sept.*)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (*July*)

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (*Sept.*)

THREE FACES EAST—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (*Aug.*)

TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (*Aug.*)

TOP SPEED—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (*Aug.*)

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life rôle of girl-friend. (*Aug.*)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (*April*)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can y'imagine the fun! (*July*)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor single, with Frank Fay and Armida. (*June*)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (*July*)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, at last, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (*Aug.*)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (*April*)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as *Francois Villon*, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Lilting Friml music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (*May*)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (*May*)

WAY OF ALL MEN, THE—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (*Sept.*)

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (*Aug.*)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (*July*)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty senoritas. Same old Western plot. (*April*)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art—World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a trifling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (*May*)

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (*Sept.*)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (*May*)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (*July*)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (*June*)

WILD COMPANY—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (*Aug.*)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to *see* Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (*Aug.*)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE — Fox. — J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'mselle, Fifi Dorsay. (*July*)

YOUNG DESIRE — Universal. — Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (*June*)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (*May*)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (*July*)

Brickbats & Bouquets

You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

The $25 Letter

Evanston, Ill.

HOW about us? "Us" designating the Royal Order of Motion Picture Ushers! Patrons are continually disregarding our advances in the way of service and taking into their own hands the problem of locating their seats in an aisle which the usher has already pronounced "filled."

Maybe we're wrong. Perhaps we have been standing in an aisle for hours without knowing that there are hundreds of perfectly marvelous seats waiting for everyone who enters the theater at any time of day. Perhaps we are cruel creatures who do nothing but keep the best seats in the house empty and add to the discomfort of our patrons; maybe we are hopelessly blind.

Have people forgotten or don't they know that there are such things as Fire Laws, that ushers have duties, and that a filled theater *is* a possibility? We are impudent because we request that a party refrain from loitering in the aisles. The theater service is bad because there aren't seats available at every moment, at the peak of the evening or otherwise.

Have mercy! And give us a little cooperation, please.

WALTER KERR.

The $10 Letter

Enid, Okla.

I HAD fully made up my mind to leave home and my job. I wanted to be with the man I loved. Then I saw "Our Blushing Brides." I put myself in *Connie's* place, as it exactly fitted my case.

There were the three girls, all wanting much more than they could afford. *Connie* goes to the boy she loves and is happy—for a time. There was no inclination to "blink" facts, and I saw just how it would be for me.

I am still at home and working. My gratitude knows no bounds, and I hope we get more of these real life pictures of working girls. They are sincere, and we like them.

L. S.

The $5 Letter

New Haven, Conn.

WE old folks are having the time of our lives. In the movies we drink at the fountain of youth and are stimulated mentally, emotionally and physically. Our bodies may be old, but the self which runs them is kept young.

The movies are my magic carpet in which I have a front seat to every event of importance in the world. And don't let anyone tell you that young folks have all the fun and happiness, for we, too, have the most beautiful and the most clever people working to please us.

MARTHA E. PLATT.

NORMA SHEARER and Greta Garbo vie for first honors this month, with Norma slightly ahead. Marie Dressler gets an enormous bouquet, too. Ann Harding, for her work in "Holiday," Joan Crawford, in "Our Blushing Brides," and Clara Bow, for no especial reason except that she is Clara Bow and her fans love her even when they don't approve of her pictures—all these girls rank high in the month's mail.

Janet Gaynor is getting plenty of advice from PHOTOPLAY readers, and strangely enough she is being more criticized than patted on the back for the stand she is taking. Many of her admirers say they like her no matter what parts she plays, and they think she brings something to the lighter rôles that no one else can offer.

"The Dawn Patrol" has brought Dick Barthelmess right out in front again (no, we didn't mean the "Western Front"!). Lon Chaney's voice has added to his popularity. Jack Gilbert, Rudy Vallée, Ramon Novarro and Chester Morris are favorites among the men.

The pictures that brought the most favorable comment are "The Big House," "Let Us Be Gay," "Romance," "Holiday," "The Dawn Patrol" and "Our Blushing Brides."

Was Barnum Right?

Indianapolis, Ind.

IN your recent editorial showing up "Ingagi" and its makers you stated the facts in the case with a questionable degree of exactitude. Certainly most fans possessing an ordinary share of intelligence realized that the sensational scenes of the picture were phony, and one is almost tempted to credit the exhibitors, whose innocence you defended, with sense enough to have realized the inauthenticity of the film when they booked it.

Be honest, now. Can you deny that Barnum was right? We fans did not resent the producers' attempt to fool us. Quite the contrary.

Besides, it cannot be denied that "Ingagi" did more towards entertaining us than all the other "menagerial" celluloids put together.

JAMES FLAHERTY, JR.

No Fake Gorillas

San Pedro, Calif.

MAY I express my appreciation for the editorial which appeared in a recent number of your magazine in regard to the film "Ingagi"?

Publicity of this kind is the only weapon which can be used successfully to discourage such disgusting insults to the intelligence of picture audiences.

It is fiascos such as this that turn the amusement-seeking populace from the photoplays to other forms of entertainment.

M. MARIE SNYDER.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Outstanding quality, remarkable results–

yet the cost is 25¢ the large tube

HAVE you learned the lesson already learned by millions—that Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ is the most remarkable value in the entire tooth paste field?

Get a tube today and prove it yourself. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone.

Note how white, brilliant, and lustrous it leaves your teeth.

Note how thoroughly it cleans between the teeth and front and back; how swiftly it removes ugly tartar and discoloration without harming the teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and therefore do not harm it.

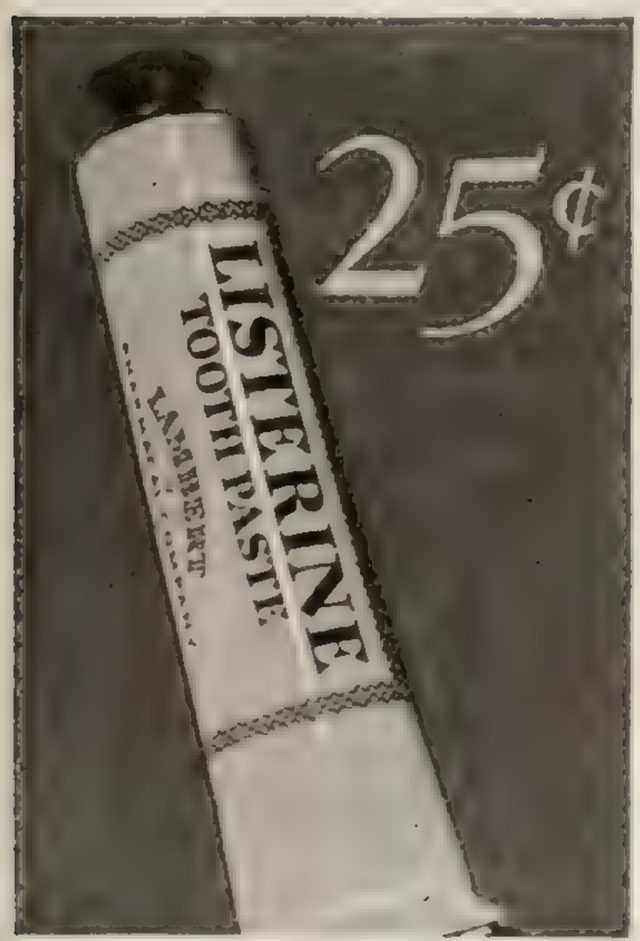
Note how its mild fruit juices neutralize destructive acids of decay.

Incidentally, at 25¢, this tooth paste saves about $3 per year per person over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy

3 good books with the $3 it saves you

This is the day of the first rate dollar book. Why not buy a few with that $3 a year you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class?



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Prophylactic Tooth Brushes

Hollywood is a land of sunshine, yet exquisite complexions must be protected. Screen actresses have learned the correct treatment for delicate skins before and after sunning. Here is Rosita Moreno, Paramount player from Spain, ready to jump the waves

Did You Tan?

JUST a few months ago girls from everywhere were writing to me, asking that important summer question, "Shall I tan?"

I hope I discouraged some of you from deliberately coarsening and discoloring your complexions beyond hope of remedial measures. I did want to save you from some of my mistakes and those I have seen others make.

Having acquired a healthy tan that was perhaps inevitable if we didn't want to be cheated out of the fun of summer sports and outdoor life, we're beginning to wonder what to do about it, now that the season is over. Will ours be the sort of sun tan that fades into an unbecoming sallowness? Or will it disappear quickly and naturally when the first cool winds blow? Can we hasten its going by artificial means? Or shall we continue to remain tanned, by using lamps that imitate the sun's rays and with sun tan make-up?

Dermatologists tell us that the heavily tanned skin never entirely regains its normal texture and coloring. It has been through a "weathering" process, and in protecting itself against the effects of sunlight and wind it has forever lost some of its delicacy of coloring and its transparency.

Besides, no two skins seem to respond alike. Blondes, surprisingly, often tan evenly and beautifully without freckles and blotches, and their skins bleach out gradually without a hint of sallowness during the process. And yet many blondes find tan most unbecoming and the stages of its gradual disappearance even more so. While brunettes who bronzed exquisitely in the sun's rays often find themselves an ugly greenish yellow at the first hint of autumn.

To help restore the texture and suppleness of the skin, there are many fine unguents and creams. To nourish "leathery" necks there are excellent skin foods and tissue creams rich in oil. These help particularly to erase the fine lines that sunlight etches around the eyes. They should be patted in gently, and left to remain overnight. Used in the daytime, they sometimes give a flattering suggestion of dewiness about the eyes, softly shadowing them. But use care in this. You don't want to look as though you had forgotten to remove your cleansing cream or to wash your face.

The skin that has grown coarse-pored and sluggish can be stimulated with mild astringents and freshening tonics. Cold water is also a great stimulator.

Mild bleaches may be [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Friendly Advice on

Girls' Problems

MY reducing exercises and sane menus will help you improve your figure. My complexion leaflet gives general advice, and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request will bring you either, or both, or other advice on personal problems. Address me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

$5000. in Prizes

. . . . just for telling us which of these two cards we should send to two million women!

ALL women appreciate a bargain. But often one particular bargain will have more appeal than another. Here is a fascinating contest which will enable you to express *your* idea of a bargain. Merely tell us *which* of these two offers you think will be the more acceptable to 2,000,000 women—and you may win one of the 380 prizes offered by RIGAUD—*Parfumeur*—Paris.

What's It All About?

Rigaud—Paris (Parfumeur by Royal Decree to His Majesty, King Alfonso XIII of Spain) wishes to acquaint more American women with his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé. To do this he intends to send approximately two million letters from Paris to discriminating women in America (the customers of 184 famous stores.)

The letter which these women will receive from Paris will enclose a card for presentation to these stores.

Which Card Shall Rigaud Send?

Only one of the two cards shown at the right can be enclosed with this letter. Which shall it be—A or B?

Note that the regular retail value of the assortment given in *Offer A* (as listed on the card) is $6.45. Yet this card will enable Madame to obtain it for $2.95.

Then consider *Offer B*, giving a total retail value of $3.00 which this card will enable Madame to obtain for $1.50.

Think which of the two offers would be most attractive to *you*—and hence in your opinion more likely to please 2,000,000 women. Would you prefer the half-price $1.50 offer, or would you rather spend $2.95 in order to get the "better than half-price" $6.45 value? Write your opinion in *50 words or less*, explaining which of the two offers appeals most to you, and why.

Remember that Riguad-Paris is one of the world's greatest Parfumeurs—that his exquisite Parfum Un Air Embaumé was selected by Mrs. Vanderbilt for use at the million dollar wedding of her daughter, Consuelo—its popularity is world wide, and, consequently, Un Air Embaumé Toiletries are chosen by women of taste and discrimination.

Simple as A B C

You don't need to be a user of Rigaud Toiletries to compete. You don't need to buy anything. Just write and send your opinion. Neatness, brevity, logic, and originality will be the factors that count in the awarding of prizes. Your chance of winning the capital prize is as good as any other woman's. And just think—with Christmas coming—what you could do with $1200! Or the 2nd prize of $800—or the 3rd of $500! Surely when a little effort may bring you one of these 380 valuable prizes, the thing to do is to *act!*

Which of These 380 Prizes Will YOU Win?

1st Prize	$1200
2nd Prize	$ 800
3rd Prize	$ 500
4th Prize	$ 250
5th Prize	$ 100
6th Prize	$ 50
7th Prize	$ 25
13 Prizes of $15 each	$195
80 $10 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$800
120 $5 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$600
160 $3 Bottles Parfum Un Air Embaume	$480
	$5,000

A

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUMÉ assortment (listed at the right), value $6.45. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for $2.95.

RIGAUD—*Paris*

$6.45 Assortment FOR $2.95

OFFER A

1 Parfum	$1.00
1 Double Compact	$1.50
1 Cold Cream	.60
1 Vanishing Cream	.60
1 Bottle of Talcum	.75
2 Boxes Powder	$2.00
Value	$6.45

Signature of Bearer.....

Address.....

Amount of Purchase.....

PRICE—$2.95

B

MADAME is invited to accept

the UN AIR EMBAUMÉ assortment (listed at the right), value $3.00. This card entitles bearer to receive the assortment for $1.50.

RIGAUD—*Paris*

$3.00 Assortment FOR $1.50

OFFER B

1 Parfum	$1.00
1 Jar Cleansing Cream	$1.00
1 Box Face Powder	$1.00
Value	$3.00

Signature of Bearer.....

Address.....

Amount of Purchase.....

PRICE—$1.50

SEND *Your* OPINION NOW!

Do you prefer Offer A or B? Turn it over in your mind. Talk to friends, get their advice. Offer B costs but $1.50—and saves $1.50. Offer A costs a *little* more, $2.95, but it saves *much* more—it saves $3.50. Both offers include Toiletries women use every day, exquisite Un Air Embaumé Parfum, Powder, Creams, etc., *already* favorites on the boudoir tables of lovely women.

For example, one woman whose opinion was asked wrote:

"Offer A, I should think would be preferred by every modern woman, not only because of its marvelous value, but because it will enable her to enjoy a large assortment of Toiletries which no woman can get along without."

And another who preferred Offer B wrote:

"Offer B is my choice for this reason: To get acquainted with perfume and powder which may be new to her the average woman will want to keep her initial outlay to a minimum—then, when pleased, she will indulge in the creams, compact, and talcum included in Offer A."

Make *your* choice. Write your reasons—the little buying motives you think would apply to you—to other women you know. Then send your opinion in 50 words or less. You have 380 chances to win! Write *today*.

RIGAUD—*Parfumeur*—PARIS

Dept. 810 Box 16, Station C, New York, N. Y.

RULES of the CONTEST

1 Contest closes midnight November 1st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. The winners will be announced in the **February issue of TRUE ROMANCES Magazine.** Prizes will be awarded by committee consisting of Robt. E. Mulligan, Manager of the Toilet Goods Department of the famous store of Jordan Marsh Company, Boston; Robt. W. Beatty of Schwab and Beatty, Inc., Advertising Counsellors, New York City; and John L. Canova, of Canova & Pierce, Certified Public Accountants, New York City.

2 Contest open to any WOMAN with the exception of employees of the New York or Paris Salon of Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris, or employees for their relatives of the organizations of any of the judges. Write your opinion—in 50 words or less—on any paper you like, but be sure to write plainly, to assist judges.

3 Only one entry permitted to each contestant.

4 If two or more women submit opinions which judges consider of equal merit, full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to *each* contestant.

5 Address opinions to RIGAUD Box 16, Station C, New York, N.Y. It is understood and agreed by contestants that entries are to become the property of Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris, and may be used by them for advertising purposes. No entries can be returned, nor can Rigaud-*Parfumeur*-Paris correspond with contestants about the results of the contest.

May We Send You This Sample Flacon of UN AIR EMBAUMÉ?

THAT you may know, by personal trial, why the smartest women of New York and Paris have selected UN AIR EMBAUMÉ as their favorite odeur, *Rigaud-Paris* will send you a delightful purse-size flacon of this rare parfum (about 2 weeks' supply). If you wish to receive it, send 25 cents merely to cover cost of mailing, customs duty, etc. *Only one flacon to a person.* This sample offer is made so that you may try UN AIR EMBAUMÉ *if you wish*, and experience its ravishing appeal for yourself. REMEMBER! YOU DO NOT HAVE TO ACCEPT THIS OFFER, OR SEND ANY MONEY, IN ORDER TO ENTER THE PRIZE CONTEST!

Are you the TYPE

that needs the flattering hat brim?

Those adorable hat brims! They generously hide skin defects. But why be content with mere concealment? Exchange that faulty complexion for a skin of true loveliness.

. . . to hide a complexion that's being ruined by "faulty desquamation"?

THOSE adorable drooping hat brims! How kind they are . . . in hiding complexion faults!

But why be content with mere concealment? It is so easy today to exchange a deficient complexion for one that is radiantly lovely! For in just ten minutes, you can give yourself the famous facial that women once crossed seas and continents to secure. For, originally, a genuine Woodbury facial treatment could be had only at the hands of the famous skin specialist who created it.

Today, this proven skin treatment may be had *in soap form* . . . at your nearest drug store, for your daily use in your own home.

Woodbury's does three things for the complexion that no other cosmetic will do as well: —*It assists Nature in its process of desquamation, gently removing the tissues of dead skin. It purges the pores of all impurities that cause blackheads and pore-enlargement. And its continued use gives to the complexion that glowing tone, that silken texture, that peach-bloom clarity of "The skin you love to touch."*

Woodbury's costs a trifle more than toilet soaps. But it is truly an economy, a finer milled soap . . . it lasts longer. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or mail coupon for a liberal sample together with samples of the famous Woodbury Creams.

Why Woodbury's does what no toilet soap can possibly do

Woodbury's is no more just a soap than a Reboux millinery masterpiece is just a hat. Woodbury's Is a skin specialist's entire treatment created for your convenience in cake form. Its costly, secret oils have a special affinity for the natural oils of the skin and together they accomplish that vital process of desquamation. These ingredients are far beyond the reach of ordinary soaps, which merely clean the surface skin without helping to remove the dull and embedded mask of old cuticle.

Try this for Ten days

Bathe your face with warm water. Rub up . . . in your hands . . . a creamy lather of Woodbury's. Massage it gently into the skin, from the chin up toward the temples. Rinse off with warm water. Your skin glows. You feel the change—with the old dead cells washed away. Now tone up your fresh new skin with a vigorous splashing of cold water. And then—to give your face its final touch of radiance—go over it with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Do this regularly —your complexion will *feel* and *look* rejuvenated . . . aglow with new loveliness.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
2219 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
(*In Canada*) JOHN H. WOODBURY, LTD., Perth, Ontario

Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of the two Woodbury's Creams, Face Powder and Free Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

A QUEEN of German films begins her career in America! The beautiful Marlene Dietrich with the spangles on, as she appears in the leading feminine rôle of "Morocco," in which Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou labor. This gorgeous girl with the slumbrous eyes was discovered in Berlin by Director Josef von Sternberg. She is hallmarked for big things in talkies!

Marlene Dietrich was born in Germany, the daughter of an army officer. She has red-gold hair and blue eyes. She is married and has a little daughter, who is in Germany

Mitzi Green was born in New York City, Oct. 22, 1920. She's a smash in pictures. Junior Durkin, 16, became famous on the stage in the play "Courage"

IT'S her first romantic rôle, and that little witch, Mitzi Green, seems a little stricken and confused by it all! Junior Durkin is the ardent swain, and the scene is a bit from a new Paramount Western starring Dick Arlen. "Heart o'mine, how about an ice cream cone?" purrs Junior

WILL she be a new sentimental sensation, with all the wistful sweetness of a Gaynor? Fox bets a stack of blue chips that she will! Maureen O'Sullivan, seen with McCormack in "Song of My Heart," will play opposite Charlie Farrell in "The Princess and the Plumber," due this fall

Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Killiney, Ireland, May 17, 1911. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and weighs 114. She has dark brown hair and blue eyes

Six Stunning Costumes!

One of the prettiest and smartest evening gowns of any season. Miss Claire wears this creation of white tulle, with narrow black tulle ruffles edged in silver. Like this for your next party?

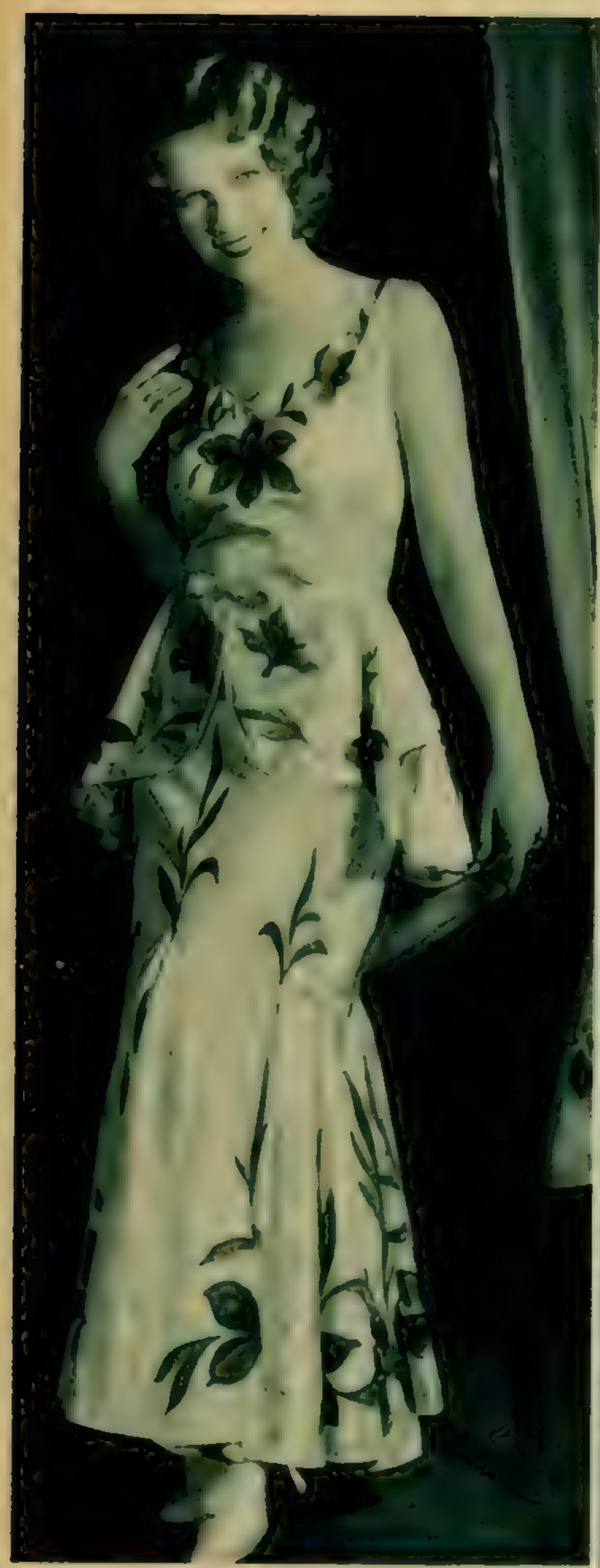
This is one of the new negligées Miss Claire is wearing—of the type that could almost double as a frock. It is of flowered net, and the large bow in front is of peach satin. A pretty thing

Street dress with black Canton box-pleated skirt and black and white flat buttons, embroidered around neck and bodice. Short Eton embroidered jacket, trimmed with buttons

One Stunning Girl!

This costume is called "The Jack Horner," but Bernice needn't sit in a corner as far as we're concerned! Pencil blue crepe pajama trousers and bolero coat. The blouse is white *crepe de chine*

Posed by BERNICE CLAIRE, First National



Miss Claire here displays —and to what advantage! —another lovely evening gown. This one is of white taffeta, ornamented with hand-painted flowers. Note the length

A striking tango-red tweed street ensemble. Persian lamb is the fur used on the collar and cuffs and around the bottom of the coat A red gold brocaded blouse, with six buttons in front

Clive Brook was born in London, June 1, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 150; has brown hair and grey eyes. He was married in 1921, and has two children

THAT epoch-making gadget called the microphone trebled the charm and appeal of this handsome, suave and slightly bored Englishman. Scoring sensationally when teamed with Ruth Chatterton in "The Laughing Lady," Clive Brook is again seen with her in the new talkie, "Anybody's Woman"

LES PARFUMS Coty LES POUDRES

"Lovelier than ever" is the mode of the day—demanding that subtler, more exquisite loveliness which these supreme Powders and Perfumes of Coty confer in a rarer visible beauty of complexion, a more poignant beauty of atmosphere—the complete impression of elegance and indescribable chic.

Les Parfums In four sizes, from de luxe cut-crystal Flacons to adorable Purse Editions. Fifteen Dollars to One Dollar

Les Poudres The complete range of perfect flesh-tones in twelve shades. All Coty odeurs. One Dollar. Double Size One Dollar Fifty Cents

Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.—Place Vendôme, Paris

What is a girl's chief charm? . . What makes her seem infinitely adorable to a man? Read the answer in . .

A Message from DOROTHY DIX

FEMININE daintiness! It is a girl's chief charm. Nothing so attracts people, men especially, as dainty femininity.

Dorothy Dix

Sometimes girls are a little careless — a blouse is just a bit soiled. And some girls neglect the things that don't show — a slip or a step-in is allowed to get shabby looking.

My dears, I have known a soiled, faded looking shoulder ribbon peeping out to shatter a man's *IDEAL* quickly and completely.

Moreover, when your lingerie isn't dainty and colorful, you yourself don't feel exquisite and truly charming. And in order to charm others, you must feel *sure* of your *own* feminine appeal. *Self-confidence is contagious.*

Therefore, do buy the daintiest lingerie you can—and keep it color-fresh, exquisite, as long as you wear it.

I'm sure girls often hesitate to wash underthings—stockings, too—as often as daintiness requires, lest they become faded and wear out too soon. You may rightly fear this, if you've been using just ordinary "good" soap. But if you'll keep a box of Lux handy and just dip dainty things up and down in a bowlful of suds as often as needed, you will find *they stay colorful and lovely for an amazingly long time.*

I feel so strongly about this that if I could, I'd give every girl in America a box of Lux.

IN YOUR HOME, TOO: Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie give you confidence of charm — but your very *SURROUNDINGS* can help! Pretty curtains, slip covers, cushions, table linens, all form part of the magic spell when they are kept lovely with Lux.

DOROTHY DIX

"When you are confident of your own dainty femininity, others respond instantly. Men especially find you adorable"

"Colorful, dainty lingerie makes you FEEL *feminine, exquisite"*

(Left, above) Dainty lingerie washed 10 times in Lux—colorful and exquisite as new. No fading, no wearing or pulling of delicate fibres

(Left) Similar lingerie washed 10 times with ordinary soap—faded and drab. Delicate fabric tearing away from stitching

If it's safe in water . . . it's safe in **LUX**

October, 1930

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK

BEFORE me is a letter from a man who accuses PHOTOPLAY of failing to give credit where credit is due.

He says that by refusing a place among The Six Best Pictures of the Month to "Hell's Angels," in the August issue, we have done a grave injustice to Mr. Howard Hughes and his four-million dollar picture.

If PHOTOPLAY made a mistake, and second thought convinced us that we were wrong, we would apologize. It would not be the first time in fifteen years, nor the fifteenth time.

We hold to our original opinion. We did not give this ambitious and costly—in Mr. Hughes' dollars and four other men's lives—spectacle a place among The Six Best of the Month. We put it below "With Byrd at the South Pole" and below "Romance," "The Big House," "Holiday," "The Unholy Three," and "Grumpy."

"HELL'S ANGELS" is the greatest spectacle of warfare ever filmed. We doubt that it can ever be surpassed in that direction. If you want to be thrilled out of a night's sleep by seeing men kill and be killed; if you want to be thrilled by the stark brutality of war, unrelieved except by one great act of self-sacrifice, by all means go and see it.

BUT—

This picture is guilty of the highest of all motion picture crimes—bad taste. The character played by Miss Jean Harlow is one of which the motion picture cannot be proud. It is sex in its most disgusting phase, naked, vulgar, unnecessary.

Our review on "Hell's Angels" stands as printed.

I HAVE always admired Elsie Janis. But never have I felt for her such deep and sincere admiration as that which she earned by the manner in which she took the heart-breaking blow of the death of her mother.

Elsie and "Ma" Janis, as she was familiarly known to the theatrical world and her friends in Hollywood, had been the closest of companions in life and work ever since Elsie could remember.

Her mother's death left her alone.

There were those who said that "Ma" had unduly controlled Elsie's private as well as public life.

A cruel, short story, "Mother Knows Best," later made into a picture, was supposed to be based on their lives.

It hurt "Ma" and Elsie, but they never complained. They knew it was untrue.

ELSIE buried her "Ma" from the Wee Kirk of the Heather, a tiny cemetery chapel which was a replica of the church attended by Annie Laurie. The service was simple and only close friends were permitted to attend. There was nothing theatrical or Hollywoodish about it.

At the close of the services Elsie returned home in her car alone, the place usually occupied by her mother vacant and marked by a small bouquet of her mother's favorite flowers.

There was no report of details of the funeral in the newspapers. This was Elsie's private affair.

ELSIE was the one person who did not break down and cry. Instead she devoted herself to buoying up the others who loved "Ma" and would miss her.

Last New Year's Eve "Ma" wrote Elsie a letter. She confided it to a friend to be given to her beloved and adored girl after her death. One paragraph read:

"I hope you do not feel I have ever interfered. Life has been fifty-fifty for us. Do not grieve for me."

Next day the gallant daughter was back at work at the Paramount Studio where she is a director.

MARY PICKFORD was a friend indeed. She was with Elsie almost every waking moment during the ordeal.

Her philosophy and sympathy gave her friend the strength and mental consolation she needed in her days of sorrow.

AT this writing Amos 'n' Andy are beginning to recover from the shock of their first experience in the studios. The preparation of their daily stint and its broadcasting had become a familiar and enjoyable task, with a minimum of irritations and complications. But Hollywood—that's different.

It took them a week to come out of the dazed condition caused by their first story conference. The story conference is a sacred studio tradition. It is based on the theory that the more cooks the better the broth.

It was held in one of the big studio offices. Around the table sat associate producers, the director, several writers and song tinkers; also the ubiquitous gag men.

THE ceremonial opened up pleasantly enough. Each individual submitted ideas. They discussed theme, motivation, action, dialogue, sets. Everything was just dandy. Then the inevitable clash of ego began, and the battle was on. The writers started it.

"That idea of yours is terrible," one of them yelled at an associate producer.

"And yours is lousy," was the scholarly comeback.

Another member of the conference, confident that he had a brilliant idea, rose and became oratorical.

"Yeah?" interrupted a song writer. "Chaplin started that gag nearly twenty years ago, and you've used it in every picture you ever had anything to do with. Ain't you seen any of this year's pictures yet? You might get a new one and let that senile old veteran die a natural death."

The argument ended in a fight, but to the credit of all, there was no shooting or stabbing. It was only the first conference.

Amos 'n' Andy had been sitting silently amazed at this clash of intellect and fists. Finally Amos asked to be heard.

"Boys," he said, "take it easy. If there's going to be any murder over this story we'd just as soon quit now."

THE most abused word in the tarnished lexicon of the movies is "star."

Every little nit-wit who is caught necking in a parked auto, making a mere wish a fact, gives her occupation as "motion picture actress." Then ignorant or merely careless newspapers put a curse on the whole matter by heading the story "Movie Star Held by Police as Blizzard Grips City."

Everybody should know, for his own conversational correctness, if for no more vital reason, what a "star" is.

THE easiest way to identify a genuine picture star is to notice that his or her name appears ABOVE the title of the story at the beginning of a film.

You see, in a title, "Greta Garbo in 'Romance.' " That means that Garbo is a real star. If you see "Joan Crawford in 'Our Blushing Brides,' with Anita Page," that means that Joan is a star, but Anita is a featured player.

There are very few stars, technically speaking. There are some dozens of featured players. There are several hundred other actresses and actors engaged in making pictures who get no feature billing at all—the great rank and file who make up the casts.

Clara Bow is a star. Dottie Chiffon may call herself one. If she does, ask her where she ever tended bar!

A FEW months ago a cadaverous gentleman of uncertain age sat on a hotel porch in a Texas town.

His long nose was buried in his shirt front. He was low in his mind, and he felt terrible. A few weeks before he had finished directing a motion picture based on the life of Abraham Lincoln. An honored veteran of the silent drama, he had been forced to fight the new thingumbob called the microphone. He had been up against stage actors instead of the old-style movie puppets.

An old man, and through! He had little or no confidence in the new picture. He had sort of crawled away into the Texas desert to rest and to listen for the rumblings that might mean his finish in pictures.

A bell-boy brought him a wire. It was from the big boss of the company. And the wire said that "Abraham Lincoln" was a great picture—that all was well!

THAT was David Wark Griffith, the old master. And the Texas episode was just another act in the long drama of his life as a movie director.

Through the picture jungles has run the cry, for years, "Griffith is through!" A has-been, they've called him. A fossil, a dodo. The younger "geniuses," still in the romper stage, have even laughed at the grand old man.

Now, in his lonesome latter years, he's turned on the pack! He has made his masterpiece, in "Abraham Lincoln." For the truthful tenderness of its love scenes, the matchless dignity, smartness and power of its creation, he's never even come near the new picture in his long and honorable career with the megaphone.

A STRANGE combination, Griffith. Showman, camera trickster, master technician of cinematic emotion and effect, and a dash of authentic genius, here and there.

Who doesn't love a laugh at the wise-crackers who chase after new gods, mostly clay and all wet? Well, Old Man Griffith, the has-been, can have a good roar now!

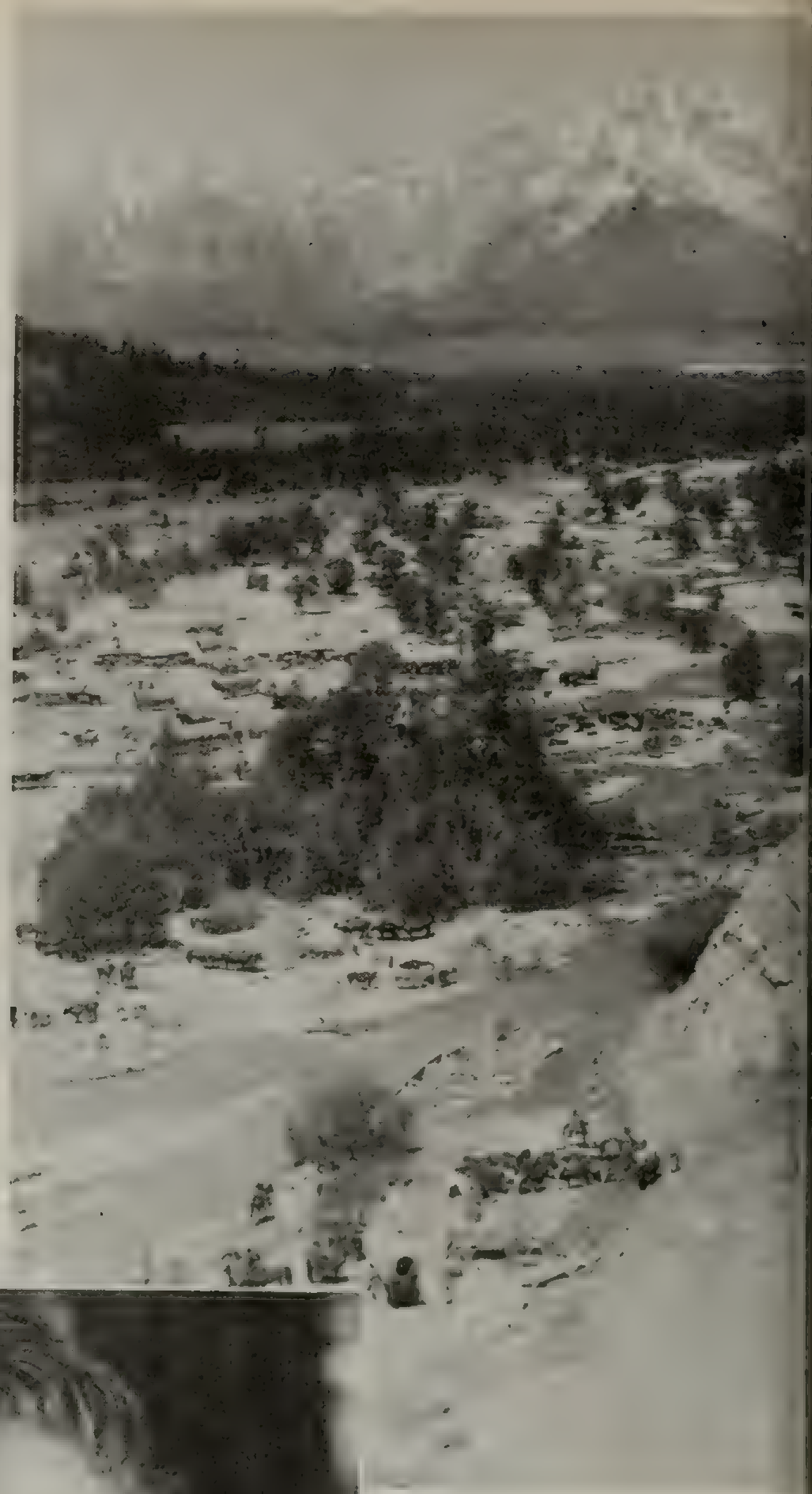
(*Drawing by* George Shanks)

DIRECTOR - - - "You'll Have to Change It—She Doesn't Like It"

The End of

"The BIG TRAIL!"

One of the Greatest Location Trips in the History of Pictures Is Finished



One of the most thrilling scenes in "The Big Trail"—the moment when the covered wagons are about to be lowered over the cliff. Once the log stanchions broke, and nine wagons crashed into the valley! This sequence was filmed in the Jackson Hole country, Wyoming

"THE Big Trail" grew out of a dinner at Simpson's in London.

Winfield Sheehan, Fox producing chief, and Raoul Walsh, the director, sat talking over the coffee cups. It was a vacation trip for both of them, but in the memorial fashion of Hollywood, they were talking about pictures. It was suggested that a great talkie of the pioneer West would be a tremendous thing! From that chance remark "The Big Trail" was born. Sheehan and Walsh sat at their table until dawn streaked the sky, formulating plans and mapping out the course of procedure.

On April 10, 1930, exactly one hundred years after the first wagon train set out from Independence, Missouri, the picture of this romantic trail was begun. The first scene was a wagon train starting out over perilous roads, through territories of hostile Indians and renegade whites. A bugle blew in the picture camp.

The cameras began to turn. Whips cracked over the heads of oxen and horses. There were shouts of men, cries of women and children. From a camera stand, twenty feet in the air, Walsh directed that first scene.

Stretched far into the distance was a long line of lumbering prairie schooners.

A boy and girl whom "The Big Trail" will probably make famous. The girl is Marguerite Churchill—the boy is John Wayne, discovered in the property department at Fox by Director Raoul Walsh and given this mighty rôle. He's a very important discovery

By Marquis Busby

In August "The Big Trail" was completed. Not one scene had been shot in a studio. In fact, there are only two interiors in the whole picture, one a saloon in Independence, and the other a rough cabin. During the months the picture was in production the company traveled over 4,300 miles, but before a scene had been shot, Walsh had traversed 14,000 miles seeking locations. He even traveled by dog sled through the Blackfeet country, over snows twenty feet deep.

In going over "The Big Trail" these pioneers of 1930 traveled through seven states. They worked in terrific heat in Yuma and again in Montana. They traveled over Teton's snowy pass a month before the road had been opened. With them went the heavy wagons, the live stock, nine ponderous sound trucks and supply trucks. It was difficult to get fresh food over Teton into the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. News trickled in from the outside world at rare intervals. The company worked seven days a week. They were up at five in the morning, and on location at six. They worked until seven in the evening.

They always kept moving. Two hundred great covered wagons, weighing a ton each and costing $400 to build. Cattle to the number of 1,800, 1,400 horses, 80 oxen, 110 mules, 200 chickens, 20 pigs and 14 dogs. There were 347 pioneer men, women and children that actually went over every foot of this movie trail. At times there were thousands more in the scenes.

From one location camp to another they were transported over eight different railroad lines. It took 123 baggage cars to move the production.

Sometimes they slept in hotels. In Montana they slept in the coaches. In Wyoming their homes were 160 specially built cabins. Just a bed and stove, but there were electric lights and shower baths of a sort. The laborers and men caring for the live stock slept in 400 tents.

A more diversified group of men than the extras could not have been found. There were champion bronc-peelers, bull-whackers, ex-Texas rangers, prize fighters, wrestlers, sailors, ex-marines, two ex-gunmen from Chicago, and former stars of the football gridiron and baseball diamond. The lowest paid extra received $50 a week. It cost Fox from $50 to $100 a week to feed and transport each of them.

THE cast of ninety-three was as diversified as the extras. Marguerite Churchill, the heroine, had lived all her life in cities. John Wayne, the hero, was discovered by Walsh in the property department of the Fox studio. He had been a football star at the University of Southern California. His six feet, two, of height, and his 200 pounds of brawn, were just what was wanted for *Breck Coleman*, the young Indian scout. El Brendel had made his mark in comedies.

Tully Marshall had played many Western rôles, including a memorable characterization in "The Covered Wagon." David Rollins is a direct descendant of the first white child born on the Oregon Trail. Tyrone Power, the villain, is one of the best known veterans of the theater. Ian Keith, another heavy, is also from the stage. All of them depicting the intrepid adventurers seeking freedom, the rich soil of a new country.

Just as the road to the Oregon country really began on the green banks of the Missouri, the opening scenes of the picture

depicted Independence during the Forties. A town was built near Yuma, with the swollen Colorado rushing by. It was the largest set ever built on location, forty complete buildings, all weathered. For weeks the company sweltered in the desert heat. The water was bad, and many members of the company were ill.

A GLANCE at the commissary department in Yuma gives a pretty good example of the herculean task of feeding so many people during the long march across the West. For sixteen days 800 people were fed three times daily. There were never less than 500.

Judd Stevens, in charge of the commissary, accomplished his work smoothly. He started nine years ago with a chuck wagon on the Western outfits, and he knew just how to plan for 50 or 1,500.

In the kitchen of the big dining tent were a chef, two dinner cooks, five fry cooks, three bakers and a staff of thirty-five waiters and dishwashers.

During the time in Yuma these figures were averaged:

It cost $2,125 a day to feed the troupe.

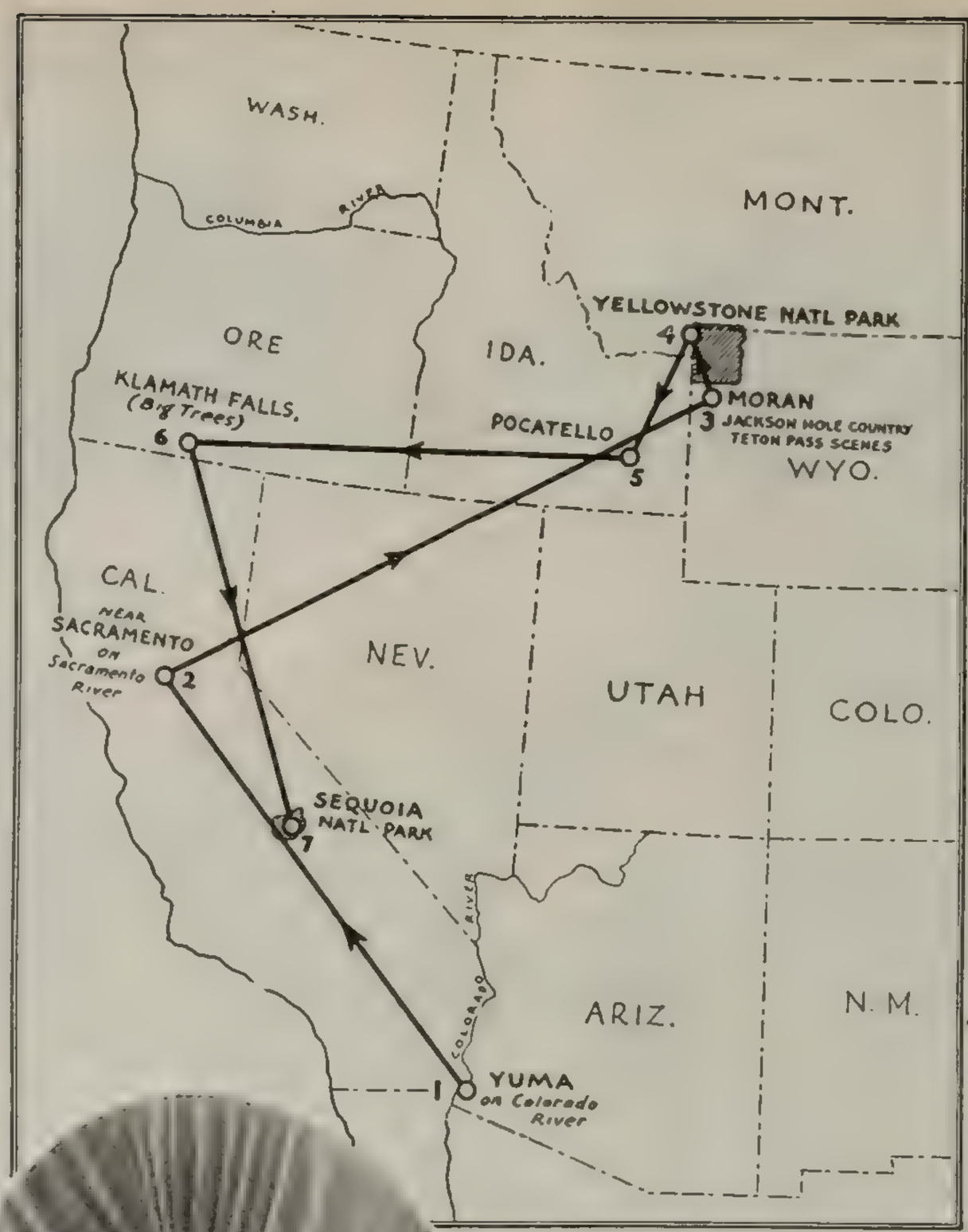
A typical breakfast order included 400 individual boxes of cereal, 21 hams, 150 dozen eggs, and 90 loaves of bread.

In a day's time 300 gallons of coffee were consumed, to say nothing of 90 gallons of iced tea and 3,000 pints of milk.

When they had a chicken dinner 300 fowls disappeared into the kettles.

The pastry cook turned out 250 pies every day.

That was one of the difficult phases of the picture that will mean nothing to the people who see it. But a motion picture company on location, like an army, travels on its stomach.



The map above shows the long, long trail of "The Big Trail" company as it wound its way across the Western states. The route started at Yuma, Ariz., and ended, months later, at Sequoia National Park

From there the company went to the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming, for the longest and most trying location. Here was made the cliff sequence which will become famous.

The pioneers of the wagon train lose their way. They stumble up to the brink of the precipice. Below the trail is resumed, but they must find a way to get down, or turn back to Missouri.

Stanchions were made of cowhide, and trees were bent over as levers. The wagons and live stock were lowered over this precipice to the ground below. Men, women and children descended the face of the cliff on a rope, hand over hand. There could be no rehearsal. It was a case of going over and trusting to fate.

Marguerite Churchill and John Wayne had dialogue on the way down. Once the sun went under a cloud while Marguerite hung in mid-air. It would take too long to climb back to the top, or to descend to the floor of the valley. She just hung there and waited for the sun. The wait took half an hour. Before the scene was completed satisfactorily she had descended the rope four times.

NOT one person, or one animal, was hurt in this scene.

Nine wagons were prepared to be lowered over the cliff in stanchions. Someone suggested that it would be an added thrill to have one stanchion break, with the wagon crashing down the cliff.

"We'll fix one so it will fall," Walsh agreed.

The next minute all nine had fallen. The stanchions had not been sturdy enough. Stronger ones were built, and the scene went on that same day.

At another time, one of the wagons, hitched to a team of horses, came too near the brink of the precipice, and went over. The driver leaped to the ground. Unbelievable as it seems, the wagon was broken to bits, but both of the horses got up, shook themselves, and began to nibble grass.

Time after time the whole company, including all the wagons and live stock, forded and swam the Snake River. It was a swift, dangerous current, and the force of the downward water turned wagons and beasts around like so many straws.

ANOTHER great task was handling the wardrobe. There were 5,000 costumes of the period of 1840. They were turned in at night, and handed out in the morning. There were as many as twenty-four people in the location wardrobe department.

A full hospital staff was carried along. A doctor, two orderlies and four nurses. And there wasn't a serious accident on the trip. There was sickness in Yuma, and when working in high elevations there were nosebleeds and giddiness, bruises and sprains.

From Yuma the troupe traveled to a spot on the Sacramento River, where Missouri River shots were made. The Missouri, now, with its placid meadows, farms and silos, towns and factories could no longer pass muster as the frontier.

DAY followed day in monotonous routine. The food became tiresome. Canned corn and canned beans and canned salmon. And beef. The chickens were muscled like marathon runners, and lamb was something whose fleece was used for the lining of coats. Fresh vegetables were almost impossible to get. Fish, caught in the Snake River, were a rare and much needed delicacy.

El Brendel disliked the outdoor [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

"Good Old George"

His Santa Monica Beach friends used to call him "Good Old George!" Now they nudge each other and whisper, "What's the matter with that Bancroft guy, anyhow?"

WHAT'S all this about George Bancroft, anyway? Just what's biting the man?

From a normal, well-met and likable fellow, he has suddenly developed into the Hermit of Santa Monica beach, where a row of movie folk live. They're his friends—or rather, make that his "ex-friends," because that's apparently what Mr. Bancroft wants them to be.

He used to pal around with them — Bebe Daniels, Connie Talmadge and her popular husband, Townsend Netcher, Charlie Furthmann, who guided him through many pictures, and others of that pleasant crowd. But now, when he stalks up and down the beach in his bathing trunks and with a husky bodyguard, he deliberately turns his back on them! They fail to interpret it in any light but a flat snub, but even that doesn't worry them. They just wonder at the change in the man.

Particularly those that feel they've done enough for him that he isn't warranted in what they interpret as uncalled-for churlishness. Not at all like the Bancroft, who, when he became a star, bought the loudest and most expensive beach robes to be seen on the sands, and whose genial laugh could be heard from one end to the other. "Good old Bancroft," they'd say. "Fine chap. Success hasn't gone to his head. Hey there, George!"

HE imagines there are people staring at him from the cliffs, above his house. And peering into his house from the streets and lots. So he's built a fence on a vacant lot next his house.

It all seems to be what could gently be called a vast self-consciousness on Mr. Bancroft's part, doesn't it? And it doesn't date back at all to the struggling days when he wasn't a big shot. No, in those days, he didn't seem to mind being talked to and liked by other film people. And if it so happened that they were in a position to help him, and they did in some fashion or other, he didn't seem to mind that either.

But Mr. Bancroft's present attitude does date back to early last summer—after he had become a movie big shot. It seemed to happen to him all of a sudden, with remarkable completeness. His change in his manner is as great as the change in his salary—from $250 a week to $5000.

His first manifestation was to sequester himself in that Santa Monica house, with the explanation that he had something the matter with his throat.

He couldn't talk, it seemed—and the interesting part of it is that he didn't, to anybody.

Telephone calls went unanswered. Telegrams went unacknowledged. Letters fared the same. And even doorbell ringers met no success. This wasn't to outsiders alone, either—although scores of would-be interviewers tried to reach him. He's got a colossal peeve against interviewers, anyway, but that's another part of the story. The interesting part here is that not even the executives of Paramount, to which outfit he was under contract at a tremendous salary, could get to him! And after all, that sort of thing is odd, isn't it? Especially when it cost his studio over $50,000.

And then what happened? Why, Mr. Bancroft recovered miraculously from whatever he said ailed him, and popped off secretly to New York. And to Washington, where he met President Hoover and other dignitaries. And rumors and reports came back, via new channels, that he might go on the stage again. And all the time, under contract to Paramount!

WELL, to make the story shorter, he came back to Hollywood at last, and if there was anything irking him about his relations with the company that he was supposed to be working for, it must have been cleared up, somehow or other. For Mr. Bancroft has at least gone back to work making pictures. Roland Lee took over the job of directing him; Lee seems to get along best with the man. Josef Von Sternberg did two pictures with him, but Von Sternberg didn't enjoy it so much. It seems Von Sternberg thought Bancroft believed Bancroft knew better than Von Sternberg, and also that there was too much time being wasted in Bancroft acting as though he ought to direct as well as play the rôle.

Anyway, Von Sternberg is just as well satisfied with some other assignment and star.

Well, there he is now—as this is being written. Living the life of a hermit at Santa Monica, avoiding people he used to play with.

OTHERS are naturally resentful at feeling they're being ritzed now, when they weren't while Mr. Bancroft wasn't the big star he is.

Some of them have a lot of things to say about his personal affairs—the sort of things one wouldn't want to print, you know.

If Mr. Bancroft has any intimate friends these days, they're certainly not the stars and the executives he used to know so well.

And what's more, if he has any friends, they aren't even known to the others.

And through it all, Mr. Bancroft goes strangely on his way—his Hollywood way.

By Harry Lang

Chapter Two of

The Private Life

By Rilla Page Palmborg

The Most Extraordinary Story of This Glamorous Lady of the Screen Ever Published

GRETA GARBO, in the amount of interest and curiosity aroused by her private life, stands alone in the history of motion pictures.

Dozens of stories have been written about the Swedish actress. Not one, until now, has told the real story of the real Garbo as she lives her life—a solitary, alien figure in the glittering, superficial life of the American film colony in Hollywood.

Only a star of Garbo's eminence and popularity could achieve such perfect solitude and secrecy. Only the cleverest and sharpest of management could insure the Scandinavian blonde the privacy she enjoys. Away from the studio, Greta's life has been an impenetrable mystery. Here, for the first time in American journalism, is told the story of Greta Garbo's home life—the life that is strictly and completely her own.

This story has been gathered, bit by bit, from unimpeachable sources.

In it no sacred confidences are violated. It is the simple, straightforward tale of the intimate existence of one of the most fascinating, mysterious feminine figures ever to appear before the public.

Early in 1929 Greta Garbo moved into a modest home at 1027 Chevy Chase, Beverly Hills. It was big and rambling, in the Italian manner, but an essentially simple place to live.

of GRETA GARBO

Garbo Rents a House Under Another Name—Her Work, Her Exercise, Her Intimate Life—Her Curious and Passionate Love of Rain

HERE, absolutely secluded from the inquisitive, prying world, lives Greta Garbo. The house is situated on the side of a hill in the Santa Monica district, cooled by the breezes from the sea, only a few miles distant. Here Garbo has the solitude and personal freedom that are so precious to her, and that she so ardently demands. The house is entirely surrounded by towering spruce trees, planted years ago by the owners. The gateway is guarded, and the whole place is as impenetrable as an old baronial castle. On this lawn Garbo loves to sit and gaze across the wide and beautiful valley that lies below her

She really rented it for its hominess—its huge fireplace that almost filled one end of the living room. This is the story of her life in that house, during 1929.

Here she sought sanctuary from the annoyances that came to her in hotel life. She took the house under another name, to avoid publicity. Then began Garbo's first genuinely comfortable home life since her arrival in America about four years before.

Home though it was, her life there was simple and solitary.

Her servants were instructed to keep all bills down. Garbo's innate thrift asserted itself. The allowance for food was $100 a month. Twice a week they drove eight miles to the Central

A young Swedish couple who know Greta Garbo well. Gustaf and Sigrid Norin, who ran the star's household while she lived in Beverly Hills. Gustaf, at the time, was waiting for a break in pictures. He's now in the modeling department at First National. His father is a famous sculptor

Market in Los Angeles and did the marketing. In spite of the most rigid economy, Greta was inclined to think that bills were high.

Each week fifty dollars were allotted for the purchase of shoes, medicines, magazines, and such incidentals. A record of these was kept in a little black book.

Receipts were obtained for every purchase—even for that of a three-cent newspaper. These were pinned to the page of the little black book on which the purchases were entered. At the end of each week, Greta carefully checked these expenditures.

It will interest you to know that Garbo is anxious to get the motion picture magazines as fast as they come out. At this time she bought ten or fifteen a month. Often, in her eagerness, she sent for them long before they were due.

This will surprise those of you who feel that Garbo must display a lack of interest in the stories written about her in the periodical press.

Once a month she gathered these magazines, and many papers, and sent them to her mother in Sweden. They were usually well marked, especially when they contained stories about Greta. Regularly this big bundle went out, addressed to "Mrs. Anna Gustafsson, 155 Ringbagen, Third Floor, Stockholm, Sweden." Those magazines which contained nothing of interest about her were often returned to the store.

Let us follow Greta Garbo through a day at the time of which I am writing—the summer of 1929.

Beside her bed was an electric bell.

She was to be called at seven on working days. But, like the rest of us, she liked to dawdle, and often she was fifteen minutes late in rising. This meant a mad dash to the studio in order to be on time. When she was not working, no one knew when she would get up. Sometimes she arose at six, chipper as a lark. Again, she would lie in bed till noon.

Generally speaking, the first thing she did in the morning was to go to her pool for a swim. Sometimes as early as five in the morning she could be heard splashing about in the pool.

THEN she would get into bed and ring for the papers. She received the two Los Angeles morning papers every day and read them before breakfast, turning first to the theatrical pages. She would tear out items of interest and put them in a drawer near her bed, to be filed later by her business manager.

On the way to the pool, Greta would usually order breakfast. Her favorite morning repast consisted of orange juice or grapefruit, creamed dried beef, a poached egg, fried potatoes, homemade coffee cake and coffee. Ham and eggs were also a favored dish. Occasionally she only wanted breakfast food, fruit and coffee cake. Coffee she took only in the morning and at noon.

After breakfast, which she ate from a pink enamel tray held on her lap in bed, she sent for her pets. At this time there were a chow dog, two kittens and a parrot. All four were put upon her wide, low bed, and they took possession of it.

The kittens were her especial pets. They were little black alley cats that had been picked up in a plaster shop. The smaller one Greta called "Pinten," which is Swedish for "half-pint." The other was "Big Pint" and "Mira," as the fancy struck Garbo.

These waifs could, and did, get away with anything. Greta had a beautiful Chinese robe hanging on her bedroom wall—so long that it trailed on the floor. Many a time she found it scratched and torn by the kittens' claws. But no one ever heard her scold them.

Greta liked the parrot, too. Often she carried it from room to room on her shoulder. He would call "Hello, Greta! Hello, Greta!" when she entered the room. And the weird bird was an expert at giving the raspberry. This was his pet trick when she had luncheon guests in the patio. And Garbo would roar with laughter—that great, deep, rumbling laughter of hers!

ONE of Polly's favorite tidbits was the Swedish hardtack of which Greta is so fond.

The chow, "Fimsy," was given to Garbo by Emil Jannings' daughter when that family returned to Germany. It is said that the dog once belonged to Valentino.

"Fimsy" alone resisted all his mistress' gestures of friendliness! He was like her—he liked and respected privacy. He stayed by himself most of the time, though Garbo treated him with great kindness.

When Garbo wasn't working, she usually followed her breakfast, her papers and her frolic with her pets with a sun-bath.

In the garden a canvas enclosure had been erected. In it was a cot, with a sheet and mattress. Garbo would rub her body with olive oil, put on colored glasses and lie there in the sun for hours at a time—now and then splashing into the pool.

Often Harry Edington, her business manager, or Sorensen, her friend from Sweden, would come over to lunch with her. She would don a kimono, and the lunch would be spread in the shade of a large lemon tree. When she was alone her tray was usually placed on the cot in her sun-bath. Sorensen, whom Hollywood called "The Prince," is really the son of a millionaire Swedish box-maker, who came to Hollywood to be near Garbo.

On working days, Garbo carried her lunch to the studio in a paper bag. She usually wanted fresh berries cooked with sugar and thickened with cornstarch. This was put in a jelly glass, and eaten with cream. With this she had a cold meat or cheese sandwich, and some fresh fruit.

When she was at home she spent a great deal of her time in

The Doors of Garbo's Home Open for the First Time!

bed, reading. Her bedroom was at the back of the house, on the ground floor. It looked out upon the patio and garden. Usually, after her swim and sun-bath, she got into bed and read.

Her long walks she took in the evening—but of these, more later.

Garbo never liked all her servants to be out in the evening. For—and this may be difficult to credit—she was very much afraid of burglars, though she was a fiend for fresh air, and insisted on sleeping with windows open all over the house.

One night, hearing a noise, she aroused the household at midnight, and led the servants on a thorough search of the house—Greta wearing pajamas. Under beds, in unused rooms, behind drapes. But nothing was found.

Like so many of us, Greta liked to forage in the ice-box for a lunch late at night. She liked a bit of cheese, or some cold meat, with a glass of milk or near beer.

And the long day ended.

One of the most interesting—and informative—things about Garbo's life is her exercise. Her swimming and sun-bathing I have already mentioned.

One of her favorite amusements is throwing a huge medicine ball, weighing fifteen pounds or so. She would hurl it about her garden, flattening shrubs, flowers and bushes. Then she would come to her servants and ask, "Why can't we have some flowers? Look at those poor bushes! What is the matter with them?"

Garbo would get spells when she would ride horseback nearly every afternoon. She would be driven to the Bel Air stables—or would take out her Lincoln sedan herself, going out of the garage like a shot and putting the fenders in mortal jeopardy.

AT these stables, located in the most exclusive suburb of Los Angeles, between Beverly Hills and the sea, Garbo would get her mount.

A horse called "Black Satin" was her favorite, on her rides through shaded paths far from the highway. Once Garbo called repeatedly for "Black Satin," though she was told the mare was in foal.

One Sunday she was taken to the pasture where "Black Satin" was being kept. "Oh, now I see," she said.

Next to "Black Satin" she liked a horse called "King Vidor." She uses an English saddle, and sits her mount exceedingly well, except that she is inclined to have too heavy a hand. Often she brings her mount in too warm.

One day she brought in her horse very hot. She herself was breathing hard.

"I will have to apologize for bringing in a hot horse," she told the riding master, "but this fellow chased me."

She pointed to Nils Asther, who came riding in behind her. Asther had done his best to catch up with Greta. He failed. She never allows anyone to ride with her. The hours on horseback, like so many others, are devoted to the reveries she so much prizes.

THIS brings us to one of the most amazing facts of this amazing woman. It would no doubt be of great interest to a psychologist who cared to study this intricate woman of undoubted genius.

Garbo is fascinated by rain—enjoys being out in a rainstorm almost above anything else.

She will go out for a long tramp in a downpour, whether it is midday or midnight. In the summer of which I write, she was never seen to carry an umbrella or wear overshoes. Heavy shoes and a man's raincoat formed her outer costume.

The stablemen at Bel Air know of Garbo's penchant for rain.

When it is cloudy, and there is a possibility of a shower, they say, "If Garbo telephones to have a horse ready, we know there is rain coming."

In the rain she will ride for hours. Nothing covers her usual light riding habit but a short rain coat. On her head is a little beret.

When there is a long dry spell, Garbo is unhappy. Often, in periods of drought, she turned on the sprinkling system in her garden, and thoroughly drenched herself.

"I can't stand this dry weather any longer," she would say. "If we don't have some rain I shall go crazy."

So she would run through the spray of her garden sprinkling system. Sometimes she put on a bathing suit. More often she was fully dressed. Time and again [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 142]

A rear view of Garbo's beautiful hillside home. Here she loves to sit in the evening, after a long and trying day at the studio, dreaming of the time when she can return to Sweden and build her own house high on a cliff above Sallsgon, the lake of a thousand islands. Here, too, she studies next day's dialogue, and usually has her meals served

Lon Chaney

By Margaret E. Sangster

A thousand faces—each portraying truly
A certain type for which the public cried;
A thousand bodies, each one twisted newly—
Each one a thing grotesque, half crucified!
A thousand little tricks of light and shading,
A thousand little gestures, each complete;
And through it all a spirit rare, crusading—
No wonder that the world was at his feet!

What if we sometimes wondered at the being
Whose private life was something set apart—
He gave us so much more than we were seeing,
He gave us something from a valiant heart!
And now that he is gone, he has not left us
With one dim vision, as so many do;
His going has incredibly bereft us
Of many friends—each one sincere and true!

Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford in a scene from their famous co-starring picture, "Dust and Ashes of Embers of Dreams," one of the earlier film productions of Amos Wark Griffith

Can You Find *the* 20 Mistakes In This Story?

By Michael Woodward

"MR. CHAPLIN," began the interviewer, who had gone up to Charlie's home to interrogate the comedian about his life and work, "I wish you'd tell me some things about your new picture."

"Ah, yes; my new picture, 'The Lights of the City,'" replied Chaplin, in that deep bass voice that goes so oddly with his diminutiveness of stature. He paused a moment or two, as though thinking of how to begin. Repeatedly he stroked a hand over his dark red hair, and occasionally tweaked nervously at that famous moustache of his.

"Well, with what shall I begin?" he resumed. "Shall I tell you, first, that I am hopeful that it will be by far the best thing I have ever done—even finer than my last picture, 'The Kid'?"

"Yes, I remember that," said the interviewer, "that grand comedy that made little Davey Lee so famous. And tell me, are you using some child actor extensively, as you did in 'The Kid,' in this new film of yours?"

"No. No. The action in my new story revolves principally around three characters—myself, a millionaire played by Harry Myers, and the blind flower girl played by Georgia Hale."

THE interviewer recalled, as Chaplin talked, that Miss Hale was the leading lady, too, in "The Gold Rush"—and also that Charlie has been seen with her quite frequently, and has admitted he hopes to marry her as his second matrimonial venture.

Charlie flipped another cigarette into the fireplace—he had been lighting one from the other—and went on:

"You know, this new picture of mine will be a very interesting experiment, in these talkie days. I do not like talkies. You know that. And so this new picture will be completely voiceless. There will be not a word! I am anxious to see what the public reaction will be—and I know several big men of the picture industry are watching also. If the picture is as good, though, as the script reads, I can ask nothing more."

"You mean," interrupted the interviewer, "that there will be no sound whatever with the film?"

"Oh, yes—there will be synchronized music, you understand. With the orchestra-less theaters of today, we have had to synchronize a musical soundtrack on the film. The music has been written by Sergei Stenvich, the Russian."

CHARLIE paused again, and then his brown eyes twinkled as his thoughts turned, in one of those mental acrobaticisms of his, from his picture and its possibilities to the relaxation he contemplates.

"I'm going abroad this fall, after the picture is released." In his exhilaration, that slight French accent of his was intensified. He was born in Paris, you know—Paris, where he has always been known as Charlot. "I've never been abroad since I came to America, and I'm anxious to see Europe again."

"I suppose you'll visit your old school?"

"Yes. I was educated at the Sorbonne, and I want to visit it again to see how my present reactions compare with my memories of the old days there," explained Chaplin.

And at this point, the pretty little maid came in to announce that Jim Tully, that famous author-friend of Charlie's, was calling again. And knowing that the intimacies of conversation between these two would preclude any further interviewing, the interviewer bade the comedian good-bye, and called it a day.

It developed later that Tully called on his old friend for the purpose of getting some lessons in acting. Tully is now working in one of Jack Gilbert's films, playing the part of a rough and ready sailor man. One of the property boys on the lot told me that Chaplin spent three hours throwing custard pies at Tully's face, teaching him to register astonishment.

READ this through, and see if you can tell all the errors of fact in this imaginative yarn about a Chaplin interview. There are just twenty errors, so you can keep your own score by crediting yourself with five points for each mis-statement you recognize. That would make 100 points a perfect score. When you're stumped, turn to the list on page 143 of this issue, and see which mistakes you've missed, if any.

Sylvia looked up at Brant with eyes that stopped his heart! "All day I've heard what a wicked, handsome thing had come among us," she said softly. "Sometime, will you take me to Egypt—on a long, green yacht?"

Baby Blue Eyes

By Dixie Willson

"TWO of Sylvia's husbands were screen sheiks," Jacoby said. "I don't know anything about the third one. He manufactures something in London."

The rambling, magnolia-scented estate of Mrs. James Cruze was sprinkled with house guests. Jacoby and Harlan Brant lay in the sun on the walk along the pool.

Jacoby had come out from town to make a couple of new plots to follow his spectacular success, "Mayfair May."

Harlan Brant was a New Yorker, heir to the Brant horse flesh and the Brant race-horse millions. "The Prince of Pimlico" they called him.

Jacoby had met him at The Rat and Cat Chess Club and had brought him along because Brant, so he confided to Jacoby, was in love with Sylvia Montaine. He had been in love with her, he said, for three years; had seen again and again every picture in which the world had been offered her ethereal loveliness. For three years she had been to him, he confided, a dream; a phantom ideal.

He had had no more thought of such mist-like beauty being something he could ever *see* and consider in terms of human flesh, than he had thought of the moonlight materializing in which he dreamed of her!

But now, across the lawn, in pale organdie, the sunlight, filtering through a flowering almond tree, making black lace shadows over her hair and her white throat, Harlan Brant saw, at last, the seraphic creature he had worshipped every waking hour since as the immortal *Jeanne d' Arc* she had led D. W. Griffith's France to victory!

On the stone wall, under the almond tree, she gazed into the eyes of a man who obviously should have been having his hair cut, but instead seemed to be reciting poetry.

"Well," Jacoby said, and dripped sand through his fingers. "There she is. What are you going to do about it?"

"She's mine!" replied the young Prince of Pimlico, his voice husky with emotion. "She's always been mine! It's Fate!"

"Her husband might be healthy," Jacoby suggested.

Harlan's eyes clung to the lovely being under the almond tree.

"I'll take her away from anybody!" he said feelingly. "It's Fate! She's Mrs. Harlan Brant right *now!* I wonder what she falls for! I wonder how to begin!"

Jacoby waved a careless greeting to dark-eyed Winifred Baxter and her "Arizona Kid" husband coming up from the hangar in flying clothes.

"What I know about women," he said, "thank God, is nothing!"

A slim fellow in green swimming trunks, sitting on the diving board, was watching Sylvia too, his corn-colored hair sleek and wet, his blond mustache trim and rather handsome.

"She wants a yacht," he remarked, "if you don't mind my getting into the conversation."

"GET right in, old man," Jacoby drawled, lying on his back, squinting at the sun. "Quite all right! Do you happen to know who's the third?"

"The third what?" asked the gentleman who had "got in."

"Her third husband," Jacoby said.

The fellow in green trunks reached for a cigarette out of a pack on the grass.

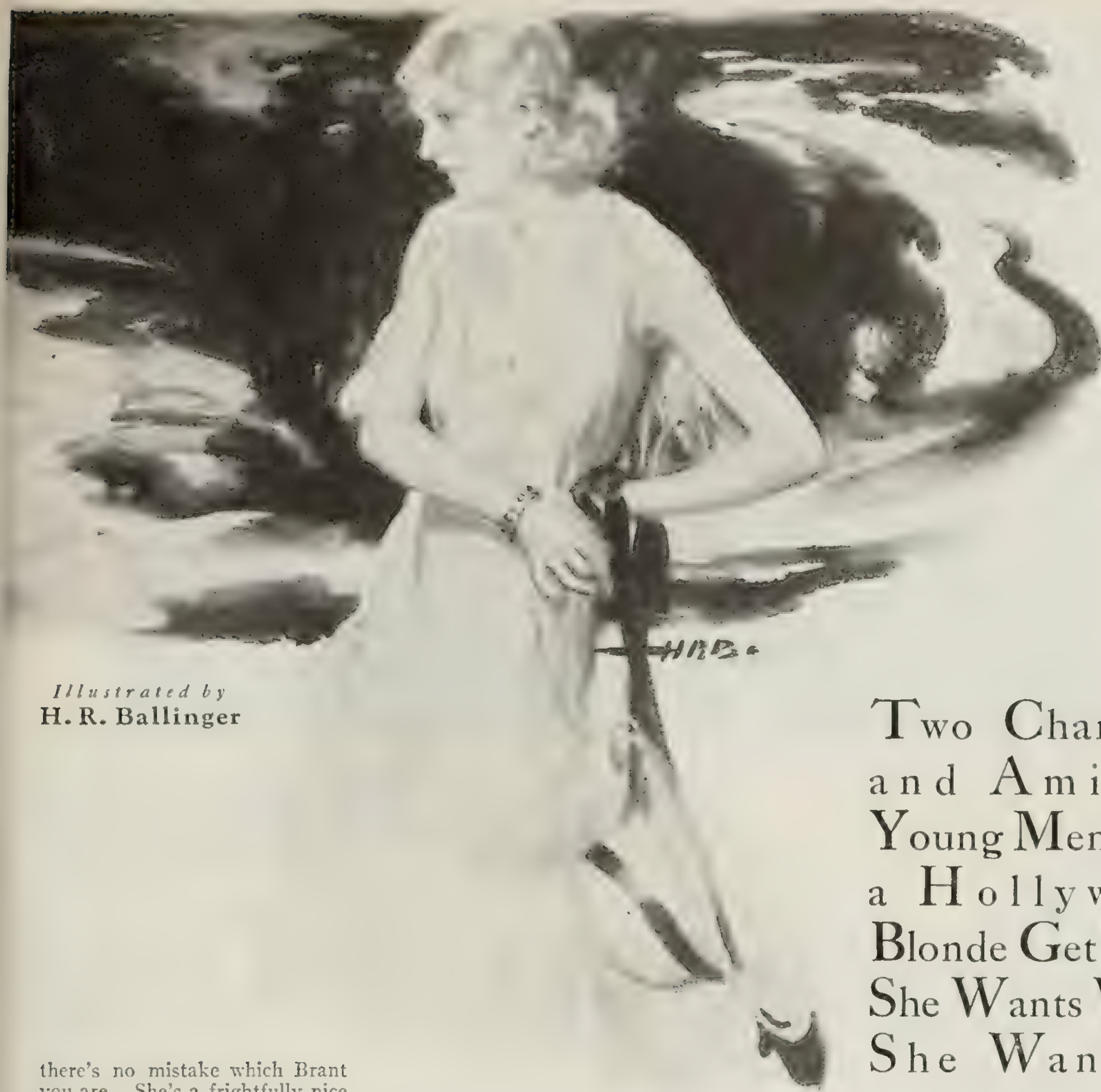
"A chap named Kimberly," he said.

"Oh, absolutely," Jacoby recalled. "They say she married him because she thought he owned the diamond mines in Africa. Do you know her?"

"Yes, quite well," the blond gentleman told him.

"Can she possibly be as beautiful as she seems?" Harlan asked—his eyes never leaving her.

"Oh, entirely," the blond gentleman assured him. "Even more so! And very witty and very clever. Very charming. I'd be delighted to introduce you. And I'll tell her how many yachts you've got, and mention race-horses so she will know



Illustrated by
H. R. Ballinger

Two Charming and Amiable Young Men Help a Hollywood Blonde Get What She Wants When She Wants It

there's no mistake which Brant you are. She's a frightfully nice little girl. I'd like to see her get what she wants. Yachts—and whatever it is—"

"Of course," Harlan said, "since she's married, the first thing is to make her forget her husband! But I'll do it!"

The blond gentleman hooked his thumbs in his wet white belt.

"She knows Reno by heart," he offered. "When she looks up at the court with those baby blue eyes, he'll say, 'Oh, here *you* are again!' And then you write a lawyer a little check and she's yours! And your yacht steams down to the South Seas and you've got—here she comes!"

Across the lawn, past the pink camellias, came Sylvia, the lace ends of her sash touching the close-clipped grass. Harlan got up and dragged up Jacoby.

"Hello," Sylvia said to the fellow in the pool. "You embarrass me! You look positively naked!"

He let himself neck-deep into the water.

"Miss Montaine," he said, "may I present Mr. Mark Jacoby, next year's Pulitzer prize, and Harlan Brant, who owns practically all the race-horses and yachts in the world!"

"Oh, really," she said, "the Prince of Pimlico!"

She looked up at Harlan Brant with eyes that stopped his heart!

"ALL day I've heard what a wicked, handsome thing had come among us," she said, a little softly—straight to Harlan Brant. She moved nearer to him; tucked her chin in her hand; a hypnotic perfume floated around a chiffon handkerchief that trailed out of her fingers.

"It must be wonderful," she said, "to own race-horses that win! And sometime—will you take me to Egypt—on a long, green yacht?"

"One of his horses is down in the stables now," said the chap who had introduced them. "Brant, why don't you take her down and show her Alice Ben Bolt?"

SYLVIA let tinted fingertips rest on the race king's arm.

"I'd adore it!" she told him, looking straight into his eyes. "Take me before Peter Saranoff comes to tell me any more lyrics!"

"As long as I live," Harlan Brant said, his fingers closing over hers, "I'll never give you to another man, another moment!"

The wind-blown, golden tangle of her hair was almost against his shoulder. "I'll *dare* you," she said—laughing up at him.

Jacoby watched them go past the sun dial, down the sandy walk to the stables, her voice drifting back; her laughter. The man in the pool pulled himself up on a yellow cork raft.

"Is that chap really in love with her?" he wanted to know.

"He's in a state of idiocy," Jacoby said. "He'll have her in his Duesenberg on the way to Reno before midnight!"

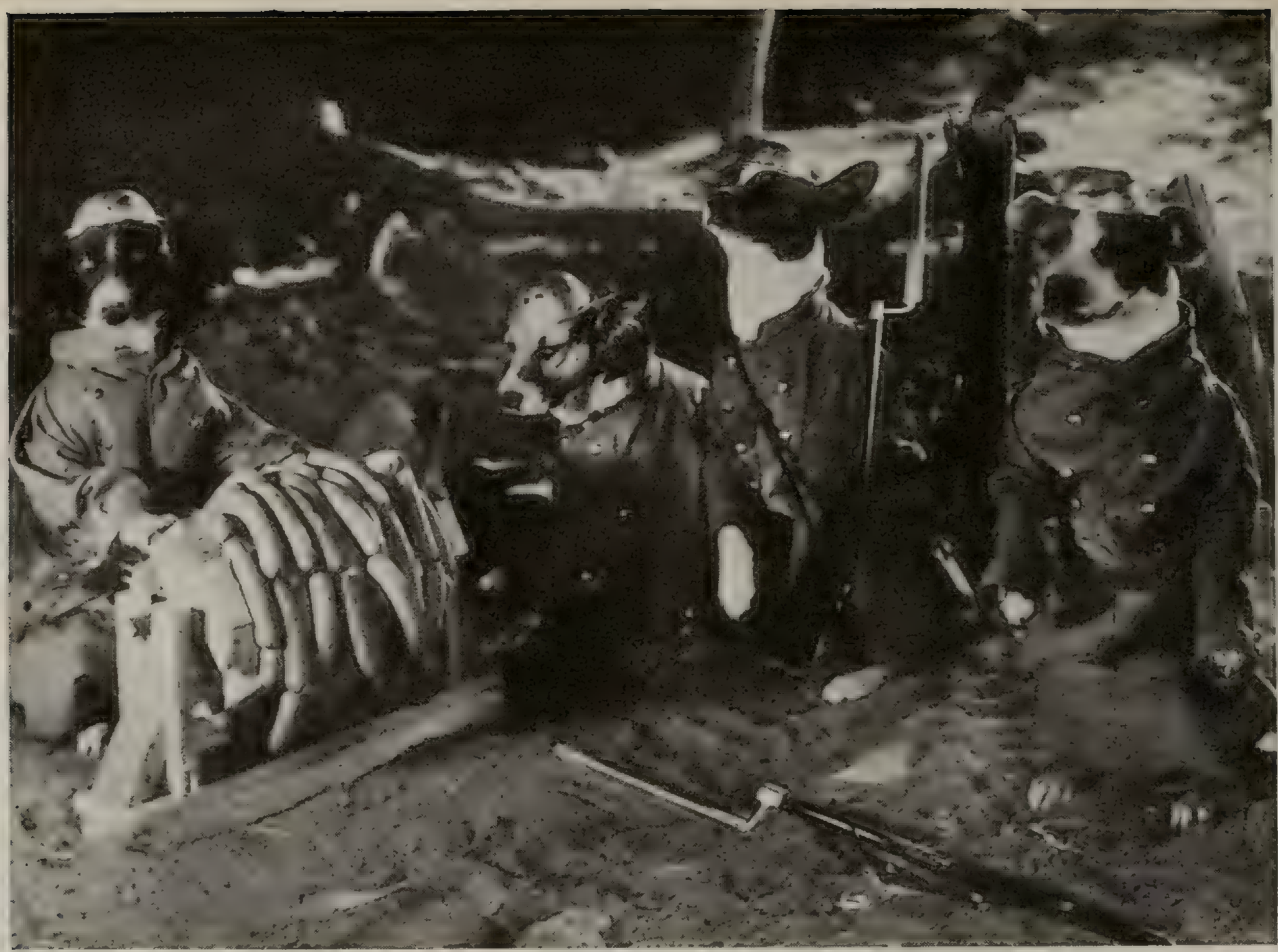
"You don't say!" remarked the man on the raft. "How many millions has he?"

"About ten," Jacoby told him, "or fifteen."

"You don't say!" the other commented again.

He dived off the raft, swam to the edge of the pool and came out.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]



Scientific warfare as waged in the Dogville battles! Field Marshal von Mutt, an elderly Airedale, discovered that links of sausage make far more efficient barriers than mere barbed wire. The Field Marshal found that the enemy invariably stopped to eat the sausage, and then could be butchered at will! A scene from the new dog comedy, "All Quiet on the Canine Front"

Putting *on the* Dog

Famous Canine Comedians Tell All in Interview!

FIVE years ago a fellow strolled across a movie lot with a dog. At least, he said it was a dog. Jules White, a young animal picture director, had different ideas.

"What in hell," he asked, "are you doing with that spider?"

"This," answered the other, who was Renny Renfro, a stunt man, "is no spider, Mister White. This here is a dog. This is a puppy dog."

"What kind of a dog?" sneered White.

"I don't know, and its mother hasn't any idea, either. She wasn't exactly a lady. But this here puppy," insisted Renny, "is some day going to be the world's best movie dog!"

"Yeah? Well, so's your old man," countered White, which was considered snappy repartee in those days.

Today Jules White is paying Renny Renfro $300 a week for using that dog in talkies. The "spider" grew up into Buster, the star of the Dogville Comedies that are taking the country by storm. And even though Buster has four-score rivals acting in these Dogville pictures, he's still the star of dogstars, the head man. And how!

He takes his more lurid Hollywood traditions seriously. And since these canine Hollywoodians can read neither the Hays code of morality nor birth control pamphlets, and there are no morality clauses in their picture contracts — well, it's simply astounding how many of the puppies born now and then to the lady dog members of the Dogville casts resemble Buster, more or less.

Whiskers, whose sad story of mother love is told here

"That Buster's a sheik!" says Renfro. "We just can't keep him in nights. He's always wandering about the kennels, and I'm darned if I believe he's just talking shop with the girls."

They're really an intensely interesting bunch of people, these Dogville dogs. Of course, by this time you know, or should know, about the work they do. They make marvellously human short comedies, all dressed up in clothes; they display real camera *finesse*, and all that sort of thing. But that isn't what this story is about—because you've read all sorts of stuff before on dog actors. This story is about the offstage life of the Dogville dogs—their comedies and their tragedies, their individual habits and peculiarities, their jealousies and their temperamentalities.

Show this depressing—even tragic—picture to *your* dog, sir or madame! This is what evil company, plus prohibition booze, has done to Bozo, the only real canine aristocrat among the eighty pups who make the Dogville comedies. When Bozo came to Hollywood, he was a clean-living, pure-bred English bull. Then he got in with the wrong crowd. And look at him now!

By

Harry Lang

There's Whiskers, for instance. Whiskers is just a she-mutt. Some Sealyham had a great deal to do with her appearance in this world, but other kinds of dogs must have co-operated, too.

Renfro picked her up at the dog-pound one day, just before they were going to gas her. He paid four bits to save her life and get her out.

Renny figured that her long grey hair might make her of use in some comedy shot some time, so he trained her for comedy gags. She was a happy little thing, always grinning and showing her teeth. And then she had an affair.

Oscar, who is star comedian of the Dogville troupe

When the puppies were born, Whiskers was ecstatic. She grinned wider than ever, and her tail wagged in constant joy. And one night, while she slept, the puppies tumbled out of a box, caught cold and soon died.

Whiskers was inconsolable. She wouldn't eat. She lay like a dead dog, day after day. The only time she seemed to care to be alive was when Mrs. Renfro—"Babs"—gave her a puppy from another dog's litter to play with. That helped for a few moments, but that's all.

"Well, there's a good dog comedienne shot to blazes," lamented Renny and White and Myers.

"Try her and see. Maybe she's a good trouper," suggested "Babs" Renfro. They decided they might as well. So they brought her to the set, dressed her up, turned on the lights, started the cameras going, and gave her her commands.

And Whiskers, true to tradition, did her stuff! She grinned and she clowned until even a cameraman laughed. And when the director yelled "Cut," and the lights were off, Whiskers turned her back on them all, crawled to a dark corner, turned her face to the wall and sat there for hours with her head low and her eyes tight shut. They haven't called on her since, to be funny.

The "tough guy" of the Dogville troupe is one Bozo, an English bulldog with that underslung jaw. Whenever they want a dog to play Gashouse Gus types—anything that requires the personification of low breeding and evil ancestry, they call on Bozo. He once did a drunken sot scene that was so

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]

Buster, always the heavy lover in these comedies

Let's Drop In *Old* Cal

The happy pair whose hurry-up wedding startled filmland. Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, photographed on their wedding day. Both had been married before. Gibbons, who is art director at Metro-Goldwyn, was at one time very attentive to Aileen Pringle, the sophisticate-star

MONTH after month, we have had to control our impulse to say, "Didn't we tell you so?" And month after month, old Cal has given you the real inside facts on the birth and death of romance in Hollywood.

BUT didn't we tell you in the August issue that Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan were going to get married? That was why Nils Asther did not go back to his beloved Sweden.

Well, Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan are married. They stepped off the deep end in Reno, Nev., that town ordinarily dedicated to the bursting of matrimonial bonds that not only bind but chafe. They met three years ago on the "Topsy and Eva" set, and it was one of those great cases of love at first clinch.

Since that time, Nils has been chased off the screen by the demon talkies, but now they say that he is coming back.

VIVIAN'S eye and nose had hardly recovered from the smack given her by that big he-man, Rex Lease, the hard-riding, hard-hitting Western film hero, who took this unusual manner of celebrating the Fourth of July in the Malibu Beach society section of the film colony. Of course, there was a lot of talk about it and it looked as if there was going to be a court battle.

Rex said the tiny blonde had kicked a lot of ridges in his shins, and although he pleaded guilty and the judge assessed him fifty berries for his pleasure and his pains, there were those in Hollywood who said that the referee should have declared the bout a draw.

We would like to be on the side lines when husband Nils and the budding Bill Hart meet on the sands of Malibu.

AND while in this we-told-you-so mood, refer back to the August issue and note what one of my contemporary writers said about the strange triangle of Gloria Swanson, her husband, Henri, familiarly known as the Marquis de la Coudray, and the dear little grass-widow, Constance Bennett.

Another Velez comes to cavort about the screen. This is Josephine, sister to Lupe and about a year older. She was given the part of a cigarette girl in "Her Man" without Director Tay Garnett knowing she was Lupe's sister. This is her first screen work

The international alliance of Gloria and Henri has been having a tough time in the past few years. On their infrequent meetings, second-rate photographers always showed up at the train or ship or plane, as the case might be, and snapped romantic poses of the loving couple, and the reporters jotted down vehement denials of any separation.

But when the Marquis made his visit to Hollywood recently, Gloria and he got together and called off the bluff. As this requiem of romance is written, Henri is living at a hotel, Gloria is at her beach home, and it looks as if they are both happy now that the strain is over.

Of course, they will both remain very good friends, as is usual in such cases.

and Gossip With York!

Two generations meet, proving that the movies are not only out of their infancy, but are greying at the temples. William Farnum and Tom Santschi, who fought in the original Selig film of "The Spoilers" in 1913, lunch with Mary Brian. She's in the 1930 talkie version of the story

In she goes! A new and pretty picture of Ann Harding about to take off for a plunge in the outdoor pool at her new home in the hills above Hollywood. Ann's been one of the most talked-of ladies in pictures since her enormous success in "Holiday"

Henri, incidentally, arrived under the incognito of Bailly, his family name.

What few people knew was that Constance Bennett made a trip to Victorville and there met a gentleman named Bailly two hours before his train arrived in Hollywood.

WHEN the Hunter boys, the aviators who broke the world's endurance record, arrived in Hollywood to be a featured act at the Grauman Theater in an effort to jazz up the attendance for "Hell's Angels," they were given quite a reception and many dinners and luncheons were thrown in their honor.

One day two of the Hunter boys were seated at a desk in the Roosevelt Hotel, writing postal cards to friends back home.

"Who was that guy that gave us the lunch yesterday?" asked one.

"Well, let me see. Yeh! I think that fellow's name was Douglas Fairbanks."

THE differences between Janet Gaynor and the Fox Company are all adjusted and she will be co-starred immediately with Charles Farrell in "The Man Who Came Back."

TABLES are turned. The long trail goes the other way. Hollywood turns to Broadway.

Here's a list of picture people who have recently announced, or hinted, that their thoughts are turning to the speaking stage:

Lya de Putti is supposed to star in a new comedy called "Made in France."

Arch Selwyn, stage producer, has said that he proposes to present Mary Pickford, Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky under his management during the coming season. La Rocque and Banky will appear in a play adapted from the Hungarian. Miss Pickford, absent from the theater for about fifteen years, will be co-starred with another cinematic personage in a play not yet chosen. Colleen Moore, it is reported, will also appear under the Arch Selwyn banner.

As the stage captures Hollywood is Hollywood about to take a first mortgage on the theater?

THERE'S a small youngster who makes daily rounds of the First National stages, peddling the afternoon papers.

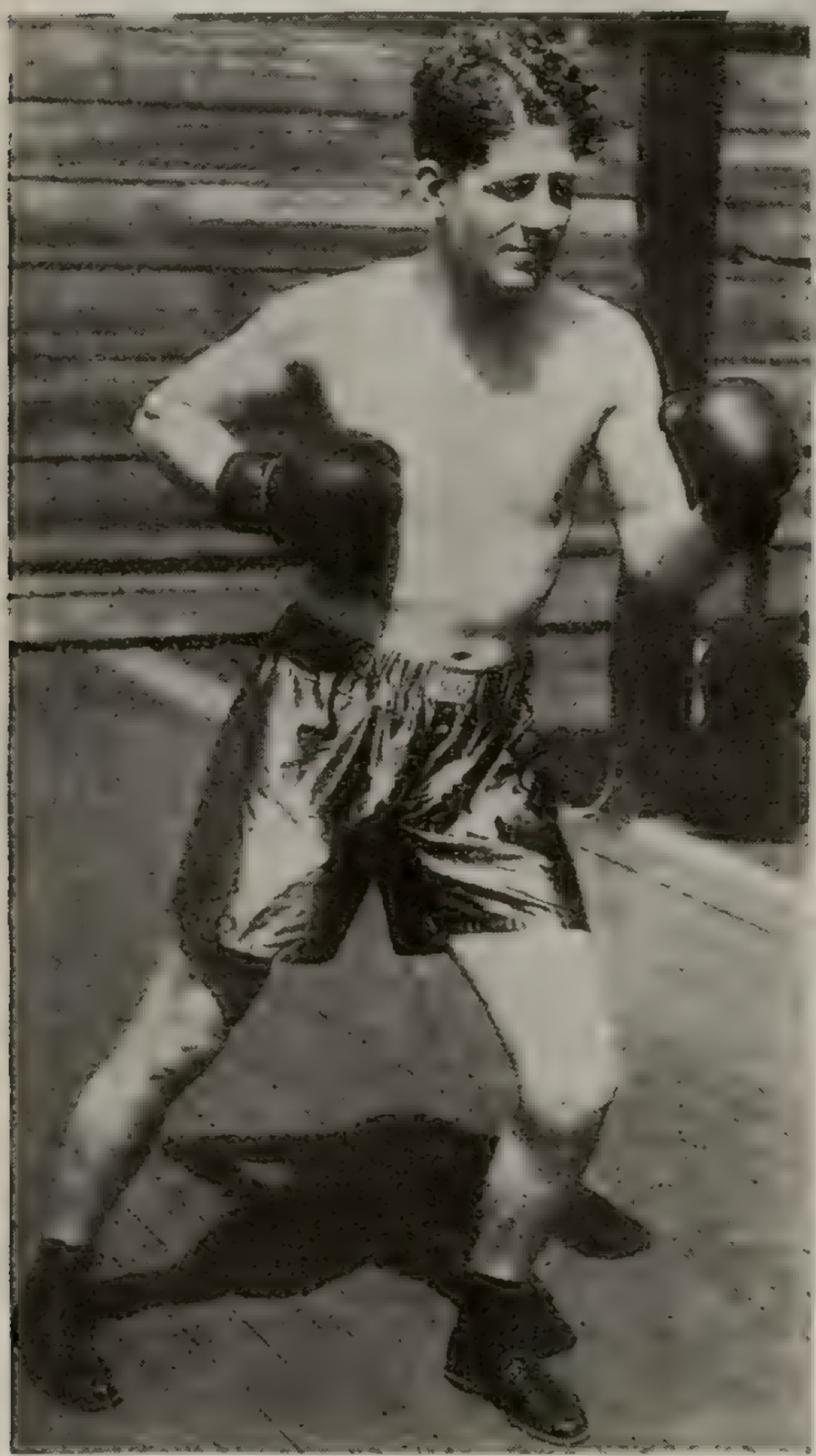
"How's business today?" asked one of the stars.

"Pretty bum," answered the youngster. "Anyway, I'm getting awful sick of this movie racket."

AT last! Another Garbo on the screen!! But it isn't a woman. It's name is Sven, and he's Greta's brother, and although the real name is Gustafsson, Sven isn't averse to cashing in on his famous sister's name and fame.

He's working in Paramount's studios in Paris.

What's this? Yep—you're right. Rudy Vallée in ring togs and striking a lethal pose for the cameraman. This picture of the Croon King was taken at the training camp of a pugilistic acquaintance not long ago. He and Will Osborne, a rival crooner, have been making publicity passes at each other



International

A new menace strikes at the happy home of Harold Lloyd, and if Mildred is wise, she'll take steps. Here is the comedian on the traditional beach at Waikiki, taking murderous ukulele lessons from a native Hawaiian plunker. This was snapped on the location trip for his new film, "Feet First"

JACK OAKIE and "the Dummy" are among Hollywood's strangest pairs of friends. "The Dummy" is a deaf mute. He sells papers on Hollywood Boulevard, in front of the restaurant where Oakie eats quite frequently. Somehow they've gotten to be buddies—at least, on "the Dummy's" part.

And when Jack returned not so long ago to Hollywood, there, in the forefront of the group that had come to greet him, was "the Dummy." With weird little cries, he rushed up as Jack stepped off the train, and embraced him.

It made Jack's eyes quite moist for a few minutes, this tribute of the deaf lad who had left his newsstand to be among the first to welcome Jack back home.

TWENTY persons wept copiously during the filming of a scene in "Leathernecking," on the Radio lot.

No, it wasn't one of those sobby sad scenes. It was just an onion-peeling sequence.

HUGH TREVOR, that handsome young fellow, has been paying assiduous court to Betty Compson, now that she has her divorce from James Cruze.

But the divorce doesn't become final, in California, until a year after the granting of the interlocutory—so if there are wedding bells in the future, it'll have to be some time next year.

And by that time—well, who knows? It has happened before in Hollywood as well as in Newport and Palm Beach.

THE newest fad of the pretty ladies of the films is colored fingernails. No, not just red, but colors to match or harmonize with the costume! Including silver and gold and black, if you please. The colored polish is worn in the evening, though, and not during the day. Joan Crawford, Leila Hyams, Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Bessie Love—these are among the stars who have taken up the new idea.

GARY COOPER didn't waste any time at all in rushing to a telephone as soon as he and Lupe Velez read the comment in one of the daily movie columns that he appeared to be quite attentive to June Collyer.

He told the columnist very flatly and definitely that he is still very much in love with Lupe, that she's the only girl in the world for him, that she's sensitive and that she felt quite badly, as he did himself, over the report. And that's that.

THEY tell this one on El Brendel, the Norse-laugh:

It seems El Brendel had some Indians teach him Indian language and sign-talk while he was in Wyoming on location for "The Big Trail." When he learned a smattering, he made a nuisance of himself talking Indian. One day, Tully Marshall, quite fed up with El Brendel's grunting, jibed:

"Aw, heck—I'll bet you don't even know what a tepee is."

"Heh, heh, heh," heh-hehed the Swede comedian, "sure I do. My grandfather wore one for years."

SO they changed the name of Mary Pickford's fourteen-year-old niece from Mary Charlotte Pickford to Gwynne Pickford, did they? The child is the daughter of Mary's sister Lottie, and in having the court formally change the name, Mary explained that having two Mary Pickfords in one house would be too much.

All the same, it's too darned bad they did change her name. You see, with the coming of the new year, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, will be definitely starred by First National Pictures.

And so mightn't it have been swell if the fourteen-year-old girl should have blossomed out as a fine actress, to find eventual stardom herself as Mary Pickford II, say?

Wouldn't that have been carrying on the fame and the traditions of the royal family—and all that sort of thing?

ANNA Q. NILSSON, recovering slowly after more than two years in the hospital as the result of a horse's kick, gets a steady stream of messages and gifts from her friends, in and out of the picture game. But the one that gave her the biggest laugh came not so long ago. It came after reports were published that Anna is learning to walk again.

"Here's for the pretty baby that's learning to walk," was the note that came with the gift—from one of Hollywood's famous actors.

And the gift was a teething ring.

International

What foreign versions of American talkies are doing to the great Port of New York. Four magnificent menaces arrive, en route to Hollywood. Left to right, Jeanne Helbing and Suzy Vernon, French, and Carla Barthell and Lissa Arna, German. With such beauts, we'll become foreign-version fans!

The immortal Tom Sawyer comes to the screen, in the person of fifteen-year-old Jackie Coogan! In this, his first talkie, Jackie faces tremendous competition. Amazing Mitzi Green plays *Becky Thatcher*, and Junior Durkin, fine boy actor, plays *Huckleberry Finn*. See them in this month's roto section!

REX BELL appeared on the Fox lot the other day in what appeared at a first glance to be a disguise. And what a disguise! Rex's hair, formerly red, was jet black and his eyebrows had been reduced to a thinner line.

Judicious questioning revealed the fact that Clara—surely you know Clara Bow?—had made him dye his ruddy locks and pluck his bushy eyebrows. Maybe Clara felt that she wanted to be the only red head in the combination. Or maybe it was a case of "Change your luck"!

Rex further stated that he was awfully sorry but he couldn't report for work the next day because it was Clara's birthday and her studio had given her a holiday. Heigh-ho! Isn't it marvelous what love can do?

Page Harry Richman!

LEADING men get temperamental, too. This is about the one who became all peeved up after playing several days opposite a certain star who's notorious for her camera-hogging tactics. On the fourth day, the leading man appeared for work with no make-up on his face.

"Say, where's the make-up?" demanded the director.

The actor turned his head and showed some grease-paint on his neck and behind his right ear.

"There it is," he said; "that's the only spot that ever shows to the lens when I'm working with this dame!"

AND then there's the other leading man who detested the same star so much that he ate onions just before the heavy love scenes.

THE guy that said history repeats itself just had advance information on talking pictures.

During the year something like one hundred "remakes" will reach the screen.

By golly, it's a good thing the screen had an infancy to draw upon, otherwise it might not have an adolescence.

HERE'S a list of return engagements, partial, of course:

M-G-M has already released "The Unholy Three" and "Romance." Another repeat on the program will be "Never the Twain Shall Meet." Remember Anita Stewart in that one?

First National: "The Bad Man," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Kismet," with Otis Skinner playing the same rôle he had in the old silent, "Captain Blood," "The Right of Way," and "The Gorilla." Warners have remade "Three Faces East" and "The Sea Beast."

Fox: "A Connecticut Yankee," with Will Rogers. Harry Myers made history as the Yank years ago. "The Sea Wolf," with Milton Sills again, "Common Clay" and "The Last of the Duanes."

United Artists: "DuBarry," with Norma Talmadge. You haven't forgotten Pola as *DuBarry* in "Passion." "Smilin' Thru," and "The Dove." Even Mary was working on "Secrets" when she suddenly shut up shop.

Paramount: "Manslaughter," already released, "Grumpy," "Merton of the Movies," "Tom Sawyer," and that frequently remade picture, "The Spoilers."

Universal: "The Storm," "East Is West," "The Cat and the Canary" and "Leather Pushers."

Radio Pictures: "The Silver Horde."

THE only happy Eastern author in Hollywood was discovered a month ago. At a house party he kept ranting about how no one ever interfered with him.

"Why, week after week," he said, "none of the executives bother me. They let me go right on with my work."

Just as PHOTOPLAY went to press, news was received that he was fired and was on his way back East.

STUDIO announcement: "Vivien Oakland will next be seen in 'The Matrimonial Bed.'"

Good heavens!

SID SILVERS tells the latest yes-man joke to Walter Winchell. I tell you. After a preview a producer gathered his gang of assenters and head-nodders and cheer-leaders.

"Well, boys," he asked, "what do you think of it?"

'Stupendous!" said one. "Colossal!" said a second.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

The two Monas. The dreaming girl, and her strong profile in a tense scene with Warner Baxter

Deeds *and* Dreams

By Katherine Albert

There are Two Women in Mona Maris, at War With Each Other and the World

THERE are two people in Mona Maris.

One lives in her profile.

The other is glimpsed in her little heart-shaped face and dark eyes.

Front view she is young, almost ingenuous, daintily sad and piquant. A pretty little Latin girl with rather poignant eyes. But the most amazing thing happens when she suddenly turns profile. It's the give-away. It's the real Mona Maris, determined as an Arctic winter. The jaw does the trick. A firm, hard, almost bitter jaw-line that sweeps down into the pointed chin.

Front face she is dark and sultry and Spanish. Profile she is all the dominant women of all the ages.

You go behind the eyes and the chin and the jaw for Mona Maris' intelligence, and when it suddenly flashes upon you it is a shaft of winter sunshine.

"I'm happy when I work. That is all. There is no other happiness for me.

"Alone, away from the studio, I'm miserable and pursued by a thousand demons of melancholia.

"Marriage? No, a thousand no's. I'm sentimental and romantic, but jealous, terrifically jealous. If I married I'd put everything into it. I'd give everything. I can't do that when my work absorbs me.

"Most of the time I am miserable.

"At rare moments I'm ecstatically happy.

"I'm introspective, analytical. I think too much about myself and my relation to the rest of the world.

"This work—I love it. I love it more than most people since I gave up a great deal for it. I make a good living but I do not wear as beautiful clothes as I did before. I do not have so much money. I do not lead as gay a life.

"Nobody in my family understands this desire in me to work. My half-sister is content with being content, charming, marriageable and playing the piano a little. Me—I am not content with these things.

"There's a driving demon cooped up within me.

"I sometimes wish I were phlegmatic. I would not suffer so much. But neither would I know the ecstasies."

In order to get a true picture of her you must do away with the other impressions you have of Latin women. You must forget the bounding Lupes, the *ooh, la, la* Fifi D'Orsays and Lily Damitas. In fact, you mustn't type Mona at all. She is too much the cosmopolite. She is a mental type rather than a physical one. She is not merely an emotional machine.

How she became like this from the family into which she was born remains an enigma. Her father was pure Castillian. Her mother, French and Spanish. Mona was born in the Argentine. When she was still a child she was taken to France to visit her grandmother. The war came.

The girls in the convent where Mona went to school were released to make bandages. Everywhere Mona heard bleak truths spoken. She haunted the society of older people. She sought their conversation. She tried to pierce into the mind of the world and, at the end of the war, she found that she was not content with the gestures of the average girl of her birth and breeding. She had to express herself. It was a need with her. She decided to become an actress, and with that in view, persuaded her mother to allow her to go to England and seek a film career.

But in England she was caught up in what the society editors call "the social whirl." In a dilatory fashion she tried to invade the studios, with scant success.

It was, really, Marconi who [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]

Advice *to* *Seventeen-Year-Old* Lovers

No Leopard-Skin or Old-Fashioned Cupid Stuff in This. Try It Out on Your Next "Heavy Date"

By Janet French

SALUTE Arthur Lake—the old male Beatrice Fairfax—who has decided to break down and confess all about young love. He's not much more than seventeen himself. It's still a pretty serious business to him. He is at the age where he resents the supercilious attitude grown-ups take toward the situation.

Arthur has been around a bit. He has dated most of the young unattached women of the colony. And he knows a thing or two or three about it.

So take a look at young Mr. Lake with his little bow and arrow handy, all ready to tell you, who are still at the embarrassed, gangling age, how to go about this love business. And if you're one of those who stroke a long, white beard and declare, "Well, things weren't like that when I was a girl (boy)," and believe that all the youth in the world has gone hey-hey and sophisticated you should see Arthur. He's as young as peace of mind and as bashful as a bride of the mauve decade. If that boy is sophisticated I don't know my Lilyan Tashmans and Constance Bennetts.

Arthur blushed when I asked him to tell me all about seventeen-year-old love. If there had been any loose sand around and Arthur had been barefooted I'm sure he would have dug his toe into the sand. But, because he was wearing most immaculate white sports shoes and we were lunching at a country club he did the next best thing and started to fumble with the silverware.

"LET'S see," he began, "let's see. How do I go about dating a girl? Well, suppose I meet a swell girl at a party or something. Suppose I like her. The first thing I do is to find out about her from her friends. I always ask right away if there's a head man because I don't want to do any chiseling—no sir.

"Well, then, I ask her, at the party, if I can call her up sometime. And a coupla days later I call her and ask her if she'd like to go dancing. But, believe me, I always take another couple along in case she turns out to be a wash-out and even if she doesn't I want somebody else there to amuse her the first time.

"Well, when I leave her I don't talk about another date. I go home—even if I've liked her a lot and would like to ask her for another date—and sort of think about it. You can't be too careful, you see. You don't want to rush into anything until you're pretty sure and anyhow it's better to be sort of hard to get with the girls. They like you better for it.

"But after I've decided that I like the girl and want to see her a lot more, then I find out what she likes to do and I try to do those things with her.

Are you seventeen? It doesn't matter. Read Arthur (Knock 'Em Dead) Lake's theories about heart trouble. They may be helpful. Here's the old Romeo himself, true to the life

"Well—that's about all. That's about the way it's done now."

"But what," I asked, amazed, "about those Little Things that All Girls Love? What about the candy and flowers and books with which the gay blades of the nineties used to woo their ladies?"

"Aw," said Arthur, "I don't know. If I'm going to a formal party I always send her a corsage but girls don't care for candy so much now. Most all of them that I know are on a diet. See, here's the thing. Everybody kids about everything now but I think that girls like little attentions just as much now as they ever did. There's that flower stuff. If you send a girl a box of flowers and if she gets it when a girl friend of hers is around she'll as like as not say, 'Now isn't that silly?' and laugh about it, but down underneath she'll appreciate it just the same and maybe she'll sneak the note out of the box and keep it in her jewelry case or something. They like that kind of thing but they think it's smart to kid about it.

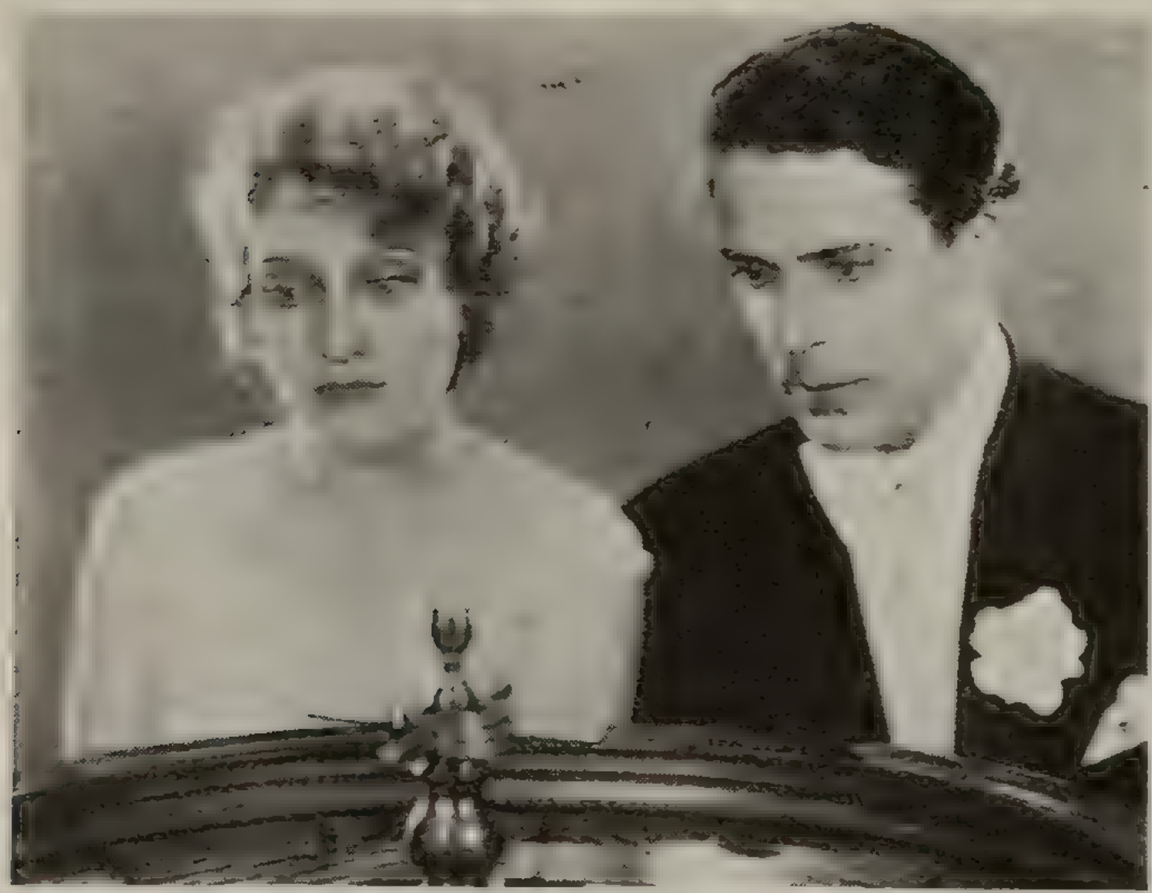
"And I think that's where a lot of boys make mistakes. They clown around too much. There are times when you can kid and times when you can't and if you kid all the time then when you start to get really serious the girls won't take you seriously. And you've got to be a little serious sometimes. I know a fellow who loses all his girls because he clowns all the time.

"And I'll tell you something else. I don't believe in a line—no sir. These guys with a fast line that they're so proud about are usually left out in the cold. Girls aren't as dumb as you think they are. They can tell a fast line from the real thing. I believe in being sincere and if you like a girl and tell her so and haven't been handing her a line she'll take you seriously.

"BELIEVE me, I believe in being sincere—honest! There's an awful lot of bunk being passed out about kidding them, but I'm all for the sincere stuff. And say, while I'm giving advice to the boys I'd like to say something to the girls. A boy certainly appreciates a girl's being appreciative. And (I shouldn't say this, I guess) some of the girls in pictures aren't. The other night I was out with a girl and when the evening was over she said, 'I don't know when I've had such a good time before.' Matter of fact, we hadn't done very much nor had an awfully good time, but it sure made me feel good to hear her say it.

"And here's something else. My mother's told me about how her boy friends used to be writing notes to her all the time.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]



☆ *MONTE CARLO—Paramount*

HERE'S another Lubitsch operetta—witty, sophisticated, full of charm. An impoverished countess runs away to Monte Carlo on the eve of her wedding to a wealthy baron. A young count poses as a hairdresser to gain admittance to the countess' rooms. He wins the job—and her love.

That's all the plot — but how brilliantly it's done! Lubitsch seems able to imbue actors with his own piquant sense of comedy. You'll adore Jeanette MacDonald as the *Countess*—she's beautiful, she's deliciously amusing and she sings gloriously. Jack Buchanan is equally delightful. What a hairdresser! What a man! Then there are Claud Allister and ZaSu Pitts as the deserted baron and the countess' maid, respectively. And some grand songs.

Ah, zat Lubitsch! What a director! What a picture!

☆ *THE OFFICE WIFE—Warners*

HERE is that rare thing—an intelligent picture full of popular appeal. Perfectly cast and splendidly directed, with sane dialogue and a human and convincing story—everyone will like it!

Sophisticated without being bizarre, and human without being hokumish. The story, by Faith Baldwin, who analyzes Nancy Carroll in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, has to do with private secretaries, who, by making themselves indispensable to their employers, become their "office wives." Dorothy Mackaill, as the girl who starts out to vamp her employer and ends by falling in love with him, is grand.

The rest, headed by Lewis Stone, are admirable. Natalie Moorhead, as Stone's wife, is subtle, restrained and thoroughly adult in her few scenes. She should be seen often.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *ABRAHAM LINCOLN—United Artists*

FOR the past few years smart young men have been putting David Wark Griffith among Filmania's has-beens.

Now, with one tremendous haymaker, he has knocked the younger sneerers from their perches. In "Abraham Lincoln," Griffith has made his masterpiece, and one of the most enthralling talking pictures in the brief history of the new art.

Forgetting his unhappy penchant for too much spectacle, Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Aided by a magnificent script by the poet, Stephen Vincent Benet, and a vivid, majestic performance as *Lincoln* by that great actor, Walter Huston, that is unmatched in dignity, grandeur and the most delicate *finesse*, Griffith, in this picture, makes more screen history.

It is Lincoln's humanity that is stressed throughout. From his love affair with *Ann Rutledge*—exquisitely played by Huston and Una Merkel—through the assassination at Ford's Theater, the picture moves dramatically, majestically and with enormous interest. This is, above all, a MOVING picture of the dramatic life and death of a great man.

Griffith, with his love for galloping horseflesh, picks Sheridan's ride as his one Civil War sequence, and is it a thrill! Moreover, his use of sound, for incidental music and effects, shows he has mastered the microphone. There is a great performance by Kay Hammond as *Mary Todd Lincoln*. Griffith comes back with a picture worthy of him.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
MONTE CARLO
MOBY DICK
WHOOPEE
THE OFFICE WIFE
MADAM SATAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Walter Huston in "Abraham Lincoln"
Kay Hammond in "Abraham Lincoln"
Una Merkel in "Abraham Lincoln"
Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee"
Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo"
Jeanette MacDonald in "The Lottery Bride"
Jack Buchanan in "Monte Carlo"
Dorothy Mackaill in "The Office Wife"
John Barrymore in "Moby Dick"
Kay Johnson in "Madam Satan"
Reginald Denny in "Madam Satan"
Ruth Chatterton in "Anybody's Woman"
Lew Cody in "What a Widow!"
Buster Keaton in "Dough Boys"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 151

☆ ***WHOOPEE—United Artists***

ON the stage the Indian reservation scene was a colorful backdrop. In the picture, the entire cast was able to move to Arizona and shoot the sequences on the spot. On the stage the white expanse of desert was a scene painter's idea. In the picture, it's the real thing and that is partly what makes the film, "Whoopee," better than the original.

It's Sam Goldwyn at his best, Flo Ziegfeld at his best. You can't beat a team like that.

Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. The million and a half spent on it is justified. Ziegfeld brought his most beautiful show girls with him and Hollywood gave its very best.

The result, all in Technicolor, is enough to make you catch the first train to the Gold Coast. The girls, led by such dancers as Jacques Cartier and Joyzelle, are accompanied by George Olsen's fifty-piece orchestra. Dorothy Knapp leads the ultra show girls.

But besides all the lavishness there is Eddie Cantor as the chief high comic. He is one of the funniest men ever seen on the screen and pulls a gag a minute.

This is the new type of screen musical. There is no attempt at realism. It's simply a rollicking, roistering, beautiful production that will make you forget Hoover's advice to sit tight because better times are coming. Heck! They are here!

☆ ***MOBY DICK—Warners***

REMEMBER the "Sea Beast," famous for its idyllic Barrymore-Costello love scenes, and its exquisitely beautiful garden sequence? This is it in dialogue form, minus the aforesaid love scenes and garden sequence, and with Joan Bennett substituting for Dolores. It's a stirring story of adventure, stunningly photographed and full of thrills—particularly the whaling sequences, which are magnificent. There are one or two unduly gruesome spots, and you may find the absence of love scenes disappointing. But on the whole this story of fearless *Captain Ahab* and his vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is real entertainment. John Barrymore is a colorful *Ahab*. Lloyd Hughes, as his treacherous landlubber brother, presents a good contrast. And Joan Bennett offers some fine moments.

☆ ***MADAM SATAN—M-G-M***

DON'T try to believe it. Just accept it for what it's worth, the most amazing, lavish, gorgeous De Mille spectacle ever put on the screen. With true De Millian inconsistency, a dull wife, in order to win back her husband, acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes, thereby succeeding. Ask your husband what he thinks about it.

However, Kay Johnson is swell and as convincing as possible under the circumstances. Reginald Denny is a real contribution—dashing, fascinating and what a baritone!

The Zeppelin sequence is De Mille at his most spectacular. Ladies running around in costumes that only a madman could conceive, smart dialogue fairly crackling, orgies right before your very eyes and everybody jumping out of the airship in parachutes. Vivid entertainment!

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

EYES OF THE WORLD —United Artists

THIS Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. Its story of unhappy love, that reaches into the second generation to imperil the happiness of an ingénue, doesn't click or clang. Henry King directed against handsome mountain backgrounds. Una Merkel and John Holland play the young lovers. Meet Fern Andra, slim menace from foreign films.

ANYBODY'S WOMAN— Paramount

YOU old Chatterton fans won't believe it. Ruth as the hard-boiled burlesque queen with a Middle Western accent and a striding walk. The story which, somehow, just misses being great on the screen, concerns the well-bred lawyer who, in a drunken moment, marries the show girl. But Ruth is great and poignant and tender as Ruth always is. And so you will like it. See it by all means.

A SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING —Warners

IF you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slapstick and hot thrills, catch this. It's great, though heaven knows what to call it. A war story that isn't a war story; not a musical, but has some grand music; not slapstick, yet happy with it—well, call it just a darned good talkie! That will cover it. Ben Lyon, Harry Langdon and Lotti Loder have head honors of a fine cast.

LOVE IN THE ROUGH —M-G-M

ROMANCE, buffoonery, golf, slapstick, music, dancing—here's a hodge-podge that emerges as a welcome dose of laugh-antidote for that blah feeling you get from seeing too many sentimental things. Bobby Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan supply the love interest, while Benny Rubin and co-comickers run off with the film. You'll like it if you don't take it seriously.

RAIN OR SHINE— Columbia

JOE COOK, the noted vaudeville clown and musical show star, makes his talkie début in "Rain or Shine," one of his song shows with all the music taken out. If you like Joe's fast, nutty chatter you'll probably like this. His laughs are supplemented by the clowning of Tom Howard and Dave Chasen, from the stage. A circus story, with the big top burning down for the punch finish.

SONS OF THE SADDLE— Universal

WITH such pictures as this the boys and girls—particularly boys—come into their own again. This Ken Maynard picture is what managers pray for to get the kids back into their theaters. It is a good old Western, with plenty of hard-riding, gun play and action. Francis Ford, of blessed memory, is a grand villain; Tarzan, the horse, helps along, and Doris Hill's the heroine.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

WHAT A WIDOW!— United Artists

GLORIA SWANSON bit her polished finger nails to the quick when she was trying to find a vehicle as grand as "The Trespasser." She didn't do it in this broad comedy, with good old Sennett moments. Gloria goes slapstick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three rousing cheers and a couple of huzzahs for his come back.

SOUP TO NUTS— Fox

YOU know Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons — his fantastic inventions and his freak statues. They're all in "Soup to Nuts." Much of Rube's feeling for the grotesque is successfully transferred to the screen. There are a few weak moments in the direction—but there's also a sheer hilarious abandon which will delight you. Ted Healy and his amazing gang carry off the major honors. Give us more Goldberg!

ANIMAL CRACKERS— Paramount

THE Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. One song for Lillian Roth—this, with a couple of choruses, is all the music. One, two, or all of the Marx boys are on the screen all the time, and the howls are continuous. Strictly a laughing matter, although there is the usual silly music show plot.

DOUGH BOYS— M-G-M

THAT sad-faced little comedian, Buster Keaton, wanders through some of the funniest gags that have ever been pulled on the screen. In many ways this is reminiscent of Chaplin's immortal "Shoulder Arms." It's a war comedy, but in excellent taste. Sally Eilers looks beautiful and Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) gives Keaton a run for his comedy money in many of the best scenes.

DANGER LIGHTS— Radio Pictures

THAT old "Runaway Train" had no more thrills than "Danger Lights." You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, Robert Armstrong at the throttle, and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. Railroad stuff is elegant, and the scenery rushing by is nice. Unfortunately, three good players give rather mediocre performances, with Jean Arthur lost in the shuffle.

THE FLIRTING WIDOW— First National

DOROTHY MACKAILL scores a bulls-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. She plays the patsy of an English family who invents a romance with an imaginary *Col. Smith* of the British army. The colonel turns out to be real, in the person of Basil Rathbone. Nice comedy, with excellent acting by Dot, Rathbone, William Austin, Leila Hyams et al. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

Light *or* Dark?

INTRODUCING two beautiful newcomers to talkies—and outstanding members of the two classes which divide the world, blondes and brunettes. Left, Claire Luce, who began as a dazzling "Follies" dancer and is now a dramatic actress with Fox. Right, Rosita Moreno, Spanish dancer now at Paramount

Do not mistake that for love light in Joan's eyes. She's just being polite to old "Casanova" Busby and thinking of her husband, working hard in that hot old studio

A Warning *to* Lotharios!

Look Out, Boys! Don't Step Forth with a Wife Who Loves Her Husband!

By Marquis Busby

AND so I had a date with a married lady! And I didn't get shot by an irate husband, or I didn't even hide behind doors. To make this story a little snappier I might have jumped out of a second story window, at least, but then I have never cared about jumping out of second story windows.

The nervous strain was pretty bad, though. I'll never be quite the same. I'll probably go through life with a haunted look in my eyes.

Letters have been coming in asking why I didn't take a vacation from the ingénues with the wondering looks, and step out with a young matron. One writer even went so far as to say that married women were more interesting than the unattached, anyway. Well, that is an open question, and you can write your own answers as far as I am concerned.

There were letters asking for dates with Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Lilyan Tashman and Joan Crawford. Joan got the most votes, so, after taking a shot in the arm to give me courage, I broached the subject as delicately as possible. I did wait until I heard that Doug, Jr., was working nights out at First National. What's the use of having a date with a married lady if there are husbands about, cluttering things up?

Asking Joan for a date struck me as being pretty funny. It amused her, too. In the first place she is about the most devoted wife in the state of California. Her favorite subject is Douglas, as she calls him, and she can talk about him for hours without once repeating herself. Another man has about as much chance as an Orangeman at a St. Patrick's picnic.

I've always been mighty interested in Joan. To me she is a young actress of tremendous promise. Every screen rôle presents a further maturing of her art. I like Joan as a person, and admire her as an actress, but would never have asked her for a date—if it hadn't been for those letters.

And then, if I have to admit the shameful truth, since the editor of PHOTOPLAY started calling me *Casanova* and *Lothario*, I thought maybe I could get away with being daring and rakish, and paying court to married ladies. Those boys were pretty good at it if you can believe half what you read, but I guess I'm just not the type.

Joan asked me to be at her house, El Jodo, for seven o'clock dinner. Whatever we did after that would have to be pretty simple. She was working, arising at 6:30 every morning, and she had to have her sleep. There was a time when Joan didn't allow work to interfere with pleasure, but she is a girl with a purpose now.

THE evening of our date happened to be during the hottest July weather in fifty years. Hollywood had been as close to inferno as Hollywood ever gets.

Joan came downstairs to greet me. She still had on her make-up and the dress she was wearing in her new picture.

"I've just got in," she explained. "It was 104 where I was working, but that is nothing to what it was at First National where Douglas is. It was 107 under the lights out there. Isn't it terrible for Douglas to have to work in that heat?"

I sort of winced, being a tender-hearted fellow after all. Here I was, sitting in the cool living room of El Jodo with Doug's wife, and he, poor chap, was slaving away at the studio, probably wilting one collar right after the other.

While Joan was upstairs dressing for dinner I strolled about the room. There were miniatures of Doug and Joan on the mantel, a big photograph of Doug, Sr., on a table, and a portrait of Joan and her mother on another table. Joan returned in a cool sports dress, with socks and low-heeled shoes. Dinner was awaiting us. Joan sat at the head of the

table, and I to her right. A very large Great Dane, a very young kitten, which Doug had picked up at the studio, and a bulldog, also came to the party. The Dane, Joan explained, had a prodigious appetite. For breakfast he ate six shredded wheat biscuits and two quarts of milk. For lunch it was simpler—just two pounds of hamburger.

"I wonder what Douglas is eating tonight?" worried Joan. "I hope he is careful what he orders during this weather. But he says he is no epicure. Food is food to him, whether he eats at the Ambassador or the beanery around the corner.

"HE often argues about food—Douglas likes to argue. He doesn't get rabid or anything, but he just takes the opposite side of the question for the sake of the discussion. Last night he was an hour late for dinner. He had been talking about Sovietism with one of the mechanics at the studio. Oh, he doesn't believe in it himself. He says—"

"Er, ah, Joan," I broke in, trying to switch the subject and get a little attention myself, "let's you and me go out some place after dinner. We can go over to Olsen's and dance a bit, or we might go down to the beach."

"Oh," said Joan, "Douglas likes to go to the beach, too. We're going down Saturday evening. We like that place where the little pigs come down the slide. It's fun to hear them squeal. I can hardly get him away from the place."

As a change in conversation, it didn't look to me as if I had made a very good selection. "Did I ever tell you about my trip to New York?" I began desperately. "Things are awfully expensive there. Why, I spent—"

"I hope Douglas gets back early tonight," said Joan absently. "It has been so hot today. He must be worn out."

Golly, maybe Doug would come home early. This date, as you can see without your spectacles, was perfectly proper, but then you could never tell what a young husband was likely to do. Particularly a young husband that had been working all day in a temperature of 107.

"Come on, Joan," I pleaded, feeling a cold perspiration standing out on my forehead, "let's go for a ride. I know a swell road where there isn't much traffic and you get a beautiful view of—"

"Let's have coffee in the living room," Joan suggested. "Douglas has some marvelous card tricks. I think I can do them, and I'll show you how it's done. He also has some good sleight-of-hand stunts. I wish he were here to show them."

I shivered. Somewhere a clock struck nine. I wondered just how long Doug would be at the studio.

The card tricks were duly explained after I had been properly mystified. I'm a good audience for that sort of thing. Not very bright, you know, and absolutely trusting.

"Now, here's a good game," she said. "Douglas and I play it a lot. You sit six feet away from that hat, put your elbows on the arms of the chair, and try to throw the cards in, one by one. It's not as easy as it looks. Douglas is pretty good at it."

So is Joan pretty good at it. She got thirty-five cards in the hat. I thought I was pretty good if I came within twelve feet of the *chapeau*.

"Joan," I sighed, "you have the most beautiful eyes. In fact I like you an awful lot."

"Have you seen the story Douglas wrote about me?" said Joan, evidently quite oblivious to my try at the sentimental. "No? Let's see. I have it around here some place."

SOMEWHERE the clock struck ten. "Really, Joan, I've got to be going. I've got to see a lady about a dog. I've got to give a music lesson to a Chinaman. I've got to send a cable to Constantinople. I think my house is on fire. I *must* be going."

"Oh, don't go," Joan pleaded. "Douglas will be home any minute now. Stay and say hello to him. He knew you were coming for dinner tonight."

That's all I meant. I was *that* hurt. Here I thought I was being clandestine, and it was all as above-board as an ice cream social on the church lawn. After that I waited until Doug came home. There was no object in slinking out if there wasn't a reason for slinking. But as I said, I was pretty hurt, that's all. I've always read such fantastic things about dates with married ladies in those snappy story magazines. I guess I'm just not cut out along the lines of a *Casanova*.

I'll never have another date with a married lady. What, never?

Well, hardly ever, and when I do her husband will be in Patagonia, and she will be contemplating a divorce, anyway.

One of the remarkable pictures that will come to you within the next few months is to be called "Just Imagine." The action takes place fifty years hence. This shot from the production shows an operating room in 1980. The doctor, played by Wilfred Lucas, is reviving a man who died in December, 1930. The story is full of whimsy. The guy they are reviving is El Brendel. We don't know the reason

The "GAG" Factory

Filming one of the 300-a-year, Director-in-Chief Roth sits by at the Vitaphone Eastern Studio ready to shoot the boy and girl—with his camera

A Gallop Through a Frenzied Film Foundry That Grinds Out 300 "Shorts" a Year

By Lyon Mearson

IF a gag has always given satisfaction, why change it? Jokes, to the great majority of people, are like music—the music that gives the greatest pleasure is the music that people can hum.

All of which prefaces a description of a place that has gone "gaga" in the full sense of the word, the Warner Brothers' short subject studio in Brooklyn. Here is a place that turns out 300 one- and two-reelers a year, turns them out as a Henry Ford would grind out sausages.

The truth is, I suppose, that hardly anyone ever wonders who makes these shorts that open shows. You just have a vague sort of notion that they aren't made at all. They merely happen, like great wars, or flagpole sitters. And yet, there is a very definite demand for them. This demand has led to the development of a technique, ironclad in its resistance to change.

Murray Roth, head of production, told me that his studio averages one complete picture for every working day of the year! This Murray Roth is an explosive sort of chap in his middle thirties whose speech is peppered with a running fire of Biblical references.

He doesn't stay with you very long, since he sees everything that is happening at all times, and stops it from happening before it can do any damage.

"Got to keep your eyes open, you know," he told me. "You can't trust a low comic—he's liable to go artistic on you at any (deleted) moment. What the (so-and-so) do you want me to tell you?"

"What's the reason for the great popularity of the short subject?" I asked.

"The short subject has always been popular," he said; "only they've been making them in ten reels."

"You'd better make a note of that," I said. "You might want to use it again some day."

"Thanks," he said. "I've used it for years. What I'm trying to get over to you is that we're using just as much material in one of these pictures as they do in one of those (such and such) full-length pictures, but we don't use any of the bunk, so we can get it into two reels."

"Art is simply a matter of careful selection," I interposed.

"Sure," he said. "That's exactly it. The more footage, the less art. What I mean, life is composed of a lot of rambling moments that don't get you anywhere, and a few high moments that compress within them all the drama that the ordinary life is liable to get. Cut out your rambling moments and run the high, dramatic moments, one after the other, and you have—"

"—art!" I finished for him.

"Art, hell!" he exploded. "You have a swell one-reel picture! The kind we make 300 of a year."

"You don't mean to tell me you get in 300 usable scripts a year?" I asked.

HE smiled sadly. "No, that's one of our troubles," he said. He brought me over to a room where a girl sat at a desk piled high with manuscripts. Other tables were piled equally high.

"Those," he said, "are trunkies."

"What's that?" I asked, as a matter of form. The word is self-explanatory.

"They came in this week. Most of them come out of the bottoms of trunks. They've been lying there for years, rejected by everybody in the (irregular) world, just waiting for the one- and two-reel talkie industry to be born so that the authors could unload. And here they are—literary America's gift to me," he said bitterly.

"Don't you get some good ones in the mail?" I knew the answer.

"About one in 300," he said. "And some we buy because they have a sort of an idea, and we have them made over right here."

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What About Clara Bow?

Will the Immortal Flapper Learn Self-Discipline? Or Is She Fated to Dance Her Way to Oblivion?

By Leonard Hall

A demure little maiden as she looked in her first movie, "Down to the Sea in Ships." Yes — it's Clara Bow, the Flatbush Fury, in 1922

ONE RINGING question is agitating the all-wool, yard-wide, full-blown movie fans these days.

It's this—

What's to become of Clara Bow?

And this is no academic poser, either—set up for discussion over tea tables, coffee cups and soda-water bars. It's a live and lusty matter.

On the answer depends the cinematic fun of a good many thousand young folks, the financial interest of a great company for whom the Brooklyn fire-belle rings the cash register, and the fate of the arch-flapper herself.

Will she, in some mystic manner, acquire self-discipline so that she can whip her wilfulness and lack of judgment?

Or will she go on allowing her emotions to gallop off with good sense, and so bring her company, herself and her admirers sky-hooting into unhappiness and plenty of grief all 'round?

As this is written, Clara's being a good girl. After a headlong chase off the reservation, she's back on the lot with a picture to make. That's the time she's happiest and most tractable, for Clara's a trouper born. She tends strictly to her tatting while the cameras grind. When they stop, it's time to howl murder and leap for the cyclone cellars.

Clara's company and her fans and herself are just getting over a bad headache—and one which started to split skulls just as everything seemed entirely serene.

Consider the scene. The eternal and wearying Richman publicity had died to a murmur. Clara, whose billows had been causing wails and moans, had become slimmer and prettier than ever. A passable voice had suddenly popped out of that creamy throat.

The sun grinned down on Clara and her world. Birds sang, the sky was clear, and staid Paramount executives did gay tap-steps for sheer joy. B. P. Schulberg, one of the biggest and most patient of her bosses, announced with pride that Clara was going to be "The Anna Held of the Talkies."

Then, from the cloudless Heavens, lightning snapped and crackled.

Clara, between pictures, was in Dallas, Tex. Newspapers from Coast to Coast screamed a sad, unhappy tale. Reported settlement of an alienation suit brought by the wife of a young doctor—a story that Hollywood had heard and hushed long before. Denials and re-statements—wires from the West Coast suggesting that Clara come back to camp with buttoned lips. Instead, a hurried trip to New York, and more Harry Richman publicity.

A ferociously unhappy and miserable time for all concerned.

And the unhappiest thing about it all was that it was just another of the sorry chapters that have dotted the life and public career of this flaming, moody, undisciplined little girl who has filled screens hearts and front pages for eight dizzy, dazing years!

CLARA, at the age of twenty-five, doesn't seem to have learned a thing about governing her life!

Still behaving like a headstrong high school girl with forbidden "dates" and wild "crushes"—still pouting when told to be at home by eleven or taste the hard side of pappy's hair-brush!

Is Clara not only going to be the immortal flapper—but the eternal flapper as well? Will she not soak up the indisputable fact that the didoes and fumadiddles which are cute and cunning at eighteen are only sad and unpleasant aberrations in a woman of twenty-five?

Of course, it is hard to blame Clara, in more ways than one.

She lost her mother when she was a young girl. Tasting fame and money, she galloped away—and there has never been a firm and trusted hand on the reins. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138]

Gene Robert Richee

HOLLYWOOD'S wild, wilful, wistful little redhead—Clara Bow, the Brooklyn Bombshell! The delight of the flappers and the despair of her bosses, who goes from triumph to failure and up again before you can say Gustav Von Seyffertitz. What's going to happen to Clara? Will she profit by her errors, or is she starting down the steep chute to oblivion?

Russell Ball

COULD you believe it—our beloved, begoggled comedian "seated one day at the organ" looking for the Lost Chord? In spite of his enormous talent for comedy, Harold Lloyd has many serious artistic and spiritual moments, and he enjoys sitting at the massive organ in his beautiful home, playing sonorous chords, to say nothing of love's old sweet songs

Ernest A. Bachrach

HERE'S Yancy Cravat, hero of Edna Ferber's best-seller, "Cimarron," as the talking screen will see him! It's the fattest, richest part Richard Dix has ever had, and he's reveling in the chance to play it. He's let his hair grow far down over his collar, all for art and "Cimarron." All in all, it's the biggest and best autumn Dick has ever enjoyed

THE little LaHiff girl in one of her grandest moments—young, beautiful and vivid with drama. This is the way she looks in "Laughter," the new Paramount talkie in which Fredric March and Frank Morgan are featured. Our Nancy's come fast, furiously and far since the not-so-distant days of "Abie's Irish Rose," her first essay in the galloping snapshots

How a New Star Feels When She Sees

Her Name *in* Lights

A Famous Author Analyzes The Emotions of Nancy Carroll

By
Faith Baldwin

MY regular job is creating heroines; making them up out of whole cloth, putting them together with a thread of fancy, a dart of illusion, an embroidery of romance.

But it came my way recently to sit at a luncheon table and regard the heroine on the opposite page in the very lovely flesh, and to ponder, as novelists will, on what goes on underneath the red hair and what thoughts and dreams are centered back of the blue eyes.

The girl with whom I talked and laughed for two hours is Nancy Carroll. She is in New York to make her new picture, "Laughter," and I took her away from her domestic occupation of interviewing nurses for Pat, her small daughter, in order to satisfy my insatiable curiosity concerning what makes the wheels go round.

You've seen her on the silent screen; you've heard her in the talkies; you've watched her in Technicolor.

So have I.

You've wondered, perhaps, what success means to this very young person, with her fighting Irish background, her career which took her from stenography to vaudeville, from vaudeville to musical comedy, from musical comedy to the screen. If you haven't wondered, I have.

In no other profession does success come as quickly, is youth served, and bountifully. Occasionally, a stage youngster attains fame over night.

Very rarely, a writer puts something into a book, in his or her 'teens or twenties, and reaches popularity, generally ephemeral.

But in the motion picture world success seeks youth and we enjoy the spectacle of precocious children, reaching an audience of millions, enshrined by a glamour-mad world, arbitrating fashions, morals, manners.

IN this world, successful youth lives in a lantern—or a goldfish bowl—and thus exposed, is vulnerable to criticism of the most deadly kind, to flattery, equally dangerous, to rumor, the deadliest of all.

Nancy Carroll has everything; youth, beauty, gift, charm, health.

What, I wondered, does it feel like? She has had an astonishing career. Do, I wondered, her ambitions cease there? What, in her mind, lies ahead?

I asked her, having been born curious, and after she told me I came home to set her down on paper, just as if she had been one of my own heroines, in whose emotional reactions, mental evolutions and general psychology I was deeply interested.

In the first place, her mind is as clear as her eyes and her brain functions as swiftly as her wit. She knows what she wants. She has always known it. She takes her success for granted. Why shouldn't she?

She worked for it, every step of the way. She knows what obstacles she has encountered and defeated. She doesn't sit down like the old lady in the nursery rhyme and exclaim "Lawks a'mercy, can this be I?"

She has acquired detachment, an unusual quality in youth. She can look at her name in lights and figure that it consists of just so many letters, spelling two words. She can stand there, as an outsider would stand, and look at it. She has a sense of balance.

SHE has the sort of mind which says "steady" to her when emotionally she experiences an exciting reaction.

As an example, she can go to a preview, in her best bib and tucker, and observe her name flash out on the screen, and hear the applause and the cheers from that professional audience turned momentarily amateur critic, and she can get a kick out of it. A big kick.

But speaking of it, she is able to say thoughtfully, "It doesn't mean anything. Too much applause. Too much laughter. Too much everything. You can't get a really honest reaction. Everything's exaggerated."

Her words, not mine.

She has the will to live! She has courage. She is not fearless. A fearless person is not a brave person. A person who has never known fear is not courageous, merely an abnormality. Nancy Carroll has been afraid. She admits it. But she has set her jaw and seen it through. She has known physical fear, which is a human craven, natural sort of business. And she has no patience with gestures.

This *cliché* of "Death is the Great Adventure; let's all die as sportsmen and heroes," strikes her as a little comic, a little absurd and entirely unnecessary. She doesn't want to die like a sportsman and a hero, just lie down and take it. She wants to fight; she

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A well known novelist discusses the psychology of a young star who finds herself suddenly famous. Faith Baldwin and Nancy Carroll are talking things over at the Paramount studio on Long Island

The STORY *of a*

The Love of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister Has Built a Home on a Hill High Above Hollywood

One of the trickiest things on the new Harding-Bannister estate is the turntable in the garage. One can drive onto it and shoot the car in from any angle. Here are Ann, Harry and turntable

ALTHOUGH this is simply a yarn about a house it is a story of love and tenderness and adventure and breath-taking beauty.

For the house is a princess' palace, a baronial castle and the vine-covered cottage that song writers murmur about all rolled into one.

The cold facts are these. Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, two worthy stage troupers, came to California and became motion picture stars.

Like many another pair of stage actors they wanted a home in California, and they built it on top of a hill.

But there is more to it than that—much more. It is not an ordinary house they builded, for Ann Harding and Harry Bannister are not ordinary people. Their love is perfect. Their baby, Jane, is perfect. They needed a perfect home to house so great a love.

For years they had wanted "to build." But how could they when they had no notion on what strange by-paths their profession would send them? They signed motion picture contracts.

Ann became a great star and suddenly they realized that never again could the stage mean anything to them and that the sunshine and air and liquid languor of California was what they had wanted. It was the time "to build."

THEY were the victims of all sorts of advice. "Building is very difficult. It is expensive. You should find a house already put up."

They looked at every available house in Hollywood. But the rooms were too large and not large enough. And there were not enough windows nor the proper nursery for Jane. Or there were too many neighbors.

No house that had been built by anybody else was worthy to complete the happiness that is part of the charm of Harry and Ann. No, they must build. Where? "Oh, Beverly Hills, of course," said everybody.

The search began. There were plenty of lots in Beverly Hills and plenty of real

The indoor master bedroom in the new home of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. The bed has, as you can see, one head and two feet, and is, therefore, practically human. Just one of the unusual features of their new house

MAGIC HOUSE

Looking out over the beautiful San Fernando Valley, with the rear overlooking Los Angeles, far below, the new Harding-Bannister house stands on a high hill. It is luxurious—but it is most homelike, as well

By Lois Shirley

estate men to show them. They felt it necessary to have a hill, but when they found themselves on the buyable hill lots in Beverly they discovered that the city was too close.

The lights below seemed to stifle them. There were other houses near-by, too. Just ordinary houses. Ann and Harry would have none of this.

Every night these two adventurers got into their car and drove all over the countryside. One evening, as if by some strange magic, the car turned toward a hill back of Hollywood, out Outpost Road, up Mulholland Drive in the opposite direction from the more conservative Beverly Hills.

They didn't know exactly where they were going but suddenly they found themselves on top of the very highest hill—on a wind-blown rocky site with the lush valley of San Fernando before them and the far away twinkling lights of Hollywood behind them.

ANN sat on a rock, like some fantastic Lorelei, and the wind whipped her blonde hair. She looked at the sky and her eyes were filled with star dust. She turned to Harry and saw that he was breathless with the beauty of it. "This is it, darling," she said.

Of course, it was not so simple as that. They had to tear themselves away from the vista to find a little sign that told the owner's name. They had, the next day, to find the owner and see if the lot could be had. It could. They paid cash for it and on that same day they bought picks and shovels and overalls and returned to their own bit of land.

They helped clear the ground themselves. Harry used the pick and shovel and Ann piled the brush. But they were determined that this work should be done by them, as should everything else that it was possible to do. They would have no architect, so Harry got an elevation map and they began the working out of their plan. He designed the entire house himself!

One of the things that had attracted them to the place, besides the view, was a wall of solid rock that rose between them and Hollywood. It seemed to alienate them from the outside world. And both were [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141]

The observatory of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. Both are interested in astronomy, and keep current charts of the stars by these outdoor beds. And these beds come in handy in heat waves, too!

William (stage) Boyd is just about to land a right hand smash to Gary Cooper's jaw in the big fight staged for Paramount's talkie version of "The Spoilers"

WHAM!!!

The Boys Are Battling Again in "The Spoilers"—Making the Third Famous Fight in Film History

The fight that was famous. William Farnum, right, and Tom Santschi in their terrific battle in the original Selig version of "The Spoilers," which was made back in 1913

The second "Spoilers" brawl, in the Goldwyn version filmed in 1923. Milton Sills, left, and Noah Beery were the contestants in this second big battle

IN all the history of screen battling, biting and gouging, the first fight to attain worldwide fame was that between William Farnum and Thomas Santschi in the Selig filming of Rex Beach's noted novel, "The Spoilers."

It was made late in 1913, with Kathlyn Williams as leading woman. In 1923 Samuel Goldwyn remade it, and another terrific battle was staged, the contestants being Milton Sills and Noah Beery.

Now comes the talkie version, made by Paramount, with Gary Cooper and William Boyd (from the stage) mixing it brutally. Both were so bruised in the scrap they were forced to take a week off.

Scenes from all three brannigans appear on this page.

The Stars Pay *and* PAY

Monte Blue Speaks on the High Cost of Careering

By Roland Francis

Success Costs Privacy and Friendship, says Monte

"IT must be great," ruminates your neighbor, "to be one of these famous movie stars! Just think what all it means—riches, wonderful friends, freedom from worries and responsibilities!"

Listen! The next time anyone starts singing that song, draw him gently aside and give him a good "Pooh! Pooh!"

Then tell him this story from Monte Blue, who ought to know. Because Monte, you see, was just a dollar-and-a-half-a-day laborer not so very long ago, and he dragged himself up by his bootstraps to starry eminence.

He used to be just another man in the street, and he didn't dare dream of attaining success and the huge salary stars command these days. But he's attained them. And while they've brought him a good measure of happiness, Monte Blue finds plenty of disillusionment with it.

And he tells you, with all the ring of sincerity that you'd wish, that he can't flatly answer this question:

"Are you happier now than you were before you hit the top?"

All he can answer is: "In some ways, yes; in many ways, no!"

He's got a wonderful big home in the finest part of ritzy Beverly Hills. It's all paid for. That's some happiness. Too, he's got enough money salted away so that he will never have to worry again, financially, for himself or his family. There's a certain feeling of satisfaction there for him, too. Particularly in view of that lovely wife and those two grand youngsters.

"Yes, those are some of the things success brings," he tells you, in the book-lined library he exults in. "We all know in a general way the things that success *does* bring one. But—in this business at least—what it *takes!*"

Then he tells you.

"Success—this kind of success—costs you privacy. It costs you friendship. It costs you that splendid thrill of achievement and of that delight of anticipation that comes before acquisition. Do you understand?

"LET me explain. When I was poor, half the delight in life seemed to consist in looking ahead to getting some place, or something. The working girl's delight in getting a new coat, say, lies so largely in looking forward to the time when she *can* get it. That sort of thing is denied one when one has attained a goal, unless one can devise a means to perpetuate it. That means is rigid self-denial in spite of having money to buy whatever one might wish for. I have tried to practice that, and I believe I have retained something that I might otherwise have lost. I know acquaintances who have lost it, though.

"But let me tell you about something else. About the friends that a movie star has *not*. Do you know that 'friend' is the most abused word in this motion picture business? We meet thousands of people—and hardly have we been introduced than we'll turn right around and introduce them to somebody else: 'Meet my friend,' we'll say! Why, as a matter of fact, they're at the most only passing acquaintances.

"And these supposed-to-be friends are like nothing so much as barnacles on a ship. They don't aid you, or speed you up. They slow you down. They're eating at you all the time—robbing you of the time you need to improve yourself. They inflict on you endless hours of idle chatter. I'll back that up by being even more specific. Eighty-five or ninety per cent of people today talk in retrospect, or of themselves. Less than ten per cent talk in the future. I'm tired of friends who talk 'I, I, I, I,' all the time. I get so tired of them, I walk out on them. Good Lord, aren't there other things to talk about except ourselves?

"And just let your light fade the least bit in this business, and watch your friends drop away. Just make a mistake and see how quickly they start the tongue that's tied in the middle and wobbles at both ends against you.

"Oh, I don't mean that I haven't some friends. They're the ones that have come through the acid test—that have shown they loved me for myself, and not because I've come to be prominent. They're the kind that tell me: 'Monte, I wouldn't want to rob you of your riches, but I'd like to see you again as the laughing hyena you were when you were walking the streets broke, looking for a job of any kind.' They used to call me that, because I *could* laugh then. Now I haven't any time to laugh; there's too much worry about productions, and criticism, and what I do and don't do.

"You know, I've been in the hospital more than once from injuries I suffered in my work. Well, how many of my 'friends' came to see me, do you think? Not one of my fairweather, thousand-a-week 'friends.' But there [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 138]

Secrets of the Portrait

By Malcolm Elliott

THEY come kicking and screaming into the photograph gallery with publicity men switching their ankles at every protesting step.

Then they stay so long that the photographer has to invite them to leave!

They have their own ideas on how a sitting should be done. They like music or they don't like music. They are all smiles or as cross as a giraffe with tonsillitis.

It takes the patience of Job to be the *portraiteur* in a big motion picture studio.

The portrait artist knows the worst side of the stars. Literally and figuratively. He knows that Lottie Dewdrop's nose isn't so classical at a certain angle and that Montmorency Lavelier has a chin line that—well, he hasn't the chin line that a big, two-fisted he-guy should have.

A star will tell you what she eats for breakfast, why she divorced her last husband, and that Olga Bigtime is really beginning to look at least forty. She won't tell you what she does in the photograph gallery.

SOMEHOW stellar pretenses sort of fade away when a still camera is focused on them. That camera sees all, and tells all. Of course it doesn't tell quite so much after the retoucher gets through with his work. In fact, a good retoucher can make almost any woman look like Corinne Griffith, or any man a potential John Barrymore. But it's serious business to the stars. A bad portrait causes them more agony than a whole season of adverse reviews.

Some stars are joys eternal to the photographers. Others are bad news from home. All of them have to visit the gallery, however, just like regular visits to the dentist. It is the penalty of fame in Hollywood—spending your life in front of one camera or another.

Clara Bow has an established routine she follows in regard to sittings for portraits. She makes an appointment for eleven o'clock the following day. A check is made at 10:30 on the progress of La Bow. A maid answers the phone and states that Clara is just leaving the house for the studio. A hairdresser hurries to her dressing room. A maid rushes the gowns needed and all properties to the dressing room in the gallery.

As time goes on there are more calls to Clara's home. Clara is just leaving. Clara has just left. Clara has been gone for some time. At three o'clock the red head arrives at the studio, after a nice shopping expedition or finishing a snappy book. At four she is ready to be photographed. At five she is through. She never has to be told what to do. She has an instinctive feeling for whatever is to be portrayed. They can give her any kind of clothes and she looks well in them.

Buddy Rogers loves to have pictures taken. If the posing were left only to Buddy he would have nothing but fashion pictures, full length. If there is anything Buddy likes better than fashion pictures it is more fashion pictures. He loves to dress up. Lately the studio has been trying to wean away America's boy friend from all of this. They feel that quite enough has

Illustrated by
Russell Patterson

Hector Chromo, famous portrait photographer, calls in a few boy friends to help him get a fancy picture of Bella La Belle, the shy starlet

Gallery

The stars come kicking and screaming to the camera—but they have to be driven away!

Bella La Belle, sassy starlet, tries to make everything pleasant and easy for the still photographer

been said about his wholesome good looks and sartorial elegance. Buddy prefers to strike a pose just before the camera clicks. He "snaps" into it with a big smile, and as a consequence is inclined to overdo it and appear too animated.

While on the subject of fashion pictures, one handsome young male star surprised the studio by dashing into the gallery for a sitting in a polo outfit. He had on a polo coat and a cap, and nothing else. He couldn't find the trousers or the boots. The photographer just took heads that day.

Everyone has a sort of yearning to be a different type. Janet Gaynor has a secret desire to look like a vamp. When she goes into the gallery she likes to seize some snaky tulle and a feather fan and go into a Theda Bara. Of course the poses are never taken. It wouldn't be good publicity for the gentle little Gaynor.

She is a joy to the photographer for she is a plastic subject. It is easy for her to emote. A little soft music, whispered instructions from the photographer, and the tears stream down her face. Although they make rather a strange pair of weepers, Lon Chaney can also cry at the drop of a hat.

AT the end of every picture, Greta Garbo gives an entire day to new portraits. She takes it seriously. One point she stresses. She will be photographed only in the clothes she wears in her pictures. Her own wardrobe is not extensive or particularly smart. One Garbo belongs to the public, the other Garbo is a private individual. To keep in a sustained mood she likes to have sad music played on the phonograph. While she is in the dressing room changing gowns she wants good, snappy synchronization. Garbo loves American jazz.

The photographer has to go home and take a long rest after he has completed a sitting with William Haines. Bill is the original "Bad One." He not only refuses to take his portraits seriously, but he does such diverting things as upsetting the camera. When he is all posed and the photographer buries his head under the black cloth, Bill makes faces. He tells funny stories and strikes fantastic poses. Once a Russian melody was played on the phonograph. Bill pulled down one of the drapes and went into a ridiculous Cossack dance.

Renee Adoree, Dorothy Sebastian and Louise Fazenda are also inclined to have a good time when they go to see the birdie.

Gwen Lee is never so happy as when she can blacken her teeth, putty her nose and make ugly pictures. If it is a particularly hideous photo she will lug it all over the lot and insist on showing it to anyone who can't get away from her. Polly Moran, on the other hand, has made so many comedy poses that she is as pleased as Punch with a "straight" portrait that turns out well.

It was formerly the custom of Richard Barthelmess to bring two or three men friends into the gallery with him. They talked and laughed and made things thoroughly miserable for the photographer. That long-suffering individual finally passed a strict rule that the subject must come to the gallery alone, and in the cases of feminine stars, even the maid must leave during the sitting. Better luck has been had with the dreamy-eyed Barthelmess since that time.

Lately Dick had a smiling portrait taken, one of the first in years. Dick has a habit of listening to what people say, and well-meaning but misguided friends convinced him that the public wanted to see him of serious mien, with a look of somber tragedy in his eyes. When he actually got around to smiling for the camera he liked it immensely.

Mae Murray was always a tough customer to handle in the gallery. During her days at M-G-M she had plenty to say about everything. Once she posed in a dancing costume. She had a dimple in her shoulder of which she was very proud, and she had posed so that dimple would get in its full devastating work. When the proofs were finally submitted to her she stormed up to the gallery.

"THAT isn't my dimple," she cried.

After much bickering back and forth she was persuaded to believe that it couldn't very well be anybody's else dimple.

"Well, then it wasn't lighted properly," she answered.

There's always an argument at hand when Nancy Carroll goes to have her pictures taken. She insists on working with a mirror at the side of the camera. Every photographer objects to it, as the subject sees one thing in the mirror, and the camera sees something else entirely. Naturally the camera and the mirror can't very well be in exactly the same spot. Nancy's pictures frequently prove disappointing to her, but she sticks to her mirror. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

How Your Pet Star Behaves When Told to See the Birdie

"Finding Success in the Movies and Keeping It is Not One Iota Different from Achieving and Retaining Success in Any Crowded, Competitive Field"

May Allison was right at home in this scene from an old Metro picture, "Castles in the Air." Her own ambitious dreams had led her from a comfortable home to crudely cooked meals in stuffy rooming houses

THIS is the third and final article in a series of little-known stories of the early struggles of today's famous feminine screen stars.

Last month Adele Fletcher told of Betty Compson's plucky fight for supremacy in her profession; of Ann Harding's revolt against the traditions that bind an army officer's daughter; of the disappointments and discouragements that followed Clara Bow's winning of a beauty contest that she had expected would bring her immediate recognition.

She told how Alice Joyce has worked unceasingly for every triumph; how Estelle Taylor preferred loneliness and even hunger in a strange city where she could work toward her ambitions to a comfortable and safe small town home where her love of the theater would have to be stifled. Now, go on with Estelle's story:

SHE couldn't go another day without food. And she couldn't give up her hopes—return home, defeated. Only one choice remained.

All one long night Estelle Taylor stared at the ceiling of her wretched furnished room and planned how she would ask George V. Hobart for an advance in salary. It was terrifying to her, a recruit from a dramatic school, to consider approaching this god. What would he say?

Like so many things that seem frightful and to be dreaded, it wasn't nearly so bad as Estelle had believed it would be when she walked into Hobart's office the next morning. As a matter of fact, Hobart didn't even let her finish. He counted ten crisp ten-dollar bills out of his cash drawer and handed them to her. She was, he said, the only member of the company that had not already been to him with the same need.

One hundred dollars in her purse, when a minute before she had been destitute. That is the theater. But it is only those with the courage to face such destitution and its gnawing fears that ever come through to find success.

When "Come On Charlie" opened in New York, Alan Dale, the critic, wrote of Estelle:

"The only thing of interest in the play is a newcomer to Broadway. She is a brilliant comedienne."

That meant two very definite things. It assured Estelle she had been right to stick to her guns. But it warned her she must find some work to do during the day in order to supplement her income against the play's closing. She had been obliged to spend a good part of her salary replenishing her wardrobe. And she knew that, sometimes, even well known players were a long time at leisure between engagements.

She could have posed for hats again, of course. But with the clear vision so typical of her, she felt the motion pictures were worth a try. She went over to the Long Island studios of the Paramount company and was engaged to double for Dorothy Dalton.

It did not matter that they never used her. It did not matter that she was often so weary after the evening performance that the journey to Astoria seemed a trial. Every morning, early, Estelle was at the studios. Even on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when she had a matinée, she went over to Long Island for a few morn-

This demure, pig-tailed lass has become the glowing brunette who graces this month's cover. Bebe Daniels, way back when she became Harold Lloyd's leading lady

Beauty, Brains *or* Luck?

By

Adele Whitely Fletcher

PART 3

How Courage, Backbone, Intelligence and Vision Raised Estelle Taylor, Bebe Daniels, May Allison and Anna Q. Nilsson to the Peak of Screen Success

Anna Q. Nilsson and Bert Lytell in "The Trail to Yesterday." Anna's career has been one long struggle. Her latest fight, against permanent invalidism, is one of her greatest

ing hours. Here was an opportunity to study the way things were done and to experiment with screen make-up, and she made the most of it.

It was because of this application that a few weeks later, when both her Paramount engagement and "Come On Charlie" ended, she was able to go to the Fox studios and say that she had had five weeks' experience in a motion picture studio. It was this, plus her notices in the play, that assured her the rôle in "Don Caesar," and actually inaugurated her screen career.

However, the same ambition which motivated the early days of Estelle Taylor's career keeps her from being satisfied today. She isn't the type to rest on her oars for a minute. Now she is eager to perfect her singing voice. Because her vocal teacher felt her vaudeville engagement was retarding her progress with him she cancelled bookings that would have earned her eighteen thousand dollars. She didn't hesitate a minute.

No wonder Jack Dempsey, her husband, says to her: "I wouldn't even bet you couldn't make a watch if you set out to do it."

BEBE DANIELS was born to the theater and played her first speaking part when she was three years old. She learned adult worries and responsibilities along with her ABC's. At six she was working in the Burbank Stock Company, playing one part, rehearsing another and memorizing another. In between, there were lessons to be learned. Stage children are required to pass the same examinations as other children, or various societies pounce down upon them and lead them from the dressing-room to the class-room. There was no time in Bebe's childhood for jumping [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Jack Dempsey says to Estelle Taylor: "I wouldn't even bet you couldn't make a watch if you set out to do it!" Estelle as she looked in "My Lady's Dress"

MR. JONES, the silver-tongued salesman of Peppytone, thought fast, with ten per cent of his mind on his work and the rest on Flo, the cute blonde in the cashier's coop. "How about a bite of supper with a lonely guy in a strange town?" he asked. "It's all right with me," purred Flo. Mr. Jones' heart went boop-a-doop! The scenario thickened!

"Oh, Mr. Jones!"

By
Edgar
Franklin

Two Smart Talkie-Apparatus Salesmen meet on the Battlefield of Giddesboro—and a Little Blonde Cashier makes it Waterloo!

HOW come I'm not selling typewriters any more? Because a live wire like me, brother, is always moving on and up. This last six months I've been representing Peppytone, Incorporated. No, Peppytone ain't a stomach medicine or a patent exerciser. It's the one and only low-priced talking picture outfit for theaters—grinds out the theme songs and wise-cracks and delivers them to the customers one hundred per cent perfect. And I'm selling it.

That is, I am until I hear from Homer Savage, our sales manager. After that, I might resign; I couldn't say. Certainly, that's why I'm laying over here. Why else would a person be sitting around this Giddesboro Hotel lobby, unless he was crippled or something?

Oh, your village probably ain't so bad. Only your Arcade Theater and the two-timer that owns it. B. Glintz.

You see, Glintz was the first one I tried to sell a Peppytone to, when I scowed into this burg. He didn't say a word all the time I was giving him the regular opening chatter; just chawed his cigar. But when I had to come up for air and reached for a cigarette, he thought I was getting out a contract and he turned his back and said:

"I ain't interested." Just that, no more. "I ain't interested."

"Mr. Glintz," I said, "as a business man you got no choice about being interested. Do you think you can run a house silent, the way they did in Woodrow Wilson's time, Mr. Glintz?" I said. "Look at the empty seats you got in there."

"I ain't interested," he said, and with that he walked into the Arcade, where about nineteen people were doing what they could to hold down five hundred chairs.

That's the first night I was in Giddesboro, understand, and right after I'd wired Homer Savage I had five or six good prospects all warmed up and to watch out for orders and have goods all ready for shipment. The following day I beat it back to the Arcade just before matinée time, all set to show B. Glintz the cause and cure for his having only three kids and an old lady in his house.

He was busy in the booth out front, leaning on little Flo Bemis, the ticket-seller. I don't know if you ever saw the cute little kid? No? Well, that's too bad, because it's very hard to tell you about her if you never saw her. I mean, how beautiful she is, like something in a tooth-paste ad or on the cover of a magazine or something.

Well, as I say, here was B. Glintz, and here was me, trying to frame some snappy crack that would bring him out in the open to hear more about Peppytone. And who comes breezing along to ruin it all but William J. Patterson himself!

YOU probably know Bill Patterson—tall, fine-looking guy, forty-four chest, walks like a senator or a big bootlegger or somebody important. He was through here for years with phonographs and radios—one of these whirlwind goofs that slay 'em with sheer personality and have 'em signed up before they can come to and yell for help.

He opens the door of the booth and lets off one of his high-pressure selling laughs that's supposed to put the customer in a good humor before you start talking.

"Representing the Blastophone Company of America!" he said. "I don't have to tell *you* about Blastophone, Mr. Glintz. The one talker outfit that's packing 'em in from Bangor to Agua Caliente!" Then he stopped and smiled, kind of pitying, as if that was the first time he saw me. "Oh, hello, Jonesy!" he said. "You're through listening to Jones, Mr. Glintz? You would be.

"Now, Jonesy," he

Mr. Jones' big boyish heart went out to the little blonde child with the mortgage on the old home. "Forget it, beautiful," he said, handing her his once-healthy bankroll

Two Smart Youngsters Make Good—Unwired for Sound

laughed. "Don't give me the eye like that. I'm not knocking your Pepperpot, or whatever you call it. The thing's O. K. for a house that can't afford fine equipment. Only how you have the nerve to put the proposition up to an intelligent exhibitor like Mr. Glintz, with a high-class theater like the Arcade—well, I never yet knocked a competitor and I won't start now," he said, quite grand. "Well, Mr. Glintz! Let's see just what we need for the Arcade."

Then he walked into the house as if he owned it, just as they were turning on the lights, and B. Glintz laid off patting the kid's shoulder and chased after him, probably scared the big stiff would blow away the screen if he started talking in there.

MAD? Oh, for a minute maybe. To tell the truth, I forgot there was such a person as Patterson living. I mean, I kind of got stalled by the booth, looking at the kid in there.

She turned around and smiled at me and then dropped her eyes quick, and I was figuring how I could start a conversation, only just then some fatheaded cop came along and said, "Hello, Flo!" and then leaned his elbow on the window and looked me up and down, —and, anyway, since Patterson was in town there were people I wanted to see before he could get to them, so I went from there down to the Gem for a while and the Star for a while and the Rialto for a while.

Not so good. It seemed some gyp last week had signed up the Star and the Rialto for some junk equipment and the Gem people are trying to sell the house as is. Around the time I got back to the hotel here, I was a total loss. How it looked, so far as this tank town's concerned, it was a case of selling B. Glintz or having Homer Savage tell me I was a washout.

DID you see that red sofa over there, with the telephone booths backed against it? Well, I sat there and no more than I'd lit a cigarette it got to me that Bill Patterson himself was talking, not three feet away. Absolutely! He was in that end booth, giving long distance the low-down on what he thought about the telephone service, and just then it seemed he got connected with Shawley, Blastophone's sales manager.

"So here's the Giddesboro situation," Patterson was saying. "The area is practically untouched! I'll sell forty installations in this county. . . No, no competition at all. Some tramp's in town with that five-and-ten Peppytone thing, but that's not competition.

"Here's what I'm getting at, Mr. Shawley: I have to put the first sale over like lightning, so as to have a demonstrator for the other prospects and clean up quick, and the house I've picked is called the Arcade. The exhibitor is hardboiled, but I discovered how to reach him. Through his operator, Mr. Shawley—his projectionist. . . Yes, a splendid boy named Dixon and everything he says this Glintz takes as Gospel. It was through Dixon that he bought his new screen and new projectors last year. I mean to get this boy right it if costs a thousand dollars and I want you to wire me the thousand!" he said and laughed after he'd listened a second.

"Well, of course it's ethical—enough. I beg pardon? Well, if I didn't consider it worth the gamble I should not have made the suggestion," he said, huffy. "Not less than thirty sales depend on putting this over with a rush. . . All right," he said. "I'll go to the telegraph office and wait."

The wonder is somebody didn't grab me and start feeding me bromides! Why? Because I was having hysterics all over the red sofa, of course. Here's this dub nicking his home office for one grand, and them falling for it, and all the time he's chasing the wrong car.

You don't see why? Well, naturally, you wouldn't think it out as quick as I did. What is it a man tumbles for easiest in a case like this, some moving-picture operator with oil on his hands and the idea he ain't being paid enough, or some little nifty like Flo Bemis, which Glintz was already that way over and who is positively the whole answer to why men leave home? And the way I looked at it, it was also an elegant chance to get acquainted with the little thrill!

Ten minutes later I was talking to Homer Savage in the same booth. We're just like brothers, me and Homer.

"Homer," I said, "you have to wire me a thousand dollars quick and charge it to expenses."

"Do tell!" Homer said. Always kidding, you know.

"Now that we've laughed that off, how about wiring in some orders?" he said.

Messrs. Jones and Patterson, ace salesmen and good-time Charlies from the big town, cornered B. Glintz. "Where's Flo Bemis?" demanded Mr. Jones. "And Dixon?" came back Mr. Patterson

"HOMER, we got no time for fooling," I told him, and then I gave him the set-up here, the way Patterson gave it to Shawley, only better and more intelligent. I mean, I told him how it was a case of selling or not selling about fifty or sixty installations, and how Flo had B. Glintz running around like a wild man, trying to divorce his wife and everything. You might say I gave Homer a clear picture of the situation and he could judge for himself whether it was worth risking one grand.

He got the idea. Oh, sure, he had to make a bluff of thinking it over, but pretty soon I heard him sigh and I knew it was all right.

"Well, Jonesy," he said, "this is all questionable and immoral and unmoral and for all I know it may be criminal, too, and we don't do things that way. On the other hand, if the business is there we need it and need it bad—and anyway, if anyone goes to jail, it will be you. Are you planning to buy this lady's soul, or what, that you need a whole grand?"

"HOMER," I said, "I'll buy her some turkey and truffles and maybe some little thing she wants real bad, and the chances are it won't stand over three hundred dollars, but I have to be prepared. Get this, Homer," I said. "Blastophone's throwing big money into the territory and getting ready to clean up. It's beat 'em at their own game or let 'em have it all. You go put it up to the old man," I said, "and leave the rest to me."

"All right. Hang around the hotel a while," Homer said. "Only paste this in your hat and read it often, Jonesy: if I do succeed in sticking up the boss, I want reports from you on this and I want 'em accurate and complete and prompt, whichever way it goes. Got it?" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]

Mrs Howard Spreckels

A CALIFORNIA BEAUTY

HER FORMAL SALON IS A FITTING SETTING FOR HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY

THOUSANDS of miles from Paris, yet a *salon* as French as if its windows opened on the Champs Elysées . . . its rose and blue are a perfect setting for the patrician beauty of Mrs. Howard Spreckels of the distinguished California family, widely traveled and a brilliant hostess in her home at Burlingame.

Chiseled, *soignée*, her aristocratic beauty has the enchanting coloring of a Quentin de La Tour pastel—eyes of gray, hair like a copper beech in sunshine, skin delicate and clear.

Pond's is proud to number Mrs. Spreckels among the beautiful society women who use the four preparations to keep their skin always exquisite.

"That wonderful Cold Cream!" she says, "it cleanses so perfectly, and the Tissues are the one satisfactory way to remove the cream . . . I like the Freshener because it counteracts oiliness without unduly drying the skin . . . and the Vanishing Cream keeps one fresh and trim through the longest day!"

Four simple steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. (Tissues may be had in peach-color now, as well as white.)

Third—pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection.

At bedtime—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.

POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

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How to be

AS TOLD TO KATHERINE ALBERT

BY Bebe Daniels

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—*a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.*

BETTY COMPSON
Radio Pictures' star

How alluring in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really *essential!*

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"That is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

"Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

ANNA Q. NILSSON
Lovely Blonde Star

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . . exquisite June Clyde . . . Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky-smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap.

Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

They like its dainty fragrance, and the quick, generous lather, even in the hardest water . . . And, above all, the exquisite softness it gives their skin.

So enthusiastic are they, indeed, that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

SALLY BLANE
Radio Pictures' Player

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with so many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. *You* will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.

JUNE CLYDE
Radio Pictures' Player

LUX Toilet Soap

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

CAPTIVATING

Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom which is one of the most beautiful seen in Hollywood. She is one of the 511 important actresses there who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, both at home and in their dressing rooms. "*Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin,*" she says, "*have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!*"

Bebe Daniels

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway
—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

Hot Times in Hollywood — Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers entertains a girl friend

Reeling Around *with* Leonard Hall

Epitaph

UPON A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL STAR OF THE SILENT DAYS WHO WAS KNOCKED FOR A FIGURE EIGHT BY THE TALKIES

Pause, traveler, and drop a tear
Upon this sheltering earth!
I drew ten thousand bucks a week
But spoke a nickel's worth!

Always Making Fun

Zit's Weekly will have to take the responsibility for the one concerning the young Scotsman-About-Hollywood who, whenever he ushers his sweetie into the Brown Derby for lunch, says, "Losh, gurrul, but ye're puttin' on weight!" . . . Since the Vivian Duncan-Rex Lease trouble, Florabel Muir has coined a new name for the stuff that puts the Boo! in Malibu Beach. She calls it "Malibooze." . . . Speaking of such unhappy matters, the ladies of the St. Louis W.C.T.U. have pledged themselves to abstain from movie attendance until all drinking scenes are omitted. Well, it looks like a long spell of bridge and tea with cream for the St. Louis ladies! . . . *Variety* recently ran a story headed "Stay Out of Hollywood." Solly Violinsky, who has been battering vainly at studio gates for months, immediately retorted, "Well, it's a heck of a time to tell us!" . . . A movie comedian's dressing room is near an executive's office. He doesn't mean to overhear, but the comic swears that, in the boss' office next door, all the men say yes and all the women say no . . . Hollywood He-Cinderella story: Five months ago Gregory Gaye was an extra man. Now he's a principal in the new Fox film, "Renegades." He'd have been a natural for a part in Norma Shearer's "Let Us Be Gaye" . . . "How's business?" said the manager of a Los Angeles picture house. "Great! So far today we're $2.45 ahead of the peewee golf course next door!" . . . And Walter Winchell tells about the unpopular movie actor who mysteriously disappeared. A crowd of Hollywood citizens were discussing the affair, when Keene Thompson piped up—"What do they suspect? Fair play?"

Gag of the Month Club

Harrison Carroll, the newspaper syndicate chatter-writer, scores a birdie and wins the left-handed pickle fork this month with the story about the producer and the actor friend who met on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Say," said the actor, "C-c-can you l-l-lend me t-t-ten bucks till this t-t-t-t-t-talkie c-craze b-b-b-blows over?"

Getting Personal

Among those who are making a few goo-goo eyes as this is being written are Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor, and Richard Dix and Mary Lawlor, his leading woman in "Shooting Straight" . . . The miniature golf madness in Hollywood has stirred up the actors who have an eye for business. Mary Pickford is having one laid out on Beverly Boulevard, and William Seiter, Laura La Plante's husband, has opened one for business . . . Mary, by the way, has closed her studio publicity department. Arthur Zellner, her press agent for seven years, went out. Also the still cameraman who has been with her for ten years. Retirement? . . . Conrad Nagel, declaring that Beverly Hills roosters crow too early in the morning, has complained to the cops about it. Now they're muzzling the roosters! . . . Ursula Parrott wrote "Ex-Wife" and Metro made a tremendously successful picture, called "The Divorcee," out of it. So Metro bought Ursula's second novel while it was still in manuscript. It's called "Strangers May Kiss." . . . Dr. Serge Voronoff, noted Russian surgeon famous for his experiments with rejuvenation, was a guest of Doug Fairbanks on a tour of Hollywood's studios . . . Twenty-eight per cent of Hollywood and Beverly Hills telephones are unlisted. The actors have too much trouble with crank calls . . . Four actors recently went off the Metro contract payroll—Raymond Hackett, Roland Young, Elliott Nugent, Lawrence Gray. The same studio renewed Bob Leonard's contract for his work on "The Divorcee." Also re-signed Lewis Stone . . . Mary Carr, famous picture "Mother" is about to become a grandmother. Her daughter, Louella Carr Walsh, is expecting . . . Warner Oland was a factory hand in New Britain, Conn., some years ago. When he went there this summer to straighten out his citizenship papers he was given a key to the city! . . . Nancy Carroll takes no chances. All summer she studied French while the heat baked Long Island, where she was working, so she could join Claudette Colbert, Maurice Chevalier, Adolphe Menjou and other Paramount bi-linguals! . . . A starlet is coming along! Barbara Stanwyck is getting $25,000 for her work in Warner Brothers' "Illicit." Three years ago she was tickled to get $75 a week in a New York night club!

Posed by Eddie Quillan and Sally Starr, featured in Pathe's "Night Work" . . . More enthralling than mere beauty, the subtle fragrance of Ben Hur casts a spell that seems to breathe romance. Why not make its magic your own?

I was just *One of the Crowd* to him · · *before this enthralling fragrance worked its subtle spell* · ·

HOW long I had waited for this—to have him take my hand in his, see adoration in his eyes—the thrill of his lips on mine—to hear him say, "I love you!"

Phil and I had been friends for years. We'd gone to parties and dances together. But never had we been sweethearts. I was just "one of the crowd" to him—and as time went on and I made no more of an impression on him, I wondered what I could do.

One day when I was shopping I found a dainty perfume that I especially liked.

The fragrance was so delicious, so enticing. But I didn't dream of the effect it would have on Phil.

From the moment he met me that afternoon he seemed enchanted. His eyes followed me wherever I went. And finally he whispered, "Darling, you're *wonderful* today!"

It must have been the perfume—for it had all the allure, all the witchery of moonlight on velvet grass, the softness of black shadows when the air is warm and sweet. It cast a spell about me that seemed to breathe romance. Made me different, exciting.

Why not try Ben Hur perfume yourself? Get a bottle at any toilet goods counter—you'll be amazed at its moderate price—or send the coupon for trial size of perfume and face powder, if you want to test its magic before buying.

Haunting, mysterious, Ben Hur perfume comes packed in a smart silvered "book" for only $1.50

SPECIAL OFFER

The Andrew Jergens Co., 5019 Alfred St. Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed is 10¢ for which please send me special trial samples of Ben Hur perfume and face powder.

Name _____

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City _____

Model 9616

To be truly SMART, you must be feminine...yet slender! This attractive Gossard creation is a reducing combination in disguise...for knit fabric-lined rubber lies under its fashionable silken surface! You'll feel instantly slenderized and correctly moulded as soon as you slip into the miraculous garment, and, as you wear it you will lose undesired *inches* from diaphragm, waist, hips and thighs. Complete body comfort is assured by the soft, absorbent lining. The top section of lace is designed to firmly contour the bust to youthful roundness ...A simple, easy way to slender beauty!

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. — New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

Want *To Be* Funny?

Eddie Cantor Tells How Not To Be "The Life of the Party"

By Robert Cranford

"If that guy Obadiah wants to be funny," said Eddie, "tell him to be himself." This, dear reader, is Cantor, not Swimph

PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

DEAR MR. PHOTOPLAY: Several months ago, you had a story wherein Irving Berlin told "How to Write Popular Songs." I read it and wrote two songs. I can't sell them, but anyway they're pretty good songs.

Now I'm in trouble. I have an invitation to a party where everybody's supposed to do something. I've got to do something funny, I'm told. I don't know how, so I thought maybe some famous comedian like Eddie Cantor might tell how to go about being funny. Please ask him for me.

Desperately,
OBADIAH SWIMPH

WELL, Obadiah, we're nothing if not obliging! —so we toddled right over to the United Artists' moving picture factory, and there was Eddie! He was making "Whoopee." No, Obadiah; NO! Not one of these Hollywood orgies.

"Whoopee" is the name of the picture in which Eddie was starring. It's that Ziegfeld thing that he starred in on Broadway, you recall. Or do you? Anyway there was Eddie, with about 118 degrees of Technicolor light blasting down on him, and the blackface running down his breastbone in tiny rivulets of perspiration.

He was running around with a pistol, or something, and there were a lot of chorus girls on the set who probably didn't mind the heat so much because of what they had on. Or hadn't.

Everybody stood around looking solemn while they rehearsed the scene. Nobody even cracked a smile.

"I guess," I guessed as Eddie walked off the set, "that that was one of the serious scenes, huh?"

"It's one of the funniest sequences in the picture," he replied.

"But why," I wanted to know, "was everybody so gloomy?"

"Being funny," said Eddie, sticking his ears out, "is serious business."

"That's just what I wanted to see you about," I explained. "Here's a fellow named Obadiah Swimph—"

"*Gesundheit!*" interjected Eddie.

"I wasn't sneezing," I said. "That's his name. And he wants to know how to go about being funny."

"Why go about it?" demanded Eddie, popping his eyes. "Tell him to be himself."

"No, Eddie. Here's a fellow who wants serious advice on being funny—and besides, there are lots of other fellows who'd like to be comedians. Give 'em some advice, won't you?"

"All right. Esk me, and I'll tell you!"

So it went like this:

QUESTION: How can a fellow be a comedian?

EDDIE: That's like telling a fellow what to do if he gets seasick. If he gets seasick, he'll know what to do. If he's a comedian, he'll know what to do, and if he doesn't, he can't be a comedian.

Q: But aren't there some definite instructions?

A: Well, most people are funny to start with. To try to be funny is not being funny. Why do we laugh at babies? Because they're perfectly natural.

Q: Well, what shall Obadiah do when he's at this party and they call on him to be funny?

A: Tell him to try to remember what I did in my last show. Or even Al Jolson or any other comedian. They're good, too. Then let him imitate it. He can depend on it that what professional comedians do is funny, because they've tried it out on audiences, and it's sure-fire, and he's not taking a chance.

Q: Isn't that stealing somebody else's stuff?

A: Sure, but isn't that what we all do? Every joke we pull, every gag we work is just an old one in new clothes. The next best thing to creating is to quote. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

How Gloria *Goes to* School

This is the educational game of "restaurant," as played by Gloria and her teacher. Gloria orders luncheon, and she finds out many things. We hope Gloria learns how to eat an artichoke without excruciating agony!

ELEANOR SMITH taught school several years and it seemed to her that the old methods of instructing children were wrong. She took her idea to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. And now little Gloria Lloyd learns everything—music, art, writing, mathematics, reading, French, botany, pantomime, the social graces—without realizing she is being taught.

Lessons take no set rule. The day's work is guided entirely by the pupil. They play "traffic cop." Gloria, in her little automobile, is arrested for speeding. Miss Smith gives her a ticket and tells her when to appear. She must write her name at the bottom. Told to appear in court on a certain day, she must figure how far away that is. She also learns the names of streets, with a little citizenship thrown in for good measure.

Miss Smith reads the stories of the operas to Gloria, and Gloria draws her own interpretation of the music as it is played on a phonograph. Then, pretending she is a French girl who has invited Miss Smith to tea, the conversation is all in French. Botany is studied in the Lloyd garden. They give spectacular theatrical performances, making scenery and costumes and sometimes creating their own stories. Scenery making is a reading lesson, too, for Miss Smith writes on the blackboard: "Paint the sky blue. Paint the trees green."

Miss Smith says of Gloria: "She shows the most talent in pantomime, and putting on plays is the thing she likes to do best. She is a sweet, natural child, and exceptionally bright. Mr. Lloyd is never too busy to come to the schoolroom to see how she is progressing."

Gloria Lloyd and the devoted Miss Smith playing traffic cop. Gloria has just been given a ticket. She's signing it, and promising to turn up in court. Gloria learns all sorts of things from this game

Beauty *that may be your own*

The Saline Method is the secret of many a woman's youth and charm

WHO seeks beauty—a flawless skin, sparkling eyes and lustrous hair? Then vow that you shall have them—now and evermore!

For the possession of loveliness requires neither a purse lined with gold nor days filled with leisure. Its secret is contained in a simple little jar, unpretentious as to dress and trifling in its cost—your familiar jar of Sal Hepatica.

In this famous saline laxative, you have the means to a skin that is pure and innocent of blemishes, to eyes as clear as the morning, to a charm that is unimpaired.

For Sal Hepatica keeps you clean internally—and internal cleanliness brings you the radiant, glowing beauty that comes only from within.

In Europe the women of wealth and position have long realized what wonderful effects salines have upon the appearance. And regularly they visit the wonderful springs and spas to freshen their complexions and tone their systems by drinking the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source of trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, indigestion, auto-intoxication and other common ills.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-100, 71 West St., N.Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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Sal Hepatica

Our Gangsters in a huddle around their Spanish teacher, Senorita Peralta, just before filming a Spanish version for the foreign trade. Farina is stuck with the phrase, "Habla some tamales, Mister?"

VOILA! *Our Gang Sprechen Espanol!*

By Michael Woodward

How Hal Roach's Kids Make Talkies in Four Languages

MAYBE you don't know it, but Farina talks four languages—English, German, French and Spanish! And so do all the rest of the Our Gang kids. And what's more, they make movies in all four.

Step into a picture house in Barcelona, and you're liable to hear fat Chubby flinging Spanish words around like so many frijoles. In Paris, you'll hear little Mary Ann "voulez-vous" like a charming, petite ma'mselle. And in Berlin, listen to Farina sprech his Deutsch like a veteran.

And if you imagine for one moment that any of this foreign talk is "dubbed in"—that the voices of other children speaking French or German or Spanish are synchronized with the actions of the regular Gang kids—then you're crazy. Every foreign word that's uttered is spoken by the Our Gang regulars themselves.

While other motion picture producers are worrying themselves into premature coffins over how or whether or why to make foreign-language issues, the Hal Roach studios go blithely ahead making them in four tongues, and foreign talkies are the least of Our Gang's worries. And here's the secret of how they do it.

To start, you'll probably protest:

"Why, those kids are only five or six years old. And they can't possibly learn three languages in addition to their own. I don't believe they know how to speak German or Spanish or French at all."

And as a matter of fact, you're right. They don't. Not one of them can speak any of those languages—and yet, they make talkies in them. Here's the explanation.

When an Our Gang comedy is made in English, two foreign versions are shot concurrently. Sometimes they make a French and a Spanish with the English; sometimes a German and a Spanish, and at other times, a Spanish and a French. They'd like to make all three foreign versions at the same time they shoot it in English, but their production schedule does not give time for three—only for two.

Well, then, a scene is shot in English. Little Mary Ann and Wheezer and Chubby and Farina and Jackie, the tough guy, go through their action, speaking their lines in English.

"All right, now; let's do it in French," barks Bob McGowan, their director.

A LITTLE Frenchwoman steps onto the set.

"Tell Mary how to say 'Bring some,' " orders McGowan.

She translates:

"Apportez-en," she says.

Carefully, with the innate mimicry of children, Mary imitates the sound of the strange foreign phrase: "Ah paw tay zong," she says. The French instructress repeats the phrase; Mary tries it again. She gets closer and closer—and finally, the Frenchwoman is satisfied with the inflection.

The same process with the other tots and their lines, until they can all say their stuff in French.

True, they don't know what they're saying, but none the less, they're saying it.

The French woman nods to McGowan, he gives the order to shoot, and when the picture is unrolled on the screen somewhere in France, French audiences will hear Our Gang talking French. Perhaps not with the perfect accent and intonation of the French-born child, but at least, perfectly understandably.

And they do it the same way in German and Spanish.

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne

Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*

RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

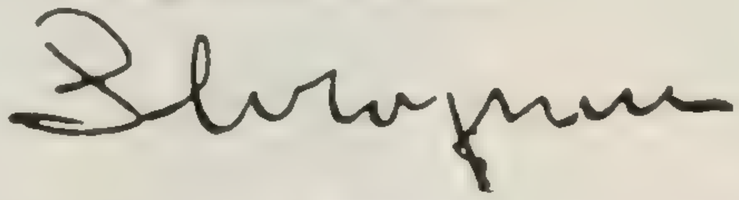
Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

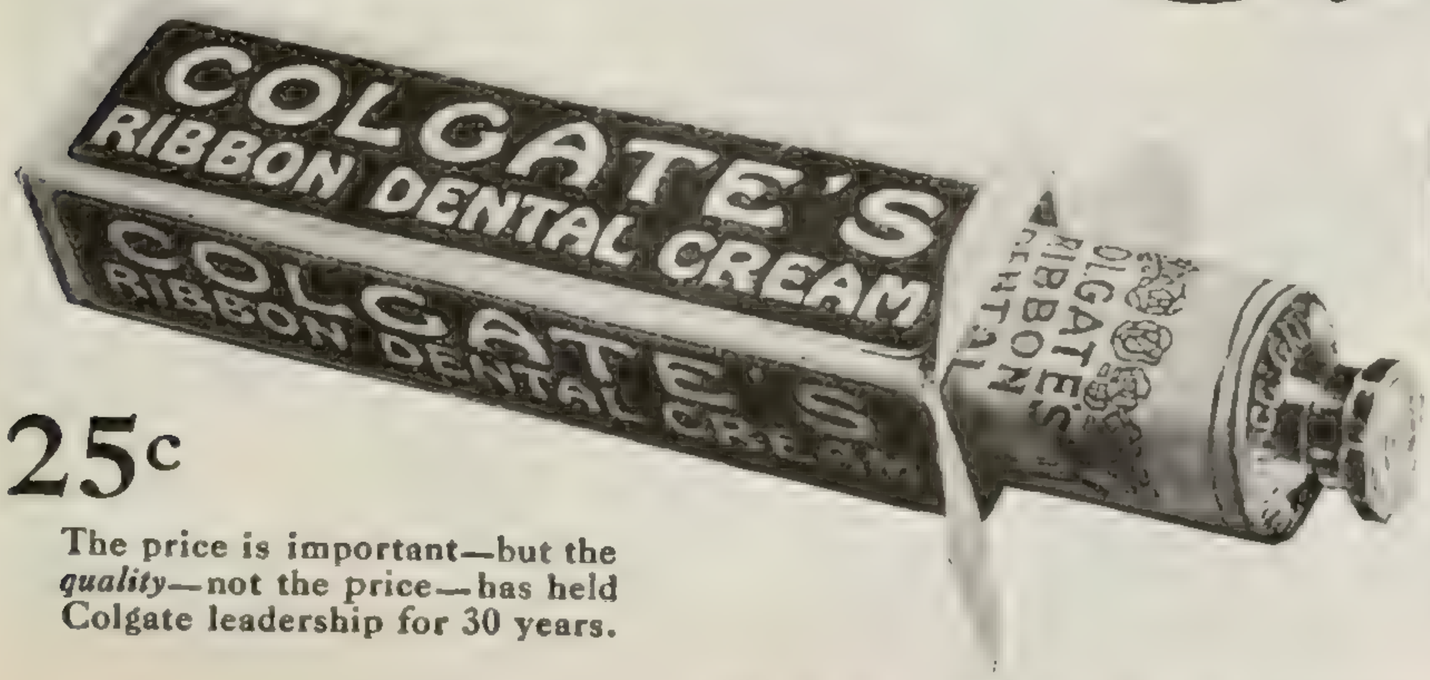
All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

****"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."***





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The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

"Terrific, gigantic, superb!" screamed a third.

Then he turned to a nervous little fellow in the back row.

"And you?" he thundered.

"Please, chief, don't be cross with me!" quavered the nervous one. "But to me the picture was merely great!"

IT really seems that Joan Crawford loves that "Dodo" husband of hers, Doug Fairbanks, Junior.

The other day one of the publicity beagles at the studio rushed up to Joan with a new issue of a magazine.

"Joan," he cried, "look at this. It's got a great article about you."

"But is there anything in it about Dodo?" she asked.

"I didn't see anything," was the reply.

"Well, I don't want to read the thing, then," said Joan. And didn't.

IF you are old enough to remember, you haven't forgotten Clara Kimball Young. Clara, of the great, soulful orbs, is reported to be reducing and planning a comeback in pictures.

It has been a good many years since this great star of an earlier day has faced the cameras. She has been five years in vaudeville. Now she is living quietly in Hollywood, trying to lose weight she accumulated in that life.

Sometimes she is glimpsed about Hollywood. She isn't exactly the svelte Clara that you remember, but ah, those gorgeous eyes! Welcome back, Clara. We have missed you.

AN amusing story is told about Ilka Chase, who is playing in Paramount's new picture, "The Best People." Miss Chase was Mrs. Louis Calhern for a brief time, but so short was the period of her marriage that she didn't have much chance to use the calling cards engraved with her new name. She and Mr. Calhern parted amicably enough, and he later married one of her friends.

Just about that time, while packing for a trip, she found the unused calling cards. Being a frugal soul, she promptly despatched them to her successor, commenting that obviously they now belonged to her. And, she added slyly, "I hope they are still in time to be of some use to you!"

YOU can't tell much about this climate any more. Radio Pictures sent "The Silver Horde" company to Alaska for location scenes, and it was so hot sardine cans exploded, and one player got a black eye when hit by a sardine—believe it or not. Among those who sweltered were Evelyn Brent, Jean Arthur and Robert Ellis.

That little old Paramount cry-baby, pouting because the naughty boys are threatening to steal his doll baby. It's Stuart Erwin, the funny lover fellow seen in "Dangerous Nan McGrew"

IT was no surprise to the film colony when the beautiful Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, art director of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, were married at Santa Barbara.

For a while, Hollywood thought that John Farrow, the sheik writer of the colony, had the inside track in Dolores' affections, but he was a mere interlude. Being lonely, Dolores permitted him to escort her to a few Hollywood parties, but as soon as she and Cedric met, they fell for each other hard, and the couple is so popular and so well suited to each other that Hollywood is delighted with the match.

Gibbons is probably the most talented art director in Hollywood, and is as handsome as any man on the screen.

The knot was tied very quietly at the old Santa Barbara Mission, by a Catholic priest. There was some question as to the marriage in the Catholic church, but as Jaime del Rio, Dolores' divorced husband, died in Berlin some months ago and the former marriage was merely a civil one, all objections were overcome.

THERE have been so many instances of beautiful women breaking up homes by luring hubby from wife that it's refreshing to learn of something so different as the complaint of one Gunther Lessing, Hollywood lawyer.

Lessing charged that his home was broken up because Dolores Del Rio prevailed upon Mrs. Lessing to leave him!

However, Dolores explains it by saying that Mrs. Lessing, her friend, came to her *after* the Lessings had parted, and that Dolores helped her when she needed aid.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Director Sam Wood entertains the boys on the "Way for a Sailor" set with a few choice chanteys. Jack Gilbert takes it philosophically, Wally Beery insists on a little buffoonery, and Jim Tully, seated at the extreme right, doesn't care one way or another. Jack and Jim, you remember, are old-time sparring partners

Paris... knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. "*I advise all my clients,*" says Massé, "*Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments.*"

E. Massé

16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS

The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

In the beautiful environment of the Place Vendome, Masse maintains his famous salon de beaute. To his establishment come Parisian women of distinction for beauty counsel and for treatment.

EMILE MASSÉ, *of Paris . . .* *beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.*

PEZZA, *of Naples* *says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.*

ECHTEN, *of Budapest* *who advises two daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.*

JACOBSON *of London* *warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils—and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.*

MASSÉ . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens. Where royal ladies, aristocrats, world renowned artists of opera and the theatre ask: How can I keep my beauty? What can I do, when I leave beauty-wise Paris, to keep my skin lovely?

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

This home treatment

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful? And isn't your skin refreshingly smooth, rich in color?

The popularity of this home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are—all told—23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.

6155

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

Trimming the beard of the prophet! No nobler array of chin chinchilla has ever waved on the screen than that sported in the new talking version of "Kismet" starring Otis Skinner. Here's the First National beard expert working on Edmund Breese's hedge

A new trick in handbags that's sure to be popular in view of the current insistence on ensembles. Catherine Moylan displays a convertible, reversible purse. It can be turned inside out and the lining used for a cover to complete an ensemble effect

"Eef I try to do good for a friend and the price I must pay is to have a slap at my character and my good name, then—well, I weel take the slap." Good sport, Dolores.

DIRECTOR PAUL SLOANE was so enthusiastic over a scene Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey played that, when the scene was in the box, as we experts say, he dashed over and slapped Bert on the back.

"That was great; wonderful!" he enthused.

"Don't do that," Bert replied.

"Good heavens, man; you needn't be so modest," Sloane countered.

"Modesty, hell; it's sunburn!" explained Wheeler.

OTIS SKINNER, who didn't like silent pictures and regretted he made a voiceless "Kismet," has been converted to the screen by the talkies. And he has joined, too, the ranks of famous stage people who see the legitimate stage doomed.

"The sound picture," he said one day between takes on his talking version of "Kismet" at First National, "is the most dangerous rival the stage has ever had. To see fine actors in good pictures with satisfactory dialogue, well presented—and for such a small price—it's forcing stage producers to look to their laurels."

He also added that the talkie that converted him was Arliss in "Disraeli."

Good old Otis. He's one of us now.

NOW, who do you think is working in Hollywood? None less than Mrs. Pat Campbell, who at one time was considered the most beautiful and talented actress in England.

Mrs. Pat is working in support of one of the Fox stars.

IT cost Tom Mix $173,000 to settle up with Uncle Sam for having overlooked some items in his income tax returns. There was $170,000 in back taxes, plus a $3,000 fine for his faulty memory.

But since he doesn't have to pay his daughter that $250 a month, now that she's married, it'll only take him fifty-seven years and eight months to make up the amount.

SNAPPY dodging by Vivienne Segal:

Her phone rang the other night, and a strange male voice began speaking. "Miss Segal," it said, "we're getting up a swell radio program for next Monday night."

"Yes, yes," said Vivienne.

"And everybody of importance will be there, and . . ."

"Thanks. I'll listen in," said Vivienne. And hung up.

FRIENDS of Renee Adoree will be happy to learn that in the very near future she will be able to return to the screen.

In fact the studio is urging her to do "Common Clay" in the French version which will not begin for thirty days or more and her physician thinks that by that time she will be able to undertake it.

So by the time this reaches you Renee may be back at the studio in regular harness.

THEY hang this one on Lowell Sherman and Bert Wheeler. They were discussing the relative standing of comics and less comic actors.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Here's a new kind of comfort

By the skillful use of a clever tuck we have brought to the women of America greater comfort and beauty in underdress.

With a short front, and a long, almost accordion-like back, we have eliminated baggy ugliness and made a garment that fits the body snugly in any position.

No more stuffy, bunglesome underwear. Wear Kickernicks sized to actual body measurements.

In all the modish colors, fabrics and styles, it is made with fine craftsmanship and finish you'll appreciate.

If your best dealer hasn't them, send for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

Kay Francis, smarter than smart, has introduced another dash of continental stuff to Hollywood. Kay allows as how these heavy walking sticks, made of fancy woods imported from Italy, add just the right touch of *je ne sais quoi* and how have you been

A prohibitionist who is now the best "comic drunk" in pictures. Charlie Ruggles, who never took a drink in his life, made a reputation as a stewy gent in "Gentlemen of the Press." Now, in Hollywood, he is appearing in Clara Bow's newest talkie

"Why'd anyone want to be a comic?" demanded Sherman.

"Yeah? Well, who'd want to be an actor, when any old ivory ball can take a cue?" was the quick comeback.

THE story is told on the motion picture actor who was visiting La Junta. He pronounced it as it is spelled and he was corrected by a native who told him it should be pronounced La Hunta as in the Spanish.

"How about San Jose?" he asked.

"That is pronounced San Hosay," said the native.

"How long are you going to be in this part of the state?"

"Oh, I think I'll be here through Hune and Huly," he answered and turned on his heel.

TROUBLE seems to pursue Priscilla Dean like a movie mama pursues a casting director.

Some of the old time thrillers in which Priscilla used to appear have nothing on her real life. You remember when she married Lieutenant Arnold, 'round-the-world flyer, in Tia Juana, and you also remember that several months afterwards his former wife claimed she had never been properly served with notice and was not, therefore, legally divorced from him.

This annulled the Dean-Arnold marriage and since that time Priscilla has been living quietly—just she and her mother—in Beverly Hills.

Just recently the former star asked for police protection because, she declared, she had seen Mrs. Arnold No. 1, accompanied by a man and another woman, searching her garage.

IF the old curiosity jinx can be licked Ronald Colman and Clive Brook are the boys that can do it.

They have just built a high green fence around their tennis courts.

A son of another famous pappy steps before the camera. The young man in the boiled shirt is Noah Beery, Jr. He is shown with John Adolfi, under whose direction he is playing a bit in First National's picture, "College Lovers"

Before this was done dozens of fans used to stand by and shout, "Goody for our side" as each play was made.

BEBE and Ben went beach-resorting the other night.

They won all sorts of things at the razzle-dazzle wheels, and throw-the-dart games and such.

For $41, they won 75 cents' worth of bacon, an ancient ham of unknown value, and a 17-cent fluffy dog.

On the way home, they stopped at one of those dance marathons.

And as a special attraction, two of the dancers were being married right on the floor.

And the bride, recognizing Bebe and Ben, and knowing something about the business of bouquet throwing, flung her bridal bouquet plop into Bebe's lap after the ceremony.

And if the old superstition works out, that'll make poor Bebe a bigamist, won't it?

ON the hottest day of the year in movieland, the thermometer at First National studios showed 104 in the shade.

That was the day on which Joe Frisco and George Gemorrah had to wear huge, heavy, furry gorilla skins in their rôles in "The Gorilla."

Gemorrah lost seven pounds in four hours, and Frisco lost his temper.

Incidentally, Gemorrah is now known in Hollywood, universally, as Mr. Ingagi.

KNOW your movies pretty well? Yeah? Well, just for no particular reason at all, skim through these and see whether or not you get confused.

Do you get Marie Dressler and Louise Dresser balled up? Can you tell between Irene Rich and Lillian Rich? Do Leon and William Janney get tangled up in your mind? Do you know which is D. W. Griffith and which is E. H. Griffith? Are you hopelessly involved among Zelma O'Neal and Nance O'Neil and Sally O'Neil? Do you distinguish between Alexander Gray and Lawrence Gray?

And do you know the difference between William Boyd and William Boyd?

HOLLYWOOD has been puzzling over the little game of see-saw which Basil Rathbone and Universal have been playing. It has been repeatedly announced—and as repeatedly denied—that Rathbone would

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

"Mabel—I've made a marvelous discovery—"

A new use for Listerine now employed by women everywhere as a part of the daily toilette

We print herewith an excerpt of a letter from one woman to another; a letter similar to the many hundreds we ourselves receive.

". . . Mabel, I've made a marvelous discovery about Listerine—it's simply wonderful used as an astringent.

"I learned about it quite by accident. Drove into a small town (with the Spencers) late one night, found I had left half of my toilet things back at home, no drug store open, me hot, dirty, tired and badly in need of a facial 'going-over.'

"I did, however, have a half filled bottle of Listerine and decided to try it after the cold cream.

"It worked out beautifully, closing the pores and giving a wonderful feeling of freshness. I always use it now. It actually seems to rejuvenate the face momentarily and seems to suit my particular type of skin as well or better than many astringents costing five times as much. I note, too, that the better beauty shops are using it as an astringent."

Please give Listerine a trial, using it exactly as you would any astringent. You will be delighted. Literally thousands of women have tried Listerine this way and are enthusiastic about its effectiveness and economy.

Listerine is a natural astringent. It swiftly contracts pores, gives tone to facial muscles and leaves the skin smooth, cool, and refreshed. Moreover it is a safe though powerful germicide* and therefore prevents infection.

Because of its many toilette uses, Listerine is always found in the bath room cabinet of the fastidious woman, and in her hand bag when she travels. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Amazing germ-killing power with safety

***Listerine is a swift destroyer of germs and at the same time is safe and delightful to use. Used full strength it kills germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded).**

Tell the men about this!
50¢ quality
Listerine Shaving Cream
now 25¢

A charm that is recognized everywhere

ANITA PAGE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

WHAT a glorious thing it is to face each day, secure in the confidence that you are always attractive! That you can wear the alluring new fashions, so adorably feminine, with the grace and charm for which they were designed!

...Yet for everyone girl who possesses a naturally fashionable figure there are hundreds who diet and worry to control their weight—often unwisely.

The main danger with most reducing diets is that they are unbalanced. In the desire to reduce, important food elements are frequently omitted.

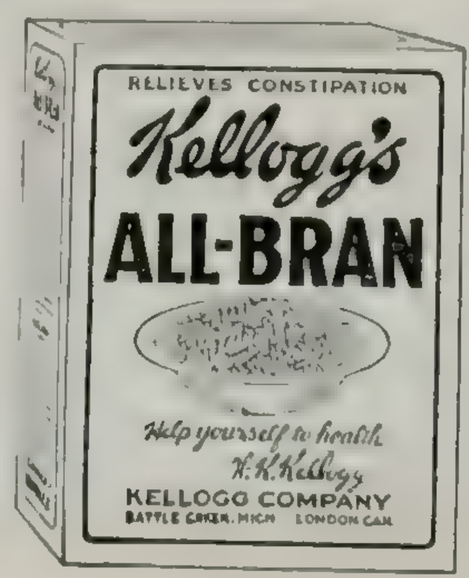
Nearly all reducing diets lack roughage. When the amount of food is cut down, there is often insufficient bulk to assure proper elimination.

As a result poisons are formed. These may sweep through the system, causing headaches, listlessness, dizziness, sallow complexions and, sometimes, serious disease.

Add two tablespoons of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily to any reducing diet and you can be sure of getting enough bulk or roughage to guarantee proper elimination.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. But it does contain iron, which helps prevent dietary anemia. Iron is the natural source of beautiful red color for the lips and complexion.

Add it to any reducing diet—in fruit juices; sprinkled over cereals or salads—in clear soups—in bran muffins or bread. Eat it as a cereal with milk. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is delightfully flavored—a delicious food that helps to build health every time you eat it. Improved in texture and taste. It is a food that prevents the dangers of pills and drugs. Eat it regularly—to promote beauty and to help control your weight safely. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. P-10
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Raquel Torres bakes a delicious cocoanut cake. These photographs, showing the various stages, were posed especially for PHOTOPLAY by Miss Torres. Below, she gives you her recipe and tells you every step in detail

Cocoanut *and* Fruit Cake Recipes

HERE are two grand cake recipes that should interest anyone who has to plan meals. With cooler weather, appetites increase and substantial desserts become more important. Besides, both these cakes are excellent to serve with coffee or tea in the afternoon or for evening parties.

The cocoanut cake recipe was given to me by Raquel Torres, M-G-M player who starred in the recent picture, "The Sea Bat." She particularly recommends it to girls who want to show what good cooks they are. Raquel is inclined to set up "food-appeal" against "sex-appeal" as the way to a man's heart, following the old adage, and she says the compliments her baking has brought forth are worth all the burned fingers she got while she was learning!

Here is the recipe:

Raquel Torres' Cocoanut Cake

Beat half a cup of butter with one cup of sugar. When light and creamy, beat in the previously well-beaten yolks of eight eggs, half a cup of milk, and one and three-quarters cups flour that has been sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder and a few grains of salt.

Pour the mixture into buttered and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven. Cool, spread cocoanut filling between the layers, and ice with boiled icing.

Cocoanut Filling: Mix one cup sugar with one-half cup flour and a few grains of salt. Put into double boiler, add two slightly beaten eggs, and stir and cook ten minutes. Do not let it come to a boil. Add one teaspoon of vanilla. Cool, spread between the cake layers, and sprinkle each layer with grated cocoanut mixed with sugar.

Pretty Irene Delroy, Warner Bros. player, came to talkies from musical comedy. Like Raquel Torres, Irene is quite young and her housewifely experience is necessarily limited. But neither girl has let her busy professional life prevent her from learning to cook.

I think you'll find Irene's fruit cake tastes as good as it sounds. Fruit cake recipes are always in demand, especially with the holiday season looming not far ahead. Of course, you know that one of the prime virtues of this cake is that it doesn't get stale, if properly wrapped, as other pastries do.

Irene Delroy's Fruit Cake

The ingredients are:

2 cups brown sugar
2 scant cups shortening
4 eggs
½ cup syrup
½ cup sour milk or cream
1 scant tspn. baking soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup fruit jelly
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
4 cups sifted flour
1 box seeded raisins
1 box seedless raisins
1 lb. currants, washed thoroughly
1 lb. dates, stoned, cut up and floured
1 lb. figs
¼ lb. candied orange rind
¼ lb. candied lemon rind
½ lb. citron
1 teaspoon salt
½ lb. chopped almonds and walnuts

Put the plain batter, before adding fruit and nuts, in bottom of large cake pan. Cover top carefully with batter also, to keep fruit from burning. Decorate top with almonds, candied cherries and candied pineapple strips.

Mix one tablespoon of molasses with three of warm water and use as wash for almonds and candied fruit decoration. This glazes them and keeps them from burning.

Bake in a slow oven for two hours.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

They ask most about the *Cisco Kid* this month

Questions & Answers

The girl who leads is Jeanette MacDonald

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

WARNER BAXTER has added legions to his fan following by his marvelous work in "In Old Arizona," "Romance of Rio Grande," and "The Arizona Kid." Baxter is a native of Columbus, Ohio, where he was born March 29, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 165, has dark brown hair and eyes. He is married to Winifred Bryson. His next picture will be "Renegades," a story of romance and the Foreign Legion.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, runner-up for this month's honors, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18, 1907. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 125 and has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes. She appeared in many musical comedies before making her talkie début in "The Love Parade." Jeanette's faithful swain is Robert Ritchie, New York broker. Wedding bells will ring soon.

JACKIE COOGAN is coming back to the screen in a talkie version of "Tom Sawyer." Lawrence Gray was born July 27, 1898, is 5 feet, 10; weighs 155 pounds.

LILA LEE, while recuperating at a sanatorium, would like to hear from her friends. Write her in care of her secretary, Happy Rand, 5165 Franklin Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

PHILLIPS HOLMES, although only 21 years old, is rapidly rising to the top. Phil made his movie début in "Varsity," and since then has made several talkies, notably "The Devil's Holiday."

BASIL RATHBONE was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. He is 6 feet, 1½; weighs 165 and has black hair and hazel eyes. Ouida Bergere is his second wife. Prior to his movie début he was well-known on the stage. His next picture will be "A Lady Surrenders."

JEANIE LANG was the cute little doll who sang "Ragamuffin Romeo" in the "King of Jazz."

JACK OAKIE is 26 years old, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. Because of the many characters Lon Chaney has portrayed on the screen, he is known as the "Man of a Thousand Faces."

DOROTHY JORDAN, leading lady in three of Ramon Novarro's talking pictures, is a native of Clarksville, Tenn. She is 20 years old, 5 feet, 2, and weighs 100 pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Her next picture will be "Dark Star."

KAY FRANCIS, super-vamp of the talkies, claims Oklahoma City, Okla., as her birthplace. She is 5 feet, 5; has black hair and brown eyes. Was prominent on the stage before entering the movies. Kay is still fancy free.

DOROTHY GISH, youthful sister of Lillian, was married to James Rennie in December, 1920. James is making quite a name for himself in the talkies. His latest picture is "Adios."

JUDITH BARRIE, pretty little blonde, played the part of *Leeda* in "Party Girl."

RAMON NOVARRO has been celebrating birthdays since February 6, 1899; William S. Hart since December 6, 1874; Jack Holt since May 13, 1888; Lew Cody since February 22, 1885; Al Jolson since May 26, 1886; Harold Lloyd since April 20, 1893; and Charles Chaplin since April 16, 1889.

THE "SISTERS G" are known in real life as Eleaner and Carla Gutohrlein. There was a third "G" who gave up a stage career for marriage.

GEORGE ARLISS, one of the greatest dramatic actors of the day, was born in London, England, April 10, 1868.

ZASU PITTS first saw light in 1898 in Parsons, Kan. She is 5 feet, 5; weighs 155, has brown hair and blue eyes. Fans will soon see her in "The Little Accident." ZaSu married Tom Gallery in 1920. In addition to having a daughter of her own, she has adopted five other children. It began when she took the adopted son of the late Barbara La Marr to raise. Recently at the death of her sister-in-law, she took her brother's four children to mother.

PHYLLIS HAVER married William Seeman in April, 1929, and announced her retirement from the screen. She is living in New York City.

KATHRYN MCGUIRE played the rôle of *Alice* in "Naughty But Nice."

CHARLES FARRELL will not be costarred with Janet Gaynor in his next picture. Rose Hobart of the stage will be the heroine. The picture is taken from the stage play "Liliom." Charlie was born in Onset Bay, Mass., just 28 years ago. He is 6 feet, 2; weighs 170 pounds. Has brown hair and eyes. Still single.

SUE CAROL and Alice White are not related to each other, as rumored. Sue's real name is Evelyn Lederer. She is married to Nick Stuart. Bebe Daniels played the lead in "Sinners in Heaven."

GRETA GARBO was given her very first article in PHOTOPLAY in the May, 1926, issue. A review of her first American picture, "The Torrent," also ran in that issue. Her first rotogravure picture appeared in the July, 1926, issue. Back issues can be obtained by writing to PHOTOPLAY, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., enclosing 25 cents for each copy.

THOMAS JACKSON played the part of the slow-speaking detective in "Broadway." That was the same rôle he portrayed in the stage version.

WALTER BYRON was brought to America by Samuel Goldwyn. It was rumored at the time that he would be a second Ronnie Colman. But was he? Walter was born in Leicester, England, June 11, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 163. Has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. When he was appearing on the English stage he used his own name, Walter Butler.

GUINN (Big Boy) WILLIAMS came to us from Decatur, Tex., where he was born April 26, 1899. He reaches 6 feet, 2; weighs 200, has blond hair and blue-gray eyes. His latest picture is "The Big Fight."

LILLIAN ROTH is a Bostonian. She was born December 13, 1911; is 5 feet, 2, and weighs 115 pounds. She sang the tuneful "Huguette Waltz" in "The Vagabond King."

RICHARD ARLEN entered the world via Charlottesville, Va., 31 years ago. He was then known as Richard Van Mattemore. He is 5 feet, 11½; weighs 155 and has dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Jobyna Ralston is the second Mrs. Arlen.

BETTY COMPSON was born in Beaver City, Utah, March 18, 1897. Betty played the violin from the orchestra pit in a theater, and then traveled in vaudeville until the movies claimed her.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 122, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

FOR A Smooth + flawless Skin

MY MANNEQUIN SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

GUARD ITS HEALTH AT 6 VITAL PLACES

by **Frances Ingram**

1. THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*
2. THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*
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4. THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*
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FIRST and foremost, I want to make clear the vital difference between my Milkweed Cream and other fine face creams.

Milkweed Cream is a cleanser—a wonderfully thorough one. But that's not all! It is a corrective for the complexion as well. For while its delicate oils are gently and thoroughly coaxing impurities from the skin, Milkweed's special toning properties are benefiting skin health. And it is this extra helpfulness, found in Milkweed Cream alone, that wards off blemishes, banishes dullness and guards against aging lines.

Your skin under the tutelage of my method and my cream swiftly becomes clear—soft—smooth—and morning-fresh. It gains the lovely translucence that we associate with youth.

Tonight, with your hand mirror, examine your skin closely at the six critical places starred on my mannequin. Be on your guard for the tiniest thread-like line, the least blemish, for even minute imperfections are aging and "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Then with my method and my cream, take the first step toward a skin of everlasting beauty.

First apply Milkweed Cream upon your skin (preceded by bathing with warm water and pure soap if skin is oily). Leave the cream on for a few moments to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and with upward and outward strokes pat into the skin at the six places starred on my mannequin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, $1 and $1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday, 10:15 A. M. (E. D. T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

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Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE—Paramount

JACK OAKIE'S bubbling, bustling personality pulls this one's peanuts out of the blaze. Jack plays a good-natured boob from Syracuse who is put over on a shipload of people as a famous engineer. But he wins the girl—the cunning Ginger Rogers—and gets a lot of laughs in the doing. Stage players support Jacques, notably Betty Starbuck and George Barbier. No panic, but good.

THE NAUGHTY FLIRT—First National

HERE'S first-rate entertainment. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes, and Alice White in a performance that can be fairly called one of her best. As the heiress who eludes fortune-hunters to get her man, she fairly whizzes through this. Hers and Myrna Loy's clothes are a fashion show. A pat on the back to Paul Page for fine work.

THE LOTTERY BRIDE—United Artists

THE thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. You knew she could sing and look beautiful. Here she acts. The story, your old favorite "Bride 66," is powerful in a melo sort of way and the music is grand. Some big spectacle stuff and lots of snow and ice.

GOLDEN DAWN—Warners

IF you're tired of players who break into song and dance without much provocation, this won't help a bit. Noah Beery dons blackface and plays an African native, enamored of the girl, *Dawn*, played by Vivienne Segal. Walter Woolf is the upstanding British officer who loves her. In spite of all-Technicolor mounting it's pretty dull.

LEATHERNECKING—Radio Pictures

IN spite of a lot of things, they're still making musical romances. This is one of them, but Allah be praised, the curse is taken off by some top-hole comedy in which a rare cast of funsters collaborate hilariously. You'll roll with laughter while Benny and Louise and Ned and the rest of them do their funny stuff, and that makes up for all the singing and dancing.

THE LADY WHO DARED—First National

BILLIE DOVE'S swan song for First National is just a fair achievement. It is the aged and faltering story of the diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. Through her own ingenious efforts, and the generous help of Conway Tearle, she avoids a swell scandal. Judith Vosselli is a fascinating blackmailer. The beauteous Dove's hair is all done up in a new-fangled way.

HELL'S ISLAND—Columbia

THE well-known team of Jack Holt and Ralph Graves, Unincorporated, turns out a lot of entertainment in the slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. Dorothy Sebastian is the girl over whom the lads bicker. The picture has a lot of action, good acting and romance. This combination seldom fails at the ticket window, or at fan-pleasing.

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Warners

MAYBE it's love, but it isn't college, with Joan Bennett wandering at will into men's dormitories and football training quarters. The gridiron scenes are good. They should be with eleven of the outstanding stars of the country playing on the field and acting in the picture. Joe E. Brown provides snickers, and James Hall is the handsome hero. That Bennett beauty sings well.

MONSIEUR LE FOX—M-G-M

AN original story of the Northwest by Willard Mack is the most extensive bid yet made for the foreign market. This was filmed in five languages simultaneously, with Barbara Leonard playing the lead in four of the versions. Gilbert Roland plays the male lead in English and Spanish.

Edwina Booth, blonde heroine of "Trader Horn," thinks it's an elegant idea to have a nice monogram on the front of her hat. Well, after all, why not?

ROUGH WATERS—Warners

RIN-TIN-TIN scores another personal success. His newest picture has all the action that so many talking pictures lack, and the children will welcome it. Lane Chandler is the gallant trooper hero, Jobyna Ralston is the poor little heroine, and Edmund Breese plays her old daddy. But it's Rinty who does the gallant deeds. After all, he's a star!

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—Tiffany Productions

A WEAK-KNEED Irish story, built from the ancient play by Dion Boucicault. Sally O'Neil plays a little colleen who comes from Ireland to marry the sweetheart of her youth, only to have the ward boss fall in love with her after all. But she finally marries the plumber! Charles Delaney and Robert Elliott play plumber and boss, respectively.

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal

NOT all you would expect from Tod Browning, that old master of swift movement and breath-taking suspense. Browning has allowed this story to drag. There's too much dialogue and too little action. Photography is effective, however, and there are good moments. Eddie Robinson as *Cobra* brings all the sinister quality to the film which his name implies. Mary Nolan and Owen Moore have both done better work.

ROAD TO PARADISE—First National

TWIN sisters are at it again complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. But the hard-boiled police officer solves everything and entertains you. That perennial juvenile, Jack Mulhall, is whimsical as always and Loretta Young so beautiful you want to go out and be heroic.

LOVE IN THE RING—Terra Productions

IT is an unwritten law of the ring and the cinema that every heavyweight champion has to make one movie, and this is Max Schmeling's, made in Germany before he won the title. He's not much worse an actor than were Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. A wicked vamp lunges at him, but true love and clean living win out, and Max beats the challenger and wins the girl. Very dull stuff.

THE LOVE RACKET—First National

THIS furnishes the depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. Poor Dorothy is put upon by a fiend in human form. We—and Dorothy—are faced with a long, tedious trial scene, in the course of which she tells her story and saves the life of a girl who killed the man who wronged her (Dorothy). Heavy going, and pepless. Sidney Blackmer, leading man.

WINGS OF ADVENTURE—Tiffany Productions

ARMIDA saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. The little Mexican girl turns on all sorts of charm as the bedeviled heroine. Rex Lease is the handsome hero who is flying about in his plane when he sees the lass in trouble. A lot of action for the kids, at any rate.

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH—First National

WHAT starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth turns into a stereotyped April and November romance, all cluttered up with gold-diggers. We think it's stretching a point to have Loretta Young in love with Conway Tearle, but then it isn't our scenario. Acting is unusually good, with Myrna Loy revealing a gorgeous sense of humor, and David Manners scoring heavily as the youth.

ONE MAD KISS—Fox

BUT for the glorious voice of Don Jose Mojica, young tenor from the Chicago Opera Company, we should advise passing this. But Mojica plays a romantic Spanish outlaw that will steal the female hearts. Mona Maris, pleasing to look upon, is too good an actress to be compelled to sing, but these two afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening.

WOMEN IN LOVE—Warners

JUST as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. The scenery may be different, but you'll know that plot. There's dirty business afoot between the hot dog stand and the penny arcade. Grant Withers plays the hero with youthful zest. Evalyn Knapp is the heroine, and Lucille La Verne does "Sun Up" again.

And now PATINE*

A new finish that adds lustrous beauty to COMMUNITY PLATE

The beauty of Moonlight brought to Silverware

EVERY DAY, in many thousands of homes throughout America, tribute is paid to the authority of Community Plate design. Now, from the hands of the craftsmen who create this beauty, comes a new creation, PATINE*.

This new and exclusive finish kindles the surface of each piece of Community Plate to a glow as soft and luminous as moonlight. Silver is made exquisite, with an exquisiteness that endures, that is enriched by use.

This is PATINE*—fulfillment of the Community craftsmen's quest for a full revelation of the precious loveliness of Silver surface and Silverware design.

Community Plate offers you six distinguished designs — in complete services for eight, $48.00; for six, $36.50. Teaspoons are $4.00 for six — wherever fine Silver is sold.

★ PATINE is a precious enrichment of beautiful surfaces, achieved by the secret alchemy of nature. It is found chiefly in rare old works of art—bronzes, fine cabinet work, priceless vases and old paintings. Community craftsmen have perfected in their laboratories an exclusive and costly process which achieves a Patine finish.

COMMUNITY PLATE

The Aristocrat of the Dining Table

SUPERB AT NIGHT! ONLY GLAZO COLORS HOLD THEIR FULL BEAUTY, EVEN UNDER ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

how long since anyone has said

"What pretty hands you have!"

FOR hands that charm—by the sparkle-tipped flight of creamy fingers—no polish provides fingertips of such superlative chic as Glazo's crystal sheen.

What satisfaction there is in keeping your fingertips groomed to gleaming grace! For pretty fingertips make pleasing hands in nine cases out of ten.

With Glazo polish, how easy it is to keep your nails always lovely! Merely film them once a week with its thin, strong lustre.

Glazo polishes go on with absolute smoothness and evenness of color. Their crystal surface resists wear, keeps a freshly manicured appearance for a week or more. It does not crack or peel.

Choose from Glazo's smart colors—the rosy sheen of Glazo Natural . . . or, if you prefer, one of the more arresting reds. Choose Glazo polishes always, because only Glazo's lovely tints hold their full beauty at night. Glazo's colors are scientifically formulated so that each shade remains precisely true in any light. They will not turn pale, purplish or yellow, as do the polishes that disappoint so many women.

With Glazo's Perfumed Lipstick Reds Nails Smartly Echo Your Lips!

Echo the shade of your lipstick in one of these new Lipstick Reds—a stunning effect now popular with smart women.

Use Glazo *Flame* with a "light" lipstick; *Geranium* for "medium" and *Crimson* for "dark" ones.

Glazo may be found at all toilet goods counters. Or try out a Glazo manicure—the coupon will bring samples.

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191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed
I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

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GLAZO

The perfumed Glazo Lipstick Red polishes are in this smart new package

The End of "The Big Trail!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

life the most. It finally got to the point where he could no longer stand the sight of the bare walls in his cabin. He sent to Los Angeles for enough cheese cloth to cover the whole interior. El took as much punishment as anybody and without complaint, but he just likes civilization.

At night talking pictures were run off, sent up from the Fox exchange in Salt Lake City. Many of the natives of that country had their first glimpse of the new-fangled contraptions.

There was just one gay holiday, the Fourth of July. The night before the Indians had put on a show. Dances to the barbaric rhythm of the tom-tom. Everyone rested during the day. At night there was a grand display of fireworks.

AS many as 725 Indians appeared in the picture, and they represented five tribes. And that many Indians were not easily handled. They were offended at every turn, or they insisted on going home. Money meant nothing to them. Walsh did everything in his power to keep them contented. Once he sent down four cases of tomato catsup. The Indians enjoyed it, but they drank it exactly as if it had been so many cases of soda pop.

One of the interesting characters among the redskins was a high chieftain. He had been given a new $7,500 house, with hardwood floors and all the modern gadgets. He lived in a tepee across from his house, and stabled the horses in it. His explanation was that if he lived in the house he couldn't see it.

The buffalo stampede was staged on the high plateaus of Montana. There were five hundred of the big, lumbering beasts. It was easy enough to make them stampede, but not so easy to get them to run past the camera traps. John Wayne, with the cowboys, risked his life in riding herd on the frightened animals.

For one whole day the company worked in a blazing, blistering sun without a drop of water. The supply truck had broken down on the trail. At another time it appeared as if the whole company would be conscripted to fight forest fires. Walsh saved the day by sending forty men to help the rangers.

During this location the whole company lived on the train. Once a day their coaches were moved to let the one train on the line chug by. Everyone wondered where that train went to, for it never made a return trip. It only ran in one direction.

As the months went by the company moved from Wyoming to Montana, from Yellowstone to the big trees of Oregon and to Sequoia, in California. "The Big Trail" is a veritable scenic panorama of the West.

DURING all that time Walsh never used a megaphone or a script. Scenes were seldom rehearsed. And Walsh never saw a foot of the film until he returned to Hollywood after the picture was completed. It was his twenty-sixth production for Fox, and among that number have been a good many box-office hits, "What Price Glory," "Loves of Carmen," and "The Cock Eyed World." He has also played a rôle in every picture he has directed. It's a superstition.

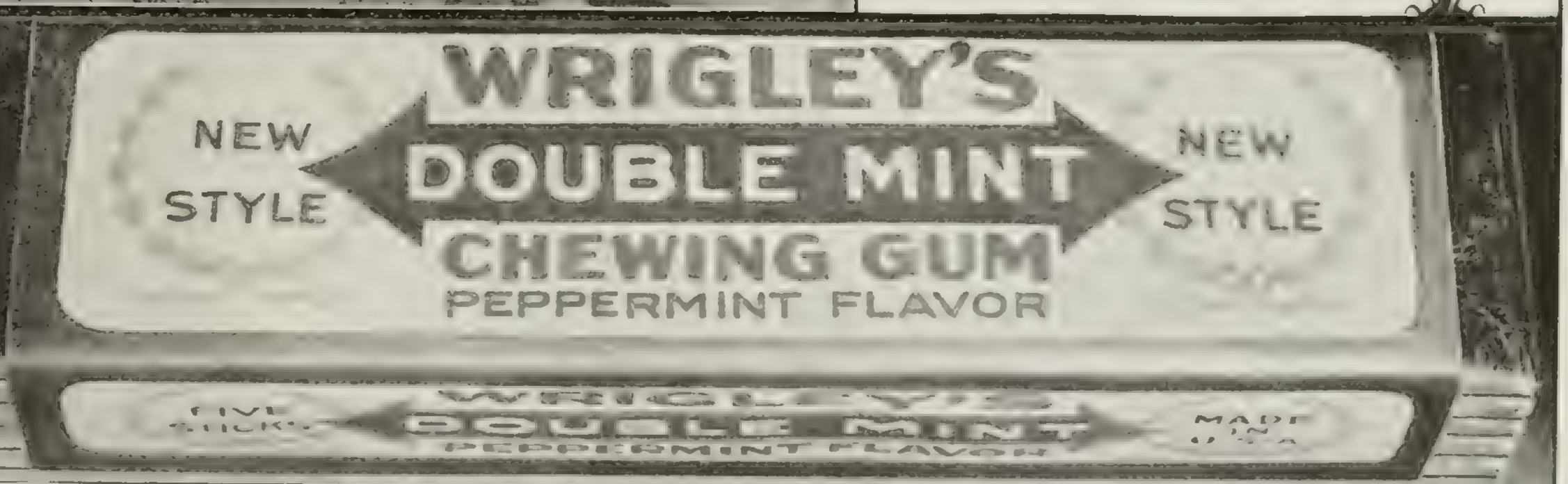
In all, 600,000 feet of grandeur film was shot, and 600,000 feet of standard—1,200,000 feet of film, to be compressed into 14,000 feet for release. Sometimes twenty cameras were turning on a single scene. "The Big Trail" cost upward of $2,000,000, but Fox expects to gross over $10,000,000.

And those covered wagons, at $400 a throw, will not be scrapped. They are to be shipped all over the world as the picture is released.

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

TALKIE, SOUND OR SILENT, the girl who gets the hero is always "just adorable." Nor does this change with all the variations of plots that come from new sets of railway stations, neckties and mustaches. The girl doesn't necessarily have to be as beautiful as Helen of Troy but she must have winning lips. And that's true of any girl. Easy, too, if she chooses to chew WRIGLEY'S at least ten minutes a day. This is based on the old Beauty Secret that chewing gum from the Sapota tree keeps lips gloriously young and enchanting. WRIGLEY'S is from this Beauty tree. Try peppermint-flavored Double Mint.

K-69



FOR LOVELY LIPS
CHEW **WRIGLEY'S** EVERY DAY
INEXPENSIVE » SATISFYING

The New Fay Wray

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

ably-fixed family. She was beautiful, her mother knew that and longed for a screen career for her daughter. Fay went through all the gestures of the young actress struggling to get along. She had her preparatory course in slapstick comedies and Westerns and was, in due course of time in the movies, discovered by Eric Von Stroheim and cast in that sad mistake "The Wedding March." Some four years ago she signed her first long-term contract with Paramount and she's been signing them ever since.

TO me, the real Fay is much more interesting, much more unique than this person the publicity department tells you about. The unsensational little person who becomes, according to her press agents, reborn in every film, is much more of a fascinating figure in Hollywood than this other creature—this periodically new Fay Wray.

The fact that a woman can play the part of a hard-boiled little girl in a gangster picture and play that part well doesn't mean, by a long shot, that she is such a person. As she, herself, said, "You've simply got to concentrate when you work before the camera. You must get out of yourself, away from the real person that is you and shut out everything else around you. If you didn't you'd have to laugh at all the things you were doing."

So, without any great transformation, she has gone about to play her rôles. She knows that she hasn't changed. She knows where she stands on the screen. "I always feel," she said, "as if I'm just beginning. It is true that I've been in pictures a long time, but I move more slowly than most people. I do not beg for parts. I do not want to play any certain type.

"I simply take what is given me and try to make the most of it. Of course, I feel, as all people feel, that some day I shall have just the right vehicle, that I shall do just the right story and really have the one great chance to see what I can do. Then, of course, I could pick and choose my rôles. I think we all have an unerring instinct about the things that we can do best. In the meantime, until this whatever it is comes along, I'll do what I can do on the screen. And I'm perfectly content."

And there you have it all. Fay is perfectly content. She has all that mortal woman could desire. Beauty, a rare, deep languid beauty, with strange tip-tilted eyes and a pale profile that should silhouette itself against a summer night. She has never known want and now she has the utmost in luxury. Her home, which in no way suggests anything connected with the Hollywood architecture which runs to phony Spanish and hybrid Queen Anne, was the house in which Florence Vidor once lived. It is one of the most charming houses in the film city, set back, far back, from the street on a canvas of green lawn. Inside, the place is cool, luxurious and all in perfect taste.

Fay's husband, John Monk Saunders, is a brilliant writer, an amusing companion, a successful, handsome man. Also she has her work, a work of which her husband thoroughly approves. There is nothing lacking in Fay Wray's well ordered life.

Why, then, should she be different? She is not a groping, ga-ga girl. She has intelligence and poise. And this is not a development that has suddenly burst upon her. She lacks (but yes!) the fire of the Lupe Velez type. And she could not, even if she would, acquire it. Why should she, pray? She neither needs nor wants any of the things which the spectacular women of the film capital have.

I've heard it said that if she had some great tragedy, some startling, breath-taking climax in her life, she would emerge a different person. But that I seriously doubt. I feel sure that she would take tragedy as calmly and as sanely as she takes happiness. She is not given to sudden, intense gestures.

I'm afraid the press agents will have to get a different angle on Mrs. John Monk Saunders. They're not going to slip that new Fay Wray stuff over on me again. For Fay will be no different from what she now is. Anyhow, I like her like that. She's restful. She's interesting. She has a well ordered mind and she lives a nice life.

NEITHER trials nor tragedy would change her. So don't let them kid you when you read in tomorrow morning's paper that the Paramount Studios have made a startling discovery—a new Fay Wray.

You know now, and I'm telling you, that there isn't any new Fay Wray. It's just an old idle rumor!

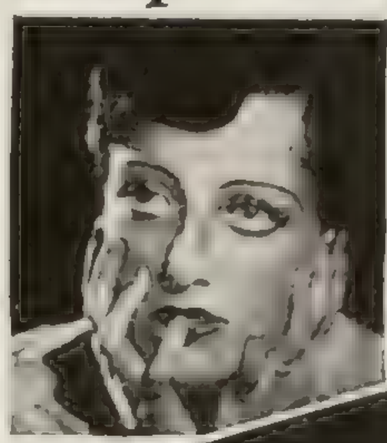
Is this sort of thing ruining the motion picture business? Hundreds of theater owners, sobbing into their lemon phosphates, say it is. This is one of the thousand miniature golf courses in and around Los Angeles. Hollywood is crazy about these things. Mary Pickford and Director Bill Seiter are two Hollywoodians who are opening and operating them. Some run until 4 A.M., and do the neighbors howl!

A New Kind of Make-Up

Developed by Hollywood's Make-Up Genius

NOW READY FOR YOU!

Under a Strange Light in Hollywood, we Found Out How to Avoid "Off-Color" and "Spotty" Effects in Make-up.



JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star

MARION DAVIES
M-G-M Star

ANITA PAGE
M-G-M Star

LEILA HYAMS
M-G-M Star

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN
M-G-M Star

RAQUEL TORRES
M-G-M Star

DOROTHY JORDAN
M-G-M Star

Imagine Make-Up So Faultless That Even Under the Blazing Glare of the Motion Picture Lights it Photographs Perfectly. With Max Factor's Society Make-Up, You, too, Will Learn the Secret of the Stars.

BEAUTY is a business in the motion picture colony, so we have studied make-up for years. And now you may benefit from our experience and gain added beauty through this new knowledge.

Under the blazing motion picture lights, more trying than sunlight, stars are photographed. Make-up must be perfect or grotesque effects result. To meet this severe test, Max Factor developed a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, which photographed perfectly. Today, Max Factor's Make-Up is used exclusively in all the big Hollywood Studios, in Technicolor pictures and by 96 per cent of Hollywood's stars.

Then from this discovery came powders, rouges and other essentials for day and evening use, based on the same principle of cosmetic color harmony. Their success in Hollywood was instantaneous. Now thousands use only Max Factor's Society Make-Up.

Perhaps you have worried about your make-up and have searched for ways to enhance your beauty—and still you're not satisfied. The reason is simply this — there is more to make-up than merely a bit of powder and a dab of rouge. What is this wonderful secret of make-up? Why have Hollywood's stars and society women given up the haphazard use of cosmetics and adopted Society Make-Up? Now you may know. You may have the very make-up, learn the very method, used by these beautiful women.

Your Complexion Analysis by Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up

The one way to secure the exact make-up to best harmonize with your complexion, accentuate your beauty, and enhance the charm of your personality is to have your complexion analyzed and your personal requirements determined. This, Max Factor will do for you, without consultation fee or obligation. He will also send you a copy of "The New Art of Society Make-Up" which fully explains cosmetic color harmony and describes the correct method of make-up. Remember, you will never know how beautiful you can really be until you obtain the make-up secrets so highly valued by the stars of Hollywood. Carefully fill in the coupon and mail today to Max Factor in Hollywood.

Bessie Love, M-G-M Star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using a color harmony shade in Max Factor's Rouge, perfect for her type.

NEVER BE CONSCIOUS OF YOUR MAKE-UP

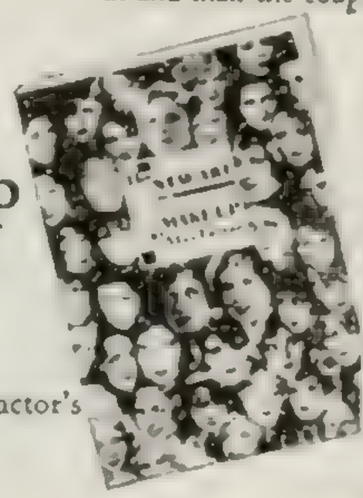
If your make-up is "off-color" or too glaring, it over-shadows your personality. It becomes a worry, destroying that self-assurance which is an attribute of every charming woman. Permit Max Factor to analyze your complexion, as he has done for hundreds of screen stars, and recommend a make-up which will be just a part of your own natural beauty. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up

HOLLYWOOD

"Cosmetics of the Stars"

96% of all make-up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-10-27

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

"No more shiny noses since using Mello-glo Powder," says adorable Erica Newman, Motion Picture beauty. 148-20 Ninth Avenue, Whitestone, L. I.

"Mello-glo stays on longer, prevents large pores and gives my skin a natural bloom," says Dorothy Flood, beautiful Ziegfeld star, 10 Maple Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Women, Famed for Beauty, Tell of Wonderful Powder

Marvelous New French Process Produces MELLO-GLO *Face Powder*

MELLO-GLO Facial Tone powder comes to you as the last word in fine face powders. Beautiful women everywhere praise its smoothness and purity. Made by a new French process, it stays on longer and will not enlarge the pores. MELLO-GLO banishes shiny noses, and protects the skin from that rough, aged look.

Its colors have passed the rigid tests of the United States government. MELLO-GLO is sifted and sifted through a fine silk mesh—mixed and remixed until it presents perfect uniformity. The special shade blends with your complexion and renews the tint of youth.

Your skin will never have that pasty, flaky look with MELLO-GLO. It is the smoothest, purest powder made, and will not irritate or smart the skin. To look younger—use MELLO-GLO. It has no substitutes. Only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula. One dollar at all stores.

Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address MELLO-GLO, Dept. 28, Statler Building, Boston.

The Best Records *from* New Pictures

By

Maurice Fenton

THOSE of you who saw and heard "Song of the Flame" know that Noah Beery sings a far meaner and deeper bass than many a basso who devotes himself exclusively to warbling for a living.

So successful was Father Noah's singing in that picture that he has recorded two songs on Brunswick wax.

They are the "One Little Drink" number from the above-mentioned operetta, and "The Whip," from "Golden Dawn," another First National singie.

"Dixiana," Bebe Daniels' new Radio Picture, comes to the records in a large way.

Everett Marshall, her leading man, sings two of his own songs from the film. They are "Goodbye, Old Pals," and "Mr. and Mrs. Sippi." Nat Shilkret and his Victor Orchestra record the latter, and on the other side is a "Dixiana" fox-trot made up of themes from the whole Harry Tierney score. These are all Victors.

One of the month's very best sellers comes in three forms.

It is "Singing a Song to the Stars," from "Way Out West," which is Willie Haines' new picture.

Lewis James tenors it for Victor. "Ukelele Ike" Edwards ukes and sings it for Columbia. Earl Burtnett's Los Angeles Biltmore Orchestra plays it for dancing.

These recorders can smell a hit afar off. This is one.

And then there's Helen Kane.

This month she does two on a record for Victor. They are "I've Got It," from "Young Man of Manhattan," and "My Man Is on the Make" from "Heads Up."

Aileen Stanley, that ace of stage and record singers, has put "I Love You So Much" on wax, with a Victor label.

It's the hit song from "The Cuckoos."

The California Ramblers also record it as a dance number under the Columbia brand.

J. Harold Murray, the operetta singer working for Fox films, sings two of his songs from "Women Everywhere" for the records.

They are "Smile, Legionnaire" and "Beware of Love."

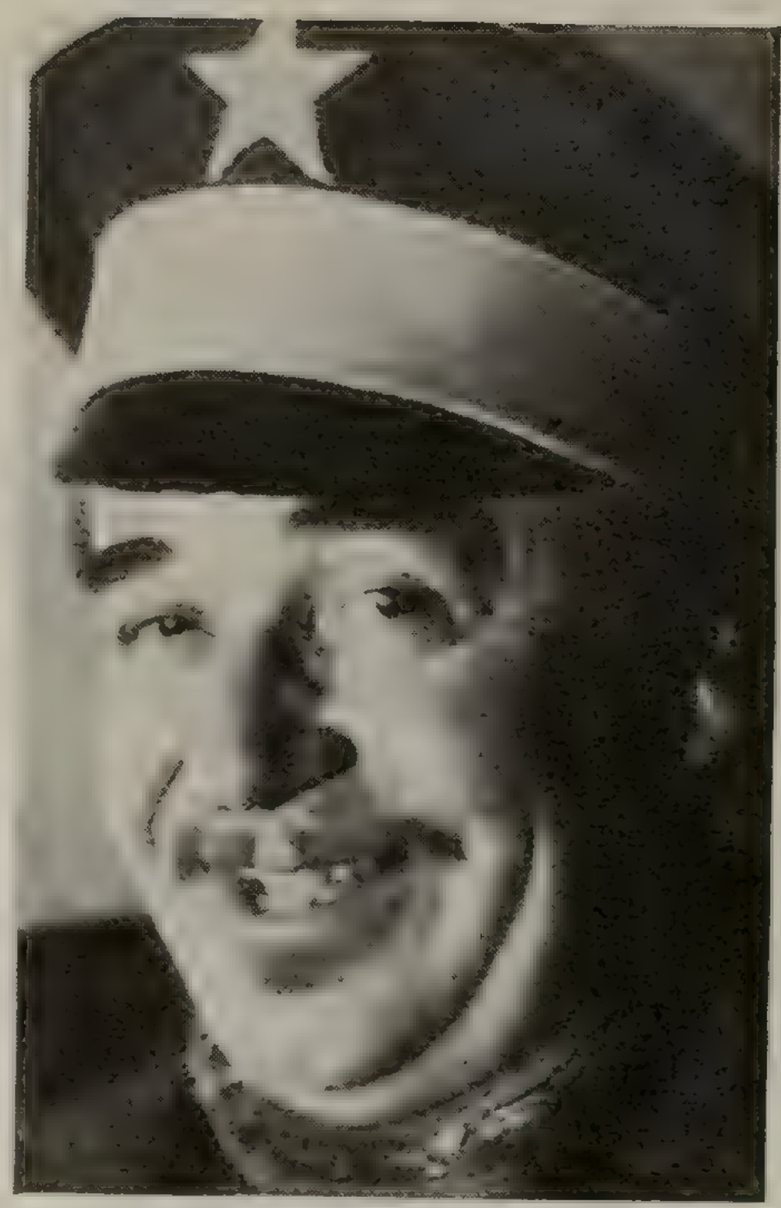
Now follows a list of general picture music. Reach in and take your pick!

LET'S GO NATIVE

I've Gotta Yen for You	Gus Arnheim's Orchestra	Victor
It Must Be Spring	Waring's Pennsylvanians	Victor

CALL OF THE FLESH

Lonely	Ben Selvin's Orchestra	Columbia



Noah Beery Records His Bass Songs!

IN GAY MADRID

Dark Night	Roger Wolfe Kahn's Orchestra	Brunswick
Into My Heart	Roger Wolfe Kahn's Orchestra	Brunswick

GOOD NEWS

If You're Not Kissing Me	Nat Shilkret's Orchestra	Victor

THE SEA BAT

Lo-Lo	Green Brothers Marimba Band	Victor
	Ben Selvin's Orchestra	Columbia

SUNNY SKIES

You for Me	The High Hatters	Victor
	Tom Cline's Music	Brunswick
Must Be Love	Eddie Walters (vocal)	Columbia

DANCING SWEETIES

The Kiss Waltz	Ben Bernie's Orchestra	Brunswick

BRIGHT LIGHTS

Nobody Cares If I'm Blue	Miss Lee Morse (vocal)	Columbia
	Marion Harris	Brunswick

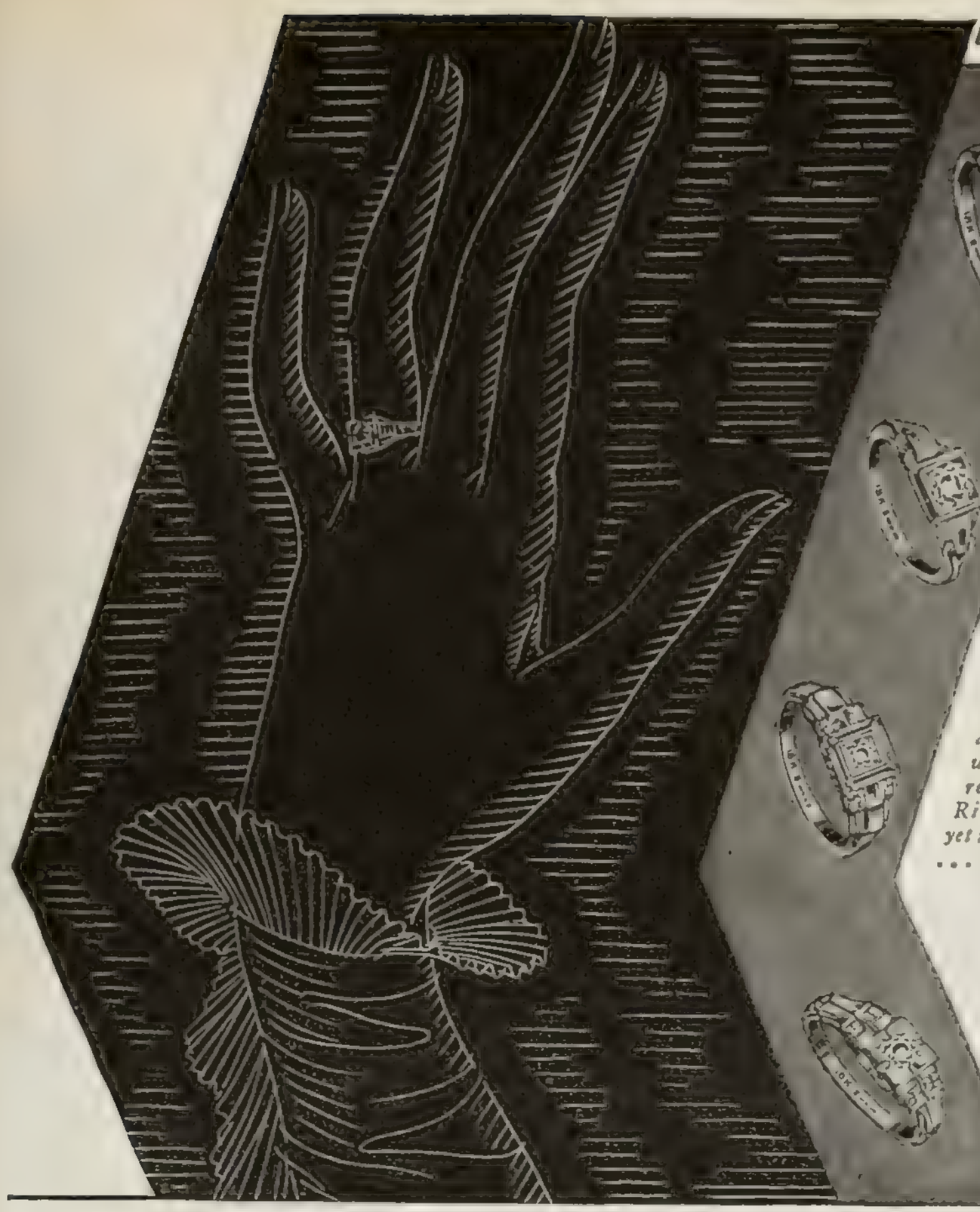
Two of filmland's favorite warblers are represented this month by two new double-faced discs. Both the boys have been toilers in the Metro-Goldwyn vineyard. The singers and their songs are:

CHARLES KING

Leave a Little Smile	Brunswick
Here Comes the Sun	Brunswick

CLIFF "UKELELE IKE" EDWARDS

Sing a Song to the Stars	Columbia
Sing a Pretty Little Thing	Columbia



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Beautiful blue white diamond set in finest 18K white gold . . . makes this exquisite Engagement Ring . . . $150.

Admirers of exquisite diamonds and pure 18K white gold will recognize this Ring's beauty - yet its price is only . . . $35.

So charming—so brilliant a diamond—yet so reasonably priced, 18K white gold... $50.

WOOD

DIAMOND WEDDING RINGS

5 of the finest diamonds set in a Flower of Love *circlet of pure 18K white gold . . . . $85.*

Other white gold or platinum styles $15 to $500.

Every stone in this full diamond circlet is carefully selected . . . set in a beautifully designed band of platinum..$200.

WEDDING RINGS

Other Wood Diamond Rings Priced Up to $5,000.00

EXQUISITE ACCENTS TO ANY HAND—

THESE RINGS CAN BE BOUGHT WITH CERTAINTY

More than with any other purchase, Jewelry has had to be bought chiefly on confidence. Now, a famous 80-year old house—pre-eminent for sound values over three generations—helps you to an *instant recognition* of value! The Wood name, the Wood Symbol, is instant—complete assurance—that the Ring that bears it may be bought with entire certainty that its style is exquisitely correct and modern, and that its value is honorable . . . whatever the price. Wedding Rings, Diamond Rings, Diamond Circlets, Stone Rings and Signets—marked "ꞩWood"—are inspired by designs direct from Paris. They can be found at most fine Jewelers from coast to coast.

The Symbol "ꞩWood" is in each Ring and on each Tag. And write us for "Lovers' Lament" a charming little story—which includes the new Ring styles—and name of your nearest Wood Jeweler.

The age-old orange blossom wreath delicately carved on this Flower of Love *Wedding Ring! $14. 18K white gold. Others in white gold or platinum $14 to $40.*

The Moderniste. *So modern! So suitable to today's smart bride . . . $14. 18K white gold. Other white gold or platinum styles $10 to $40.*

Matched Sets *—Diamond Engagement Rings and Wedding Rings to match. In* Flower of Love *or* Moderniste *designs, at a wide range of prices. Diamond Ring with seven diamonds $100, Wedding Ring, $15, in 18K white gold.*

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WOOD

FOOT SAVER SHOES

Animate your step with youthful verve in

FOOT SAVER SHOES

TURN your back on the folly of foot-fatigue! . . . Toss weariness where it belongs . . . Foot Saver Shoes bestow fresh fillip on feet weighed down with dullest care. Slip into a pair of these smart shoes and see what they do to your point of view! . . . Your mind grows joyously free. Strain gives way to tranquil poise. Your feet feel young and tireless . . . Because the body's weight is equalized —balanced—by Foot Saver's patented, inbuilt construction which firmly supports the sagging muscles of the arch. Yet this deft device in no way detracts from the sleek modishness of the shoes themselves . . . Let your step ripple forth with Foot Saver grace! . . . Let your eye revel in their surpassing chic!

Let us send you this New Style Portfolio!

Our Fall Fashion Booklet pictures many smart Foot Saver models. We shall be delighted to send it to you!

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Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.

October Birthdays

October 3—Claud Allister, Henry Clive, Charles Firthman, Warner Oland
October 4—Mary Emery, Dixie Gay, Buster Keaton, Carroll Nye
October 5—James Bradbury, Jr.
October 6—Janet Gaynor, Carol Lombard
October 7—Robert Leonard, Jack Mulhall
October 8—Finis Fox, William N. Robson
October 9—Marjorie Beebe, Jeanette Loff, Joseph Schildkraut
October 10—Harry Richman
October 11—Lowell Sherman, Lillian Hackett
October 12—James Bradbury, Sr., Karl Dane
October 13—Lenore Bushman, Malcolm McGregor, Irene Rich
October 15—Ina Claire, Mervyn Leroy, Claire Luce, P. G. Wodehouse
October 16—Rex Bell, Molly O'Day
October 17—Jean Arthur, Hapsburg Liebe, Marian Marsh, Marilyn Morgan
October 18—Richard H. Diggs, Jr.
October 20—Evelyn Brent, Charles Chase, Bela Lugosi, Marian Nixon
October 21—Lloyd Hughes
October 22—Robert Graves, Jr., Mitzi Green, James Hall, Gladys McConnell
October 23—Sally O'Neil, Lilyan Tashman
October 24—Byron Morgan
October 26—H. B. Warner, Buddy Messinger
October 27—John Boles
October 30—Sue Carol

Meet Rube Goldberg, the chap who has been making you laugh for years with his goofy cartoons and inventions. Rube has made a distinct hit in motion pictures, and the day after his first production for Fox, called "Soup to Nuts," was released (it is reviewed in this issue), two other producers tried to hook him up. Rube is not what you would call a handsome guy, but then he doesn't know how to make up for photographs like a lot of actors do

THEY CRADLED CRÊME DE MENTHE

...AND COOLER SMOKE

How much more pleasant is life because of these charming people ...these people who have discovered and fostered each new turn in enjoyment since enjoyment began. Thus, they were first to discover Spud and Spud's cooler smoke. They were first to recognize that cooler smoke cleared away the limitations on old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment...that cooler smoke sustained constant moist-cool mouth comfort, no matter how late or gay the evening. Thus, they cradled Spud... today's unquestioned freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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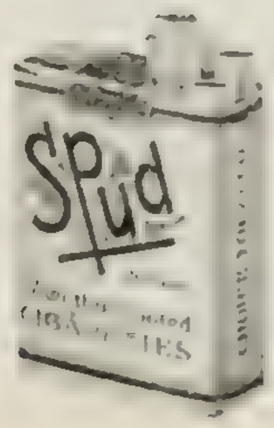

Beauty, Brains or Luck?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

rope or playing house. Nor were her 'teens patterned with gay prom dances and Saturday nights at suburban country clubs.

Mrs. Daniels moved to Hollywood feeling they might earn a better, surer living in motion pictures. Bebe, with her mother and her gallant little grandmother, often knew the pinch of want.

When she could get a job under the Kliegs, Bebe took it. But jobs at this particular time were not plentiful. She was too old for children's parts and too young for other parts. It was a serious problem. Being a capable young woman, Bebe overcame it by dressing up in her mother's clothes and securing a chance to appear as Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

Harold Lloyd was not then the brilliant personality he is today, but it must be remembered to Bebe's everlasting credit that she kept the fast pace he set, climbing into prominence with him.

FOR some years, however, it looked as though Bebe's star were waning. The producers to whom she was under contract felt her vogue was over. They cast her in miserable pictures with which they filled out their programs.

She is a young woman. It must have been intolerable for her to have been considered passé, to face the fact that the career for which she had worked so indefatigably was over and that the rest of her life she would be a "has-been." In the meantime, she gave every hour of her spare time to singing lessons and practice, in anticipation of the arrival of the talkies. She had no time to look yearningly backwards. She was entirely occupied looking forward.

The day her contract was concluded she did not pack her trunks and run away to Europe or South America where she might nurse her hurt pride unseen. She did one of the bravest things ever done in a town that has witnessed extremes of both cowardice and bravery. She applied for the title rôle of "Rio Rita."

This rôle was regarded in Hollywood as one of the plums of the season. Bebe had dragged out her contract in wretched pictures. Who was she to knock boldly on William LeBaron's door and say: "Will you please listen to me sing? I've been studying for years, and I want to play 'Rio Rita.'"

William LeBaron listened to Bebe. He had tests taken of her, in costume, singing. And you know she got the part.

Certainly it was smart of Bebe to anticipate the talkies, and quietly go about preparing for them. But it is her bravery through all those belittling, pride-searing months—her splendid courage in facing William LeBaron with a request for the most brilliant rôle of the season—that gives one the greatest pause.

IN the New York Forties, on both sides of Broadway, stand many dreary brownstone fronts. Dejected lace curtains hang at the windows and in the front parlor there is an intermittent sign, "Furnished Rooms."

Just such a house served as one of May Allison's New York addresses when she came up from Georgia, with her mother, ambitious to make her fortune.

Every day, whether the rain fell or the wind blew or the sun poured its heat on city pavements, May went out to interview agents, to leave her name and address, to list her accomplishments and the details of her type. And at six o'clock, when the agencies had closed, she returned to that little room where her mother waited. For months her only news was the same discouraging story—they would let her know when they had anything.

A life like this is trying for anyone, but to two gentlewomen, accustomed to the freedom and comfort of their own home and the friendliness of a little sleepy town in Tennessee, it must have been pretty nearly unendurable. At home, May had been a belle. Why not, with her soft, fair skin and her hair so very gold? But she was willing to sacrifice the present to the future.

Sultry summer nights, when the breathless air was steeped with city sounds and odors, May and Mrs. Allison must have remembered their home with longing. Surely they often knew a nostalgia for their old garden and the fragrant bouquet that hung over the veranda screened with lilacs and honeysuckle. And limited to frugal, Sterno-cooked meals, surely they grew hungry for the savory dinners their old darky cooked in her big kitchen down home.

But May carried on. She walked extra miles to save carfare, and brought home a bright carnation to her mother. Neither of them ever considered abandoning their ambitions. If

Sixteen, and signed for the movies! Any wonder this pretty child looks happy? Joan Castle, a youngster from Brooklyn, who was snapped up by Fox after they heard her sing on the radio

they were gentlewomen they were also thoroughbreds. The letters they wrote to the anxiously waiting family were always cheerful, and often enough there was nothing to make them that way.

As things turned out, it was May's beauty that gave her her first opportunity. "Everywoman" was cast. The director saw May, a golden seventeen with a voice like velvet. And he chose her to play *Beauty*.

But beauty alone wouldn't have sufficed for the trying years of fighting her way uphill that followed. As understudy for Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl," there were several times when Miss Claire was ill and May had to step on the stage to stand comparison with this favorite of Broadway's daughters. She did it so well that the part finally became hers.

All this took courage and brains. But always under the gold of the Allison hair there have been brains, and her eyes are blue badge of her courage.

Then, her future on the stage assured, May once again turned her back on security for uncertainty. She was farsighted enough to see the future in motion pictures. And if her first days in Hollywood weren't nearly so trying as her first days in New York, nevertheless once again she had to adjust herself to a totally strange world.

How quickly and brilliantly she did this, motion picture history tells. With Harold Lockwood she became one of the most popular co-stars on the screen. Her salary mounted. She lived graciously but carefully. She invested her money wisely. And always she remembered that across the sea lay strange lands, lands she wanted to know.

Her salary was twenty-five hundred dollars a week and her name might have been spelled in electric lights for many years more when she quit the studios. At last she was going to enjoy the fruits of her work. At last she was going to smell the Carthaginian rose. And she set sail on a trip around the world during which strange lands became familiar and dark-skinned people friends.

Today May Allison is a fulfillment of all she promised when, at seventeen, she dared leave the little town in which she reigned as a belle to make her way in an alien world.

THIS, our last story, began in Ystad, a small town in Sweden. The little houses were one story high, bright with peasant colors and crisp flowers in the little window boxes, but lacking any note of luxury or even comfort, as we understand it. Often enough the only gold the people of Ystad possessed was the bright Northern sunshine and the shine of their children's hair. To them the world was Ystad with its several shops, its festivals, its births, its marriages and its deaths. And because they had not been spoiled by too many things the people in Ystad were happy.

Even in such settlements, however, there are likely to be outstanding personalities. Such was Anna Querentia, the daughter of Nilsson, a tradesman. Anna was the leader when the children could be spared from household tasks for their noisy play.

She could tell the most beautiful stories; of other lands and other towns and of distant cities that pierced the blue of the sky with the shining tops of their buildings. Things the other children read about in text-books and found dull and stupid were to Anna Querentia as wonderful and beautiful as fairy stories.

She made the little Swedish boys and girls fairly hold their breath because she said she was going to sail across the sea to those cities . . . because she insisted she was going to America and pick up so much gold in the street that she would make her mother and father rich, so very rich her mother would wear a fine silk dress every day.

THE adults sometimes clucked disapproving tongues at Anna with her stories and that far-away look that came to her eyes, but the children always knew that what she told them would come true. Strangely enough, Anna had an invitation to go to America and visit with an aunt and uncle in Brooklyn for a few months. Her geography told her Brooklyn was just across a river from New York. She would see the tall, beautiful buildings and the streets filled with gold!

She found that the buildings did reach up as if to touch the sky, but there was no gold in the streets. As a matter of fact, the streets were quite dirty compared to the streets in Ystad. Still, Anna believed if she could stay in this land she would make her fortune. And when her mother and father wrote, saying they would expect her on the next Swedish ship that sailed, she ran away from Brooklyn.

Anna was twelve years old, with hair like skeins of heavy gold silk and eyes of the deepest blue. She took the only position she could get, that of a domestic servant. Her work was

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

"Please tell me . . ."

JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

HOW do you feel about your hair when you look in the mirror? Pleased, because you see such a satiny, becoming, *youthful* frame for your face? Or are you a little self-conscious because your hair looks limp, discouraged, dull?

Hair can make us look older, carelessly groomed. Or, if it is radiant with light and health, it can make us look younger, make our features look more piquant, make our eyes look brighter. And the encouraging part of it is that we can all improve our hair and make it, if we will, a shining, glorious crown to our charm.

"Too dry to wave naturally"

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair used to be very wavy and it waves now during the summer when my head gets hot and damp. But during the winter my hair seems to lose practically all its natural wave—and is very dry, especially after a shampoo. How can I keep my hair soft and restore the natural wave? Thank you.—E. B. K., Townsend, Mass.

IF we can once get rid of that over-dry condition for you, the natural wave ought to come back. Do you know that you can get a special shampoo just for dry hair . . . a pure vegetable-oil liquid shampoo that contains the soothing, softening glycerine which you find in many good skin-lotions? You can—and it leaves your hair softer and easier to manage. This shampoo is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. It's golden in color, and makes a wonderful lather. Then, as a further measure, get a little oil of sweet almonds at the drug store and drop a few drops on your scalp—not the hair—with a medicine dropper. Brush your hair every day to stir the oil glands to greater activity, and distribute the oil evenly over your hair. Then see if the natural wave doesn't show up even when the weather is cold and dry.

Help please! "Such oily hair"

Dear Miss Carroll: *Please*, oh please tell me what to do for my hair. I am "a neutral blonde" and my hair, like my skin, is dreadfully oily. Shortly after I wash it, it gets lank and stringy and I can't do anything with it. Think what *that* does to my looks!—D. A., Seven Oaks, Canada.

DEAR D. A., A head of the loveliest hair I nearly ever saw was "neutral blonde"—so shining and baby-soft that you wanted to touch it. Its owner had to struggle with oiliness too. She did what I hope you'll do. She got a special shampoo for oily hair, *Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*, and she washed her hair *and* washed it—every three days at first or whenever it showed a trace of oil. Then, gradually she had to wash it less often to keep it looking nice.

I can't urge you too strongly to use this special shampoo. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is pure, safe and gentle, and it's good for your hair. *Then*—and this is the grand part—it is very gently astringent. It tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands, so they don't send out quite so much oil. In addition, use bay rum on your scalp between shampoos. Give your hair sun-baths—not so strenuously that you burn out the life—but for fifteen minutes at a time. These—and the special shampoo—will tone up your scalp. And let me hear how your hair improves.

What to do for dandruff

Dear Miss Carroll: I certainly would appreciate some worthwhile advice. My hair is light brown, or at least that is as close as I can get to the color. It always did have sort of a dead-hair color. It is very dry and I have dandruff. I have tried shampooing with oily treatments, but without much luck.—Mrs. J. W., Kingsville, Md.

"DEAD-HAIR color"—goodness! If that's the way your hair looks, we certainly must do something to make it shining and alive. Of course, dandruff makes good-looking hair almost impossible . . . Dandruff may be dry or oily and you apparently have the dry kind.

So let's begin to get the best of that dandruff with a cake of Packer's Tar Soap. This soap has long been approved by doctors as a standard treatment for dandruff cases. Its rich lather is gently antiseptic and the pine tar certainly discourages dandruff germs. Don't be satisfied with an occasional shampoo—begin with three shampoos in a row—one a day for three days! Massage the piney lather well into your scalp. Don't think these daily shampoos are too much trouble—think of them as a prescription. They'll really help your scalp. Then shampoo every few days and finally once a week. You'll feel cheered up, I know, when you see how your hair improves in "tone" and shows its natural light and sparkle.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair beauty every Tuesday morning.

LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

(10¢ for one; 25¢ for all three)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 16-I, 101 W. 31st St., New York

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked:

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair
☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

I enclose_____cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10¢ for 1 sample; 25¢ for all 3).

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....no more
"Brittle Lashes"

NEW DISCOVERY

Beautifies Lashes the Natural way

Found: an entirely new way to accentuate the loveliness of lashes.

NEW... Different from any other preparation. Mascaras you have used so far often made lashes stiff—beady—brittle—coarse looking. Now you need not fear...

NEW... Winx with an entirely different "double treatment" formula. First it *darkens* lashes—gives them an enticing shadowy beauty. Then it *softens* lashes. Even brittle lashes become silky. And lashes that have been affected by ordinary mascaras soon regain their natural curliness. Regular treatment with this new Winx actually promotes the health and growth of eyelashes.

NEW... Winx comes in two forms:—*Liquid*, which gives those subtle—smart effects, is waterproof and can be applied so easily...

Cake—for soft, exquisite effects. In its silvery compact it is a chic accessory to dressing table or handbag.

At any drug or department store.

THE NEW
WINX
for lovely lashes

Beauty, Brains or Luck?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

hard. Her wages were small. Her position was humble. But she was in New York and it was a beginning. And she wrote her mother and father not to worry, that she had a job, that she would one day be rich and famous.

ANNA saved her wages. With Scandinavian thrift she wouldn't buy so much as a bright red ribbon for her hair. And month after month her little hoard increased.

Nights, after days of hard work, she became proficient in stenography and typing. This was another step up the steep ladder she was so very determined to climb. Once in a while she spared a few pennies to send picture post cards to the girls and boys in Ystad, postals that showed the great buildings. And she never mentioned that there was no gold in the streets.

It was through her employer that she met Harrison Fisher. He was struck by her blue eyes, by her hair like melted gold, and by the proud way she held her head, as if she were a queen. Anna's beauty began to appear on magazine covers. Penrhyn Stanlaws took her for his model, too, and insisted she was "The Prettiest Girl in America." Big shops tempted her with flattering offers if she would model in their hats, coats and gowns.

Those were the days when the motion pictures were beginning to claim attention. They didn't pay as much as Anna had received for her posing and modelling, but her blue eyes were on the future. So she devoted her talents to motion pictures exclusively. And if the way was often hard, what did that matter to a girl with the brave heart of a Viking?

For years now Anna's mother has worn a silk dress every day. But, otherwise, in spite of Anna's dreams all having come true, in spite of the money she sends home, her family live pretty much as they did when she was a girl. People in Ystad are like that.

During the last two years Anna Querentia has needed her brave heart and her shining courage. She has been crippled, an invalid. Returning to the studios too soon after a horseback accident she found herself with a leg that would not answer her bidding. Surgeons, doctors and osteopaths have consulted over her case with grave faces. Her bone refused to knit so that she could resume her activities and, in the talkies, make her way to greater glory. For a time it was feared Anna might never walk again. But Anna had faith.

"This new man is wonderful," she has insisted time and time again when some new doctor became interested in her case. "He knows his job. He will cure me."

Several months ago a very great surgeon examined Anna and finally explained that he could make her well again if she would let him operate, and if, after the operation, she would lie quietly and patiently for months. He warned her it would be very trying, very painful, and very long drawn out.

Anna agreed. She entered the hospital, to joke with the nurses, to tell the doctor he underestimated her recuperative powers and that she would mend quicker than he thought.

Always she has risen above her years of invalidism and suffering. Always she has kept her courage and spirit bright. And, today, she possesses the same determination that brought her, an immigrant girl, to international fame.

Today she proves the same courage that made it possible for her to forge the dreams dreamed in little Ystad into unbelievable, miraculous realities.

We are grateful to be able to write a happy ending to Anna Querentia's story. The last advices from her surgeon assure us that she soon will be about again, well and strong . . . and that before the year is out she will be able to resume her place upon the screen.

Like so many of the girls in motion pictures, Anna never will be seen as a greater heroine than she has proved in reality, or in a story more dramatic than her own.

AND still people say, "She got a lucky break!" or, "Movie stars, they're beautiful but dumb!" As if finding success in the movies and keeping it is one iota different from achieving and retaining success in any crowded, competitive field.

Beauty, brains *and* backbone . . . not any one of these but all three are the stuff of which the stars are made. And luck—well, that's just incidental.

Married at last, after a three year engagement! Vivian Duncan and Nils Asther, who were married in Reno, Nev., early in August. They spent a brief week-end holiday at Lake Tahoe

Men want MATES ...not *martyrs*

Mrs. Martha Lang points a way to regain that precious companionship—through this modern method of eliminating home's most burdensome task.

GONE is the old-fashioned notion that successful wifehood meant drudgery. Modern husbands want *modern wives.* And just as they are accustomed to the most scientific methods in their work, so they like their homes to be run on a scientific basis. That is why old-fashioned washday is a thing of the past in eight million American homes.

Mrs. Martha Lang, Consultant in Improved Methods at the American Institute of Laundering, has helped make it possible for you to obtain exactly the kind of washday service you require. When you send your clothes to the laundry nowadays, each step of the washing process is as gentle, as safe, as modern science can make it.

There is a present-day laundry in your community, ready to serve you. Mrs. Martha Lang urges you to "Let the Laundry Do It" this week. Gain that precious freedom which will enable you to become a real mate to your husband!

(*Above*) *Mrs. Martha Lang, discussing improved laundry methods with research scientists at American Institute of Laundering, the industry's "proving ground." Here experts are constantly developing ever more efficient ways of handling your weekly washing.*

(*Left*) *Good grooming for men demands the laundry-finished shirt and collar. When the present-day laundry does a shirt, it holds its neatness all day long*

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Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Be FAIR *to your* HAIR

Clean, healthy, luxuriant and well-arranged hair is a decided asset to any woman or man. When your hair begins to get thin and lose its lustre, watch out—it's nature's warning.

Brittle, dry hair and unsightly dandruff can be relieved almost immediately the "Val-N-Cha way."

Keep your scalp clean and healthy—give your hair the exercise and nourishment it needs and nature will do its own work. America's foremost beauticians and barbers employ the "Val-N-Cha Twins" to conquer their most stubborn hair and scalp problems.

These experts have searched the world over for aids to insure hair health and thousands of them claim that their quest has ended in the "Val-N-Cha Twins."

Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment, the refreshing shampoo—a vegetable oil without oiliness—absolutely without alkali—purely an oil but washes out in plain water, adding new softness, life and lustre—rids the scalp of grime and natural or unnatural accumulations—conquers psoriasis—stimulates growth.

Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic, healing and soothing—twelve fragrant ingredients in one secret blend, bringing youth and health to your hair and keeping it tractable without greasiness or plastered stiffness.

Thousands of unsolicited testimonials that Val-N-Cha "helps nature" is the reason for our money-back guarantee.

In the larger cities good beauticians and barbers use Val-N-Cha Oil Treatment and Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic professionally. Perhaps your druggist has not yet stocked it so if you are unable to obtain it please check the coupon below and mail it with your remittance to the Banner Manufacturing Co., Banner Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.

Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment and Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic are priced at one dollar ($1.00) per bottle.

Your order will come to you postage paid

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Banner Manufacturing Co.,
Banner Building, Detroit, Mich.
Enclosed please find $_____ for which you may send me
☐ 1 bottle Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment.
☐ 1 bottle Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

SINCE the curveless figure came in a few years ago, a large percentage of American women have been struggling valiantly to keep down the billows by various diets and exercises.

Others have been merely wishing.

Ten years ago, before the day of the so-called "Hollywood Diet," promoted by the grapefruit barons, our girls were more buxom. And liked it. Even so, there were those who decided, in the privacy of their boudoirs, that they could do nicely with fifteen or twenty pounds less tonnage.

FOR these, PHOTOPLAY printed, in its issue for October, 1920, a two-page story headed, "Do You Want to Reduce?"

It told—with illustrations—how four of the cinema's fairest kept their figures within bounds. And there wasn't a grapefruit, a lamb chop or a surgeon's knife in the lot!

Take the case of Geraldine Farrar, opera star turned movie queen ten years ago. Gerry, the flappers' goddess, reduced from 185 to 135 for her picture work. No starches or candy, enough exercise, eight hours' sleep, and poof! Off went fifty pounds!

Alice Brady reported no trouble. Hard work in the studio by day and the theater by night did the trick. Dorothy Dalton also said that her stage work in "Aphrodite" kept down the weight.

The beloved Geraldine Farrar as she looked in the film "Joan of Arc," at the time she was reducing from 185 to 135 pounds

But Mae Murray! Ah! Mae, then the sophomores' delight, said she didn't want to be thin, avowing that men liked the girls "well-rounded." And Mae said she kept perfectly rounded on a milk diet.

And there's the reducing idea a decade ago.

ONE of our personality stories this month is about Bobby Harron, D. W. Griffith's bashful boy actor—just promoted to stardom after years of the old master's training in the famous Pickford-Gish-Mae Marsh-Barthelmess troupe.

Bobby was a modest soul. Really little to tell about that short, uneventful life and career. He began in that old Biograph cutting room as a small boy, and then played bits at five dollars a week. Then slow promotion to featured rôles. Then, at the door to stardom, he was accidentally shot and killed.

Bobby's only a memory now—and only in the hearts of those who were ardent fans in what are now jokingly called "The Biograph Days."

EVERYBODY is agog, just now, to know whether Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels are married. Harold denies it absolutely and *in toto* . . . Incidentally, the droll Cal York remarks this month that up to the moment of going to press Constance Talmadge had not been reported engaged to anyone. Impossible! . . . If you were wondering, in 1920, what had become of Edith Storey, of Old Vitagraph fame, we told you at once that she had signed with Robertson-Cole and had just appeared in a picture called "Moon Madness." . . . Here's a picture of George B. Seitz, with June Caprice and Marguerite Courtot, off to Spain to make a picture. Seitz then was a dashing he-man actor, often in serials. Now he is a dignified director for Radio Pictures, and Marguerite and June—oh, where are they? . . . Lieut. Omer Locklear, famous stunt aviator for pictures, has just been killed when his plane crashed 10,000 feet while cameras ground. . . .

THE learned Burns Mantle, head of our Shadow Stage crew, hasn't much to work on this month in the way of swell pictures.

He starts off with a review of Norma Talmadge's new picture, "Yes or No?" and calls it "interesting." The cast contains Lowell Sherman, Rockliffe Fellowes, Gladden James and Natalie Talmadge.

Then comes "The Fighting Chance," with Anna Querentia Nilsson and Conrad Nagel. Mantle calls the latter "a promising young juvenile of the screen who is not pretty enough to spoil him and still attractive enough to have a following." In the light of a decade, Burns tabbed Nagel pretty well.

Billie Burke's new picture is "Away Goes Prudence." Mickey Neilan directs Pat O'Malley and Agnes Ayres in "Go and Get It." Alma Rubens, Montagu Love and Gaston Glass appear in "The World and His Wife." Mabel Normand in "The Slim Princess," Charlie Ray in "Homer Comes Home," and Harold Lloyd in "High and Dizzy."

MARY and Doug, honeymooning abroad, spent the Fourth of July in Coblentz, Germany, where they were entertained by portions of the American Army of Occupation . . . Elliott Dexter has left the Cecil De Mille camp . . . The young lady named Hope Hampton has just appeared in her second picture. It is called "Tiger Lady." And our story goes on to say that "Jack Gilbert, young actor whom Maurice Tourneur took under his wing and made assistant director, will guide Miss Hampton's screen destinies in the future." Yep—it's our Jack . . . Anna Q. Nilsson is going back to Sweden to visit the folks and perhaps make a picture . . . Hoot Gibson, a Universal cow-hand, is going to be promoted to feature pictures . . . And here's one even we can't answer—what's become of Mary Fuller? The former Edison leading woman has just faded from sight. (Some years ago we found that Miss Fuller was living in retirement in Washington, D. C.)

TIDBITS of the October issue—

Universal takes a whole page to advertise its new star, Carmel Myers, in "In Folly's Trail," first of eight pictures.

Here's a full-page picture of a pretty young girl smiling out of a Kodak advertisement. Right—it's Eleanor Boardman, who was the famous "Kodak Girl" then. She Kodaked As She Went, in those days.

More than 400 ring styles in iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled or unjeweled —all readily identified by this tag

This engagement ring at $100 in white gold...$150 in iridio-platinum...others according to jeweling; the wedding ring, in white gold, $12 . . . others up to $500.

By their rings

WOMEN JUDGE WOMEN

You notice other women's rings . . . other women will notice yours. By the smartness, beauty and correctness of engagement and wedding rings, the taste of the wearer is judged. In making this important purchase, you need not be content with less than the best, for GENUINE Traub Orange Blossom rings cost no more than inferior imitations...yet assure the ultimate in style, the finest quality in diamonds and the superior workmanship of Traub craftsmen. Insist upon Traub Orange Blossom...at the better jewelers'.

Our interesting booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request. Ask your jeweler, too, about the new vogue in scarf pins.

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TRAUB

No Ring Without This Trade Mark Is Genuine Orange Blossom

TRADE ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK

"It's certainly a pleasure to use my Velvetskin PATTER

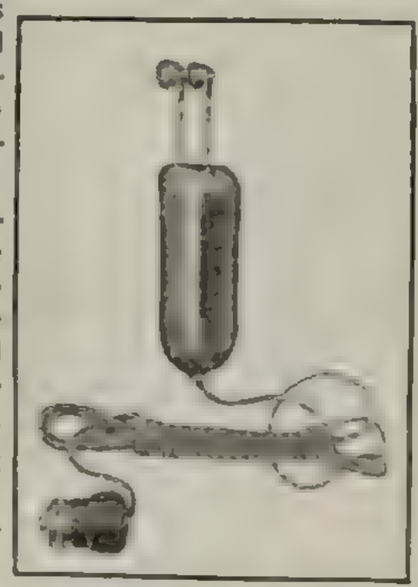
TRADE MARK REG.

Irene Delroy

Miss Delroy, famed musical comedy favorite, now a Warner Brothers picture star, certainly sounded a keynote when asked about her **Velvetskin Patter** . . . for this marvelous little home beauty expert really makes an **exhilarating pleasure** of a former **task.** Miss Delroy says:

"It is certainly a pleasure to use my **VELVETSKIN PATTER.** So thoroughly does it stimulate and refresh the skin and muscles of my face that no matter how tired I may be my face never seems to show it."

For your complexion's sake use the **Velvetskin Patter.** Proper stimulation of the facial muscles is all important . . . and must be attained by gentle patting. The fingers of the **Velvetskin Patter** work in creams and emollients and accomplish the pore-deep cleansing so necessary for a perfect complexion.



The **Velvetskin Patter** is available in the three popular boudoir colors . . . Jade Green, Orchid, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match.

If you cannot find it in your favorite shop or store, mail the coupon below.

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Connecticut Telephone & Electric Corporation
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Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one **Velvetskin Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.
Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, $5.00.
Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, $7.50.
Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.
Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.

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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

EVELYN LAYE ("Lilli," Goldwyn-United Artists) will soon break upon our view as the latest British contribution to the screen's blonde beauties. An ornament of English musical comedy for some years, the dainty Evelyn scored a triumph in New York last winter in the Noel Coward operette, "Bitter-Sweet." After that, Hollywood was a sure shot.

JAMES RENNIE ("The Bad Man," First National) hardly needs introducing, but his first appearance in talkies gets him in here. He met Dorothy Gish when leading man in one of her silent pictures years ago, and married her. They still care. Rennie has been an able and prominent stage leading man for years, and made many silent appearances in the old days.

CLAUDIA DELL ("Big Boy," Warners) is one of Ziegfeld's loveliest graduates. Claudia (real last name Smith, of the San Antone Smiths) is a tall, lovely blonde in the true "Follies" tradition. After her musical comedy experience, she went West to seek her fortune in pictures, and Warners signed her for five years. She débuted in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

CHARLES STARRETT ("The Best People," Paramount) is a lad to watch. Paramount seems to have great faith in him. He's not long out of Dartmouth, with one semi-professional picture job and a little stage experience behind him. Now he is in fast company, playing in this picture with Carol Lombard, Frank Morgan and Miriam Hopkins. Good luck, Chuck!

CATHERINE MOYLAN ("Easy Going," M-G-M) is the second Ziegfeld beauty whose talkie dawn we hail this month. Catherine is another typical pippin of the type favored by the old girl-show maestro. She appeared in such Ziegfeld flash operas as "Rio Rita," "Rosalie" and "Whoopee." Now she is under Metro contract, and has worked in three films.

FRED KERR ("Raffles," Goldwyn-United Artists) is the prime portrayer of grumpy old English noblemen on stage or screen. Mr. Kerr is a real veteran of the British and American theaters. He made his talkie début in "A Lady of Scandal," playing the same rôle he had on the stage and scored an instantaneous success with it.

KAY HAMMOND ("The Trespasser," United Artists) brought a wealth of good stage training to her performance as the crippled wife in the Swanson talkie hit, and will add many more to her screen gallery in time to come. Miss Hammond has long been one of the foremost stock leading women in the country, playing scores of rôles in all sorts of plays.

JACK HALEY ("Follow Thru," Paramount) began, as so many do, in vaudeville. He was a member of the well-known team of Crafts and Haley. You've seen 'em. Jack broke upon Broadway in a very large manner as the comedy lead in the stage production of "Follow Thru," the golf musical show, and Paramount naturally picked him for the picture version.

ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .

to blend with your complexion

TANGEE

Look for the name TANGEE on the package; patronize the store that gives you what you ask for. Tangee *Lipstick,* $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact,* 75c . . . *Crême Rouge,* $1. *Face Powder,* blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream,* both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream,* a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic,* a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee changes as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For Tangee gives a natural glow without thickness or substance . . . permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much Tangee you apply and upon your own natural coloring.

Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base . . . it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals. And it lasts twice as long as other lipsticks.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

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Name . . . . . .

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A Clean, Fresh Tie★

HIS appearance should mean much to you. Spotless garments help bring success. Keep his ties clean with Energine—it's easy!

Simply moisten a clean cloth with Energine. A gentle rub or two! The spot vanishes! Takes but a minute, for Energine dries instantly. Leaves no odor!

Energine will quickly and thoroughly remove dirt and grease spots from ties without wrinkling or taking out the crease. Positively harmless to the finest fabrics.

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You soon become an expert in removing spots with Energine by following the simple directions on every label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and, like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

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MOTION PICTURE OPERATORS EARN THIS - and MORE

Big Pay — Easy Work — Short Hours

YOU can quickly qualify for one of these well-paid positions. Big demand now for motion picture projectionists—in theatres, schools, industrial motion pictures or for spare-time entertainments!

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Short Subjects *of the* Month

THE remaking of famous shorts and serials of the silent days with sound, talk and effects has now arrived in the field.

One of the first of these to be redone with chatter is the famous "Leather Pushers." The first chapter of the talkie version is reviewed below.

HOOKS AND EYES

Universal

Those who remember Reginald Denny in the silent version of "Leather Pushers" will be interested to see the noted series gone talkie. Kane Richmond is now the good looking hero, and others in the cast are Sam Hardy, Sally Blane and Jack White. First chapter is excellent.

PRIZE PUPPIES

Educational

The latest brief laughter from the *atelier* of the mincing Lloyd Hamilton. Bulbous Lloyd carries the burden alone, as the dialogue is pretty feeble. He plays a vagabondish soul who somehow gets mixed up as judge of a dog show. Hamilton's mannerisms get most of the haw-haw-haws.

AVERAGE HUSBANDS

Sennett-Educational

One of Old Comedy-Master Sennett's most sophisticated and brilliant parlor comedies. Situations are proved immeasurably funnier than custard pie. Andy Clyde, slinky Natalie Moorhead, funny Pat O'Malley and suave Albert Conti—isn't that a cast to conjure with for cleverness?

THE RAP

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy here graduate into longer pictures, and while they aren't quite so good here as in compressed chucklers, the picture is plenty funny. The boys get sent up for selling home brew, and get caught in a jail break. You'll recognize some of "The Big House" sets.

MARCHING TO GEORGIA

Christie-Paramount

The feature of this is the acrobatic comedy of Buster West, one of the nation's outstanding hoofers. Buster and his father, John West, are sailors—with Buster in love with John's daughter (in the film). Complications in a boarding school, and considerable slapsticky hilarity.

THE SONG PLUGGER

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

Joe Frisco is the cigar-smoking jazz dancer whose first short, "The Benefit," was very successful. His imitation of Helen Morgan made it so. Here he plays an employee of a music publishing house. He sings a little, hoofs a little and tells a long yarn about his first wife.

THE FIGHTING PARSON

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Another Harry Langdon that needs story and good dialogue, though this has its amusing moments. Harry plays his usual sappish character, with a little guitar plunking, singing and dancing. In the supporting cast are such superlative girls as Thelma Todd and Nancy Dover.

THE RIGHT BED

Coronet-Educational

Edward Everett Horton, whose rep increases comedy by comedy, stars in this domestic matter. Eddie comes home late at night, to find a strange blonde in his bed. But—he! he!—it turns out to be only his wife after all, wearing a yellow wig. Quiet but funny in Eddie's style.

THE BEAR SHOOTERS

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Our Gang is up to its old tricks, but dialogue hasn't helped the kids any. They make a lot of faces, but the action is slowed up. Here they go on a camping trip, with a mule for company, and get mixed up with a couple of bad men. Old pal Farina gets most of the chuckles.

VACATION LOVE

Sennett-Educational

One of those hilarious mix-ups that happen only at ritzy summer resorts—in the movies. Andy Clyde's moth-eaten moustache gets tangled up with vampish Betty Boyd in a boisterous *affaire*. Ben Bard, John Darrow and cute Patsy O'Leary supply other angles of the ha-ha-heart interest. Lots of laughs.

THE POTTERS

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

This is probably the best series of talking comedies made to date. The adventures of this everyday American family are very funny. In this chapter *Pa Potter*, wonderfully played by Lucien Littlefield, decided to become a duck hunter. And such hunting!

TWO PLUS FOURS

Pathe

This is another campus comedy—but with the phoniest collegiates imaginable. Nat Carr, leading comic, plays a college tailor about to be dispossessed when these incredible college youths come to his aid. Thelma Hill furnishes the beauty end of a mild matter.

THE ROUNDER

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is one of the best shorts of recent months—an excellent comedy with a fine cast consisting of the nonchalant Jack Benny, George K. Arthur, Polly Moran and Dorothy Sebastion—all feature players. It's a little farce about a soused gentleman who ambles into the wrong room.

THE LAUREL AND HARDY MURDER MYSTERY

Hal Roach-M-G-M

This is a screamingly funny burlesque on the murder mystery thing. Laurel and Hardy try to chisel in as heirs of a wealthy man's estate. The will is read in a hokum spook-ridden house, and all the old foolery gets gales of laughs. Another boost for this team.

SESSIONS CLOCKS

The clock above, also starred in "Danger Lights", is the Elf. It comes either electric or spring wound. Finished in rose, blue, green or ivory. Electric $9.7 .. Sessions Banjo clocks, all sizes, mahogany or colors, like the one shown in the still at the right, either electric or spring wound. Very reasonable in price.

STARRED

IN FEATURE PICTURE

To Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur, in "Danger Lights", time is of uppermost importance As the great train plunges toward Chicago, life and death depend on speed and time.

The first railroad drama of the talking screen. One of the most exciting railroad stories ever told. A beautiful girl. Two brave men. Without regret she offers her life for one...Fate intervenes. And then the race...the fearful race with time that makes your blood run cold.

See this daring, tingling drama. "Danger Lights" will reach your city soon. See the Sessions Clocks, co-stars with Mr. Wolheim, Mr. Armstrong and Miss Arthur.

"Danger Lights," Radio Pictures' Crashing Railroad Drama Depicts Exciting Race With Time

"What time is it?" How much that question sometimes can mean! Even life or death, in the rampant blood-tingling story told by "Danger Lights," high spot feature production of Radio Pictures. That question, more and more intensely asked as "Danger Lights" unfolds, scene after scene, is answered faithfully by Sessions Clocks.

"What time is it?" In homes throughout the country Sessions Clocks answer faithfully. Sessions Synchronous Electric Clocks. Sessions spring wound clocks of all descriptions. The famous Sessions Westminster Chime Clocks, whose mellow, magic old world witchery you've heard on the radio. No matter what type of clock you need, Sessions makes it. Dozens of exquisite styles at popular prices. The clocks picked by Radio Pictures to co-star with Louis Wolheim, Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur.

SESSIONS CLOCKS

Millions
use this aid to eye beauty and health

Murine is used by millions of people to keep their eyes clear, bright and healthy. Many have been using it for over 30 years! It relieves the eyes of irritation and strain, and noticeably enhances their sparkle.

You owe it to your eyes to cleanse them daily with beneficial *Murine*. A month's supply costs 60c at drug and department stores. Try it soon!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Be a Nurse

Make $30-$35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 31 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved $100 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 60 years. Money-back agreement.

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Please send me your free, fascinating booklet, "Splendid Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

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How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

I *know* how—for I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face, lips, arms, etc. Then I discovered a simple, painless, harmless, inexpensive method. It succeeded with me and thousands of others. My FREE Book "Getting Rid of every Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains theories and tells actual success. Mailed in plain sealed envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 566, Chicago.

MOLES and WARTS

Rid your face, neck, arms and body of all unsightly moles and warts with "ANTIMOLE". One application does it. Safe—easy to use—painless—leaves no scar. Used successfully by physicians, skin specialists and beauty experts for 28 years. Write for FREE booklet on treating all kinds of moles and warts.

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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

used, but they must be chosen carefully and directions followed implicitly. Some skins are irritated by bleaches, so it is wise to try out a bleach on your arms for a few nights before using it on your face, neck and shoulders.

All bleaching is necessarily slow, and you can't hasten it without harming your skin and perhaps your health. It's like dieting—it has to be done sanely and with patience. Remember, your tan didn't come in a day, either—not if you acquired it without burning.

Proper make-up will smooth your path amazingly. If your neck continues several shades darker than your face, use powder that is just a shade lighter than your neck. Apply it generously to the neck first, and then work it up into the skin of your face, blending the uneven coloring into one smooth surface.

If your eyebrows are overshadowed by the depth of your skin tones, emphasize them with eyebrow pencil. You may find that a more brilliant cheek and lip rouge has become necessary, or a bit of eye shadow. On the other hand, many girls have found that tan has brought out a new beauty in eyes and lips and made less make-up necessary, except under artificial lights.

And don't forget that shoulders which will emerge from evening gowns must be given the same attention as the face. And so must hands.

ARDENT ADMIRER:

You make me feel like a movie star! Thank you.

You are only a few pounds overweight, not a serious fault in a growing girl. Just cut down on sodas and candy, but don't eat less at mealtime. I'm assuming you are interested in some active sport and that you walk a normal amount.

If you have tried the bitter aloes treatment and failed, you will have to cure yourself of nail-biting simply by deciding not to do it. If you forget now and then, just start over again, and after a little time you will find yourself free from that unpleasant and disfiguring habit. I know you want pretty hands, so it's worth working for.

BROWN EYES:

I think you should discontinue the facial treatments, as they may be partly responsible for the condition of your skin. At any rate, from what you tell me it is evident they are not correcting it. Right now it would seem wiser to keep your face scrupulously clean with a bland soap and warm water supplemented occasionally by a cream or liquid cleanser, followed by a mild astringent. My skin leaflet will give you some helpful advice on the general care of the complexion and the removal of blackheads. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request.

Some girls don't consult their mirrors seriously or often enough, but you are going to the other extreme. Stop searching for small flaws. If you have made abrasions with tweezers that were not deftly handled you will have to give them time to heal. Train yourself to keep your fingers away from your face, except when you are giving it necessary care, and I'm sure you will see excellent results in a few months.

MARION S.:

Dark circles under the eyes are sometimes matters calling for medical attention. Sometimes they are the result of eyestrain or insufficient rest. Unless they are very pronounced I don't think you need worry about them.

You can wear clear, transparent reds that are not too vivid; pale yellow; rich blues and green-blue; orchid; beige, black with touches of white, and all-white.

Your make-up will depend to some extent on what colors you are wearing. Generally, I believe the raspberry shades in rouge and lipstick, with a light rachel powder, should be becoming. When you wear yellow and beige shades you may find an orange tinted make-up more harmonious, although you will have to be careful not to overdo it.

LAUREL:

Strange as it may seem at first glance, incorrect diet is frequently largely responsible for excessive oiliness of the hair. Eat plenty of leafy vegetables, fruit and salads. Cut down a trifle on starches, fats and oils, and drink more water.

For local treatment of the scalp, nothing surpasses daily brushing with a firm, blunt bristle brush. This may seem to make your hair even more oily at first, but it will gradually help to normalize the functioning of the oil glands and improve the general tone of the scalp by stimulating circulation. Gentle massage with the finger tips is also excellent. Then shampoo as often as necessary, let the sun and wind get at your hair frequently in moderate doses, and you will see great improvement. Reputable hair tonics and lotions are also of value in improving the general tone of the scalp and overcoming dandruff.

PAULINE M. R.:

You probably reduced too strenuously. Naturally, when the body weight is brought down rapidly the face becomes thin. If you are eating normally again your cheeks will gradually fill out, but it may take some time—longer than it does to put flesh back on your body. In the meantime, massage with nourishing creams will be helpful and will keep the skin stimulated. Be careful to pat in the cream instead of pulling the skin, as rapid reduction leaves the skin loose and it can easily be pulled into wrinkles. You have nothing to worry about if you give your face the proper care.

LAUREL M.:

I have read and re-read your letter, Laurel, and I just can't see why a girl of your type should not be popular. Either you are trying so hard to be attractive to boys that they sense your overzealousness in bidding for their attention, or you are not getting the right opportunities to meet boys who like nice girls. You are very young, however, and the next few years will probably mean a great deal to you in bringing you companionship and invitations. Don't fret about it and don't miss any opportunities for wholesome good times with boys. Join all the clubs and other organizations you can that will give you the right contacts.

E. E.:

All exercises that stretch the ankles are helpful in reducing them. Walking about your bedroom without shoes and on tiptoe is a good practice. Raising on tiptoe, up and down, twenty times a day is also helpful. And here are two exercises that are especially good:

Stand erect, feet together and hands on hips. With right leg supporting weight of body, swing left leg forward and backward easily, like the pendulum of a clock, going as far forward and as far backward as possible without strain. Repeat a dozen times, alternating with the other foot.

Jump rapidly from one leg to the other, trotting like a pony but standing always in the same spot. Lift knee each time as high as you can. Do this about 20 times.

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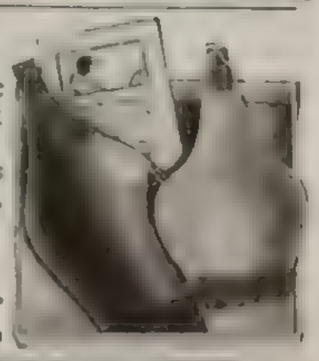

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Josie, Your Blood-Pressure!

Hackensack, N. J.

It's just too bad some of these men that Rudy Vallée makes so sick don't get sick enough to die. Then they could accuse him of murder. They've accused him of most everything else. Why do they listen to him or go to see him? It's easy to snap off the radio, and nobody is ever pushed into a theater.

JOSEPHINE DUNN.

Bow, Clara Bow

Somerville, Mass.

In spite of the many rumors of Clara Bow's waning popularity since the oncome of talkies, I still think she's the most vibrant, peppy creature in the movies. I've seen her picture, "Love Among the Millionaires," and think it's the best thing she has done so far in her career. As a comedienne she's perfect, and she can emote as well as Chatterton, Garbo, Swanson or any of the other clever emotional actresses. Clara Bow is the ideal American girl in my estimation—pretty, peppy, *chic* and intelligent.

JOSEPH T. MACGILLVARY.

Feel Better Now, Martin?

Racine, Wis.

A brickbat for my favorite screen magazine. Once upon a time I was firmly convinced that for a player's name to appear in PHOTOPLAY'S list of best performances of the month was an honor practically equal to a picture's winning PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal. But I fail to see any great honor for one of my favorites to be listed in a gathering that has of late included the names of Mary Brian, Alice White, John Boles and Al Jolson.

Lay off Clara Bow and John Gilbert. I'd still go to see Clara and John and like them if Clara was as fat as the fat lady in a circus and John talked in a high falsetto. As a matter of fact, John's voice is all right, and the only people who find fault with it are jealous critics who made up their minds beforehand not to like it.

Of course I do not expect to see this published. You publish only the letters that praise. Still, this letter *would* be published if I confessed that I was a terribly bad person who went to a theater and saw an Alice White picture and instantly burst into tears, making my reformation so complete that I would be satisfied with nothing less than taking home a box of candy for my toothless mother! You should call your letter department "Bouquets and Dear Little Nosegays."

MARTIN JACOBSEN.

Praise for Janet

Dallas, Texas.

I believe that Janet Gaynor is absolutely right. I think she is wise to wait until she can get suitable parts. We enjoyed her in "Sunny Side Up," but there has never been an equal to "7th Heaven." She did real acting, and she isn't the type for musical comedy.

LOIS BONNER.

Janet Is Scolded

Watertown, Conn.

I was rather surprised, and not a little put out, to read of Janet Gaynor's dislike for rôles such as she had in "Sunny Side Up." I saw Miss Gaynor in one of the parts she seems to like so well, and from that time on her name on the billing was sufficient to keep me away from the theater. When "Sunny Side Up" came along I had no intention of going, but I heard such glowing accounts that I finally went. I sat through it twice that night and have seen it three times since.

My attitude toward the star underwent a complete change, and I saw "High Society Blues" merely because Miss Gaynor was in it. Perhaps I am wrong, but I think she is at her best in such pictures as "Sunny Side Up."

T. C. ATWOOD.

The Chaney Voice

Reading, Penna.

After seeing Lon Chaney in his first talkie, "The Unholy Three," it is impossible to sit still and not say what I feel. The man of many faces is far more wonderful than ever as the man with many voices.

CHARLES L. GORDON.

Censure, Merited and Otherwise

Detroit, Mich.

I see your magazine occasionally, although I do not buy it, because I have acquired scruples which make anything connected with the screen repugnant to me. I consider the vast majority of people connected with the screen a depraved lot morally, and I think their pictures are typical of their characters.

Decent people, *not like me*, but *like what I would like to be*, can stay away from these performances, but who can protect them against the titles to some of these pictures? It is an infernal crime to plaster billboards and newspapers from one end of this country to the other with such titles. Decent people cannot refer to them. I have a small daughter in her eighth year. Can I ask her, even if I were a movie "fan"atic, "Would you like to see 'Her Unborn Child,' Pearlie?"

I appeal to you because I believe you conduct as decent a magazine as is possible in furthering the business of such a soul-destroying industry.

A. C. CARRIER.

This Should Start Something!

Chicago, Ill.

I approve of Magdelene Einert who said in the August issue that she threw out the Garbo pictures for those of Norma Shearer. I did that long ago. There isn't a person on the screen who can compare with Norma.

DORA JAMISON.

It Seems To Be a Game

Lafayette, Ind.

Of course, Norma Shearer is a fascinating actress, and delightfully beautiful, but compared with Garbo, she hasn't even a chance. Garbo is the embodiment of all things glamorous and unreal. Norma Shearer is the embodiment of all things modern and delightfully real. But, frankly, I prefer Garbo's type to Shearer's.

LEONA ANDREWS.

To Joan

Detroit, Mich.

Why all this raving about Garbo? She may be beautiful but she hasn't the dynamic personality Joan Crawford possesses. If Joan were given proper stories, she would make the fickle public forget there ever was a Garbo.

DOROTHY ROGERS.

Praise for a Trio

Bethlehem, Penna.

"Our Dancing Daughters" was good. "Our Modern Maidens" was better. But "Our Blushing Brides" is certainly the best.

VIRGINIA E. WOODRING.

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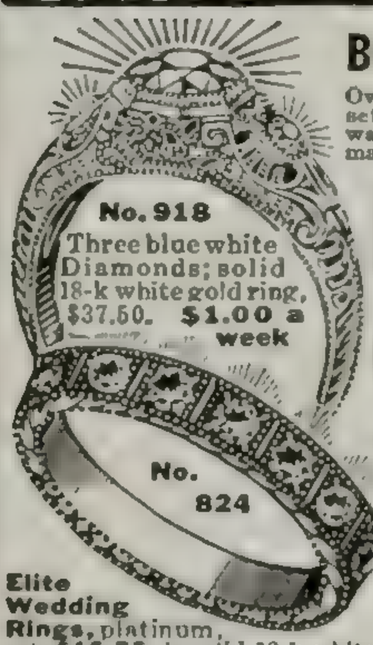

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Want to Be Funny?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

Q: What's the secret of telling a funny story funny?

A: Get to the point as quickly as you can. Don't embellish it. And don't start by saying: "Have you heard this one—?" Because most people HAVE.

Q: Is there any "sure-fire" type of funny story?

A: Yes. Any story where the teller is the butt. If you tell a story in which you are the patsy, where the point is on you, you've got a sure laugh. Like the one I tell about the time Inez Courtney and I were having lunch at Palm Springs. The waitress stopped beside me and said: "You can't fool me! I know you!" Inez said: "See? That's fame. Even out here on the desert they know you!" I felt pretty good about it, until I was leaving and the waitress said: "Come again, Mister Lupino Lane." And she made me autograph her signature book that way, too.

Q: What about dialect stories?

A: Don't try 'em unless you know you're a good dialectician. If you tell an Italian story, and your auditor tells you it's the best Hebrew story he ever heard, don't try dialect again.

Q: What about singing a funny song?

A: The first rule is: Don't try to improve on the lyric. The second rule is: Don't try any funny business unless it comes natural. Anything forced or studied doesn't look good, isn't funny, and takes the audience's attention away from the real humor of the song—if any.

Q: What about clothes or make-up?

A: Make the most of what nature has done to you. Look at my ears and my eyes. If you've got funny eyes, or a funny nose or mouth, accentuate it. Funny clothes aren't necessary. Chaplin can be just as funny without his trick clothes.

Q: Is it easy to be funny?

A: Sure—if you've got a reputation. Like being the guest of honor at a banquet. You can spill the ketchup and they'll say, "Oh, isn't he eccentric!" But any ordinary guest would get a sock on the nose.

Q: Are there any rules about what NOT to do?

A: Yes. Don't tell a story with death in it—or about your mother-in-law. Or about what your baby said. The other fellow might have a baby, too.

Q: Well, if a man tries everything to be funny, and follows all your suggestions, and does his best—and even then they don't laugh at him, what should he do?

A: Go into the movies.

Hon. Matsui as Hon. Missy Helen Kane. Matsui is practically everything in a Japanese version of "Paramount on Parade." A poo-pa-doo in Japanese must be something startling

Time savers

THE great American instinct is to save time—a lot of time—and then some more time. In the big affairs and the little things of life, time is the most valuable thing at our command.

Limited trains, automatic telephones, sixty-miles-an-hour automobiles, airplanes still faster—we have these things in answer to our demand for speed. And an equally important time saver in the lives of people today is advertising. Just as surely as any other modern service, the advertisements bridge hours and days for people who have wants to be filled.

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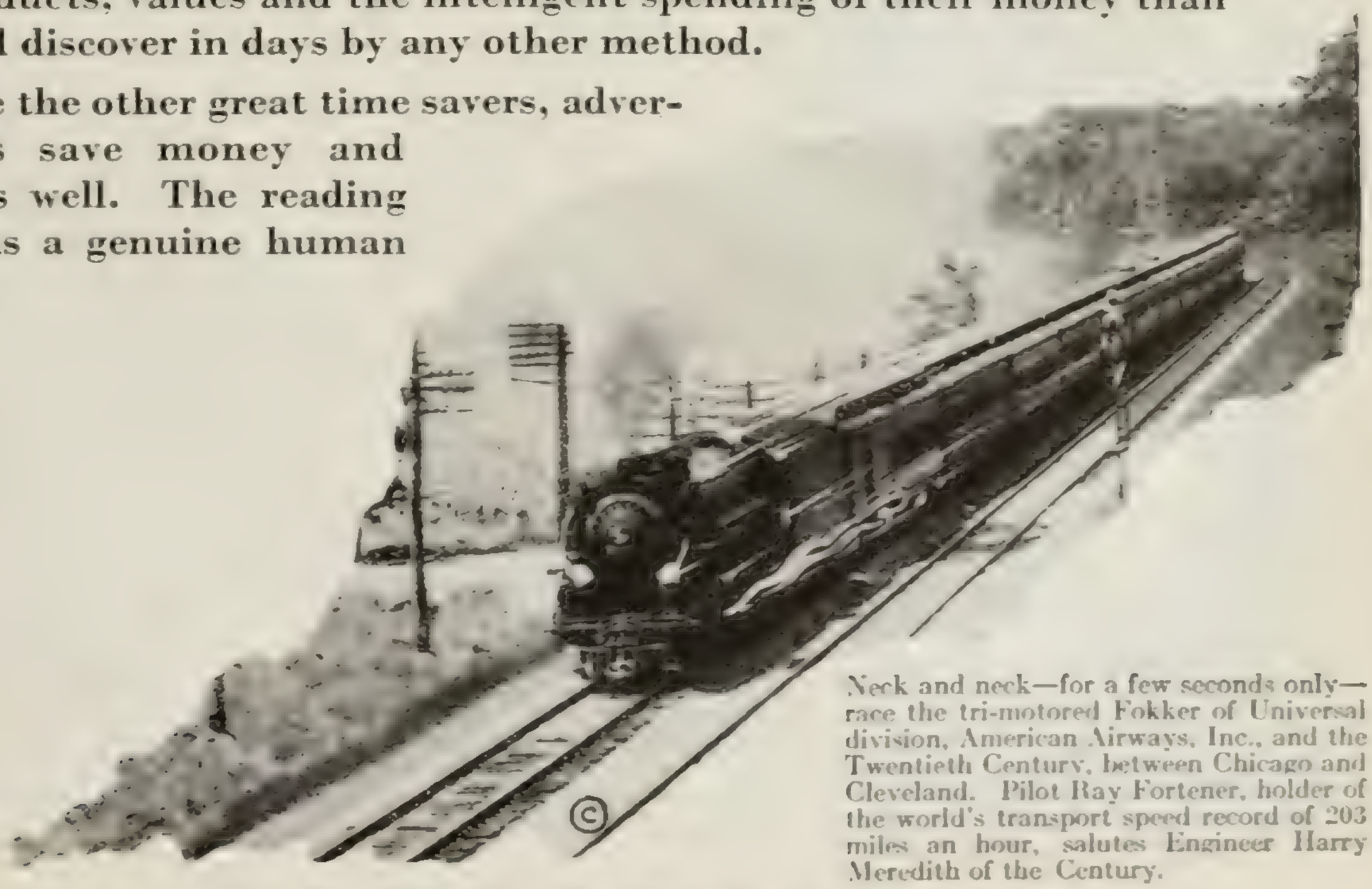

Neck and neck—for a few seconds only—race the tri-motored Fokker of Universal division, American Airways, Inc., and the Twentieth Century, between Chicago and Cleveland. Pilot Ray Fortener, holder of the world's transport speed record of 203 miles an hour, salutes Engineer Harry Meredith of the Century.

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No long waiting. In a *few days* clear your skin. End pimples, freckles, blackheads, whiteheads, muddy skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, redness, sallow appearance. *Banish wrinkles*, Reduce fat legs, arms, ankles, your whole body. Or build scrawny figure to beauty. Grow eyelashes, eyebrows, hair. Beautify *completely*.

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You can try *all* of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—*absolutely without risking a penny*. I *want* you to make me *prove* that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart *beauty instead*. . . or take *some* prettiness and impart *stunning good looks*. I will send you *everything* to try my beauty aids *full two weeks*. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the *sole judge*. If not delighted, you just say so—and *your word is final*.

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Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of *fascination*. I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a *lifetime*. You will learn how the world's sirens make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman *with her free trial* of my beauty aids. Remember, you have *everything* to gain—absolutely *nothing* to lose. So TODAY—

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Let's Drop In *and* Gossip With Old Cal York!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

play the lead in "The Command to Love." His success in this rôle on the stage was instrumental in his being signed for the talkies. Obviously it would be to the advantage of both Rathbone and Universal for him to repeat this success on the screen.

Furthermore it is known that Rathbone was very discontented with the parts which were meted out to him at M-G-M and that he was anxious to buy off his contract with the studio and return to the stage. Why, then, this apparent coyness on the part of Mister Rathbone and the Universal executives?

Old sleuth Cal succeeded in ferreting out the source of all the difficulty. Remember that good old French adage, *"cherchez la femme"?* The *femme* in this case happens to be Ouida Bergere, scenario writer and wife of Basil Rathbone.

Miss Bergere, it seems, did not approve of the script which Barney Glazer had prepared on "The Command to Love." She wrote what she believed to be a better version. Then, hand in hand, she and husband Basil stormed the Universal fortress and demanded that her script be substituted for the Glazer one. A thoroughly unorthodox procedure.

Universal, although eager to secure Rathbone's services, demurred. Rathbone insisted—"love me, love my wife." As we go to press it is still raging. Someone ought to whisper to Mister Rathbone that it is wise to keep one's career and one's domestic affairs in their separate spheres.

MANY STORIES revealing the fineness and courage of Elsie Janis have been told since the sad death of her mother, whom she adored. But no better index to the unselfishness and generosity of the woman has come to light than this tale.

During the recent outburst of scandal which surrounded Clara Bow there was a moment when Clara's future on the screen seemed seriously imperiled. Paramount was frankly puzzled as to how to handle the difficult redhead. No one was particularly anxious to shoulder the responsibility. When the situation was at its worst Elsie Janis went to one of the head executives at Paramount.

"Give me Clara Bow," she said. "Let me write a story for her and direct it. I understand the girl. There has been a sympathy between us from the moment we met. You will be doing me a great favor, for my life is very empty right now. I must have something—someone—to fill it. I feel that I can help Clara Bow—and I know that helping her will help me, also. Please don't tell her that the offer comes from me—she might think that I am condescending. I'm not. She will be doing as much for me as I shall for her."

A splendid gesture, this. And Paramount would be very unwise not to take advantage of it.

AWFUL effect of the Amos and Andy influence on the Radio Pictures lot out in Hollywood, where they are making their first movie, "Check and Double Check." The yes-men all say, "Sho, sho!" now!

EDDIE CANTOR, veteran of so many stage first nights that he thought stage fright was a thing of the past, discovered a new form of first-night-terror in Hollywood.

It was at the first public preview of his talkie, "Whoopee." Eddie sat next to Florenz Ziegfeld as the picture's title was flashed on the screen.

Suddenly Ziegfeld heard a trembling, cavernous voice of utter fright beside him. It was Eddie.

"Flo," he gasped, "listen—if I grab your arm hard, get 'The Follies' ready! I may be through here."

Ziegfeld swears Cantor trembled throughout the show.

NOTE on party decorations:
William Haines threw a dinner for Bebe Daniels and Beatrice Lillie the other night at his Hollywood house. He had fifty guests. For decorations, he ran the Hollywood florists ragged hunting gardenias and orchids. He had 2,000 of the former and 500 orchids!
—And even at California flower prices, that's a headache to pay for.

CHARLES (EX-BUDDY) ROGERS thought he would test his popularity with the flappettes during his recent stay in New York.

Going into the stage door of the Paramount Theater, besieged, as usual, by mobs of youngsters, he dropped his hankie. A score of the kids hurled themselves at it and piled up like a football scrimmage. When the mess was untangled, a small, soiled girl was found at the bottom of the heap. But she was hugging the hankie to her buzzim.

Isn't life wonderful? The human race has struggled up from the amoeba, through millions of years, to so-called civilization. And children exquisitely molded in the image of their Maker fight over the handkerchief of a movie boy. Any wonder we all despair, now and again?

BOTH sides of the picture in Hollywood—
During the same week that saw the newspapers making merry about Evelyn Eagan, pretty 21-year-old screen actress, being arrested while driving her automobile down a boulevard clad only in part of a striped bathrobe and two bedroom slippers, one of the studios sent out a call for girls to act in a diving scene. Forty-three girls applied, and looked at the gauze they were to wear in the scene; thirty-five said no.

FREDERICK LONSDALE, famous British playwright who is writing Ronald Colman's next picture, had a harrowing experience recently.

Lonsdale was interviewed by a reporter to whom he happened to drop the casual remark that an English girl was being sought to play opposite Colman in the picture and that she needn't have experience.

The helpful reporter printed this information and Lonsdale was promptly swamped—half the females in Old England descended upon him demanding to be Ronald Colman's leading lady and insisting that they fitted the qualifications perfectly!

WHO owns Conway Tearle's automobiles, anyway?

It seems to be a three-cornered question. Or was, anyway. You see, Tearle's ex-wife, Josephine Park Tearle, sued for back alimony and got a judgment of $9,900. So she slapped an attachment on the automobiles to enforce payment, assuming that the cars were Conway's.

But instead of that, Conway shrugged his

shoulders while his present wife, Adele Rowland Tearle, jumped into the fray with a third party claim. She said the cars were hers, and that therefore Mrs. Tearle No. 1 couldn't attach them.

At last reports, the courts were still thinking it over.

VICTOR McLAGLEN has an idea. He's trying to get forty-nine other men—all over forty, like himself—to join a pool he's forming. Each chips in a thousand dollars. The last man to survive gets the $50,000 for his old age.

El Brendel says Vic is taking too much risk of losing. "He ought to solicit joiners in the hospitals," the Swede suggested.

DOROTHY CAIRNS is the heroine of one of those unknown and unsung romances of Hollywood. For several years she has been a script girl on the Paramount lot.

Several times she has been offered a job as cutter. Film cutters make more money than script clerks but they also spend a great deal more time at their job. Dorothy preferred having the spare time to try her hand at scenarios. She has written innumerable ones out of a fertile mind for plots. Several times she has almost, but not quite, succeeded in selling one of the brain children at Paramount.

A few weeks ago she made her first sale, and at a good price, to Pathe. Her first accepted story is "Sin Takes a Holiday." Pathe liked it so well that they have ordered three more. When those are written Dorothy is going to go to Europe for a vacation.

No, she isn't a script girl any longer.

"Miss Columbia" Chosen

Miss Lesley Beth Storey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been chosen "Miss Columbia" from among the beautiful girls selected by thirteen national motion picture magazines.

Miss Storey will get a trip to Hollywood and will appear on the titles of new Columbia Pictures.

THE saddest man in Hollywood, strangely enough, has the keenest sense of humor. He has no connection with the picture industry, but he loves to go to the movies, particularly the comedy offerings. And thereby hangs our little sob story.

He has the loudest and most raucous laughter of almost anything human, and he is so easily moved to laughter. He throws a theater into turmoil when he even chuckles. A carnival spirit prevails, and the rest of the audience begins to make catcalls, and throw things. In no time at all an usher trips down the aisle, and firmly asks him to leave. By this time things have reached such a pass that none of the boulevard movie palaces will sell him a ticket.

He did get into a showing of "Caught Short," and the theater rocked with his laughter. When the usher asked him to leave he was rather firm about refusing. He finally accepted a compromise. He left, but the theater had to give him three times what he paid for his ticket.

CHESTER MORRIS has a trick lighting system in the dining room of his Hollywood home. He has a row of baby spotlights around

Sanitary Protection *must* be inconspicuous

that's why most women prefer Kotex

Kotex now has rounded, tapered corners which eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 95. Springfield, Mass.

the walls, near the ceiling. They throw colored lights on the dinner—and the diners.

Bob Montgomery was a dinner guest one night. Bob is used to spotlights on the set, but not at his meals.

"How do you like the lights?" Chet asked him.

"They're all right, I guess—only why don't you play an overture and pull up a curtain before you begin dinner?" was Bob's comeback.

They're still friends.

GOING to the electric chair may be tough on some fellows, but for Eddie Wood, it's grand. He makes a business of it.

Eddie, you see, is the boy who played the part of the young fellow who's electrocuted in "The Last Mile," that grim stage play of prison life.

He took his electrocuting so well that First National has signed him to be the boy who goes to the chair in "Mother's Cry."

GRETA GARBO pulled one of her famous whizzers on the starry-eyed Garbo-maniacs of Hollywood not long ago.

When Elsie Ferguson opened in the Vajda play, "Fata Morgana," in filmtown, a story was planted to the effect that Gudgeous Greta would attend. That was enough to bring out the fans by battalions, regiments and army corps. Perspiring coppers fought and died that the stuffed shirts and ermine wraps might get safely into the Hollywood Playhouse.

After all the struggle, the mob retreated snarling and muttering. It hadn't seen Garbo! Cur-r-rses on the press agent!

Drolly enough, the Garbo DID attend, and sat through the whole play. Nobody recognized the stunning Swede!

Probably went as a little blind match girl, or even a glass of watery orangeade. But whatever the disguise, it worked swell. And Garbo, no doubt, chuckled into her long, white whiskers!

INA CLAIRE is a happy woman! She has now gotten back her own!

When she first went to Hollywood to make "The Awful Truth," she was miserable. Here was she, by practically common consent the foremost stage comedienne in America, almost unknown in Celluloidia! When she married Jack Gilbert the West Coast papers carried huge streamers reading something like "John Gilbert Marries Stage Actress." Ina burned, and rightly! No queen will ever turn lady-in-waiting without a ladylike squawk! As one who has loved Ina Claire vainly since 1912, I got the jitters, too.

Not long ago Ina opened in Los Angeles in Donald Ogden Stewart's play, "Rebound." It was the most glittering theatrical première in Coast history. Husband Jack brought a party of fifty to lead the cheering, and every big-wig in the picture business was present. To make it perfect, Ina scored a sensational success in the leading rôle. So she has added California to her Queendom, and all is well.

Now she is to return to the screen, to play the leading rôle in the brilliant Kaufman-Ferber comedy, "The Royal Family." And she'll knock us dead in THAT!

ON COMPLETION of "The Playboy of Paris," his latest Paramount, Maurice Chevalier rated a three-month holiday.

Tucking that so *charmant* Mme. Chevalier under his arm, smiling Chevvy set off for that beloved Paris, there to rest, frolic modestly and probably appear in some concerts. Maurice is not, so far as is known, averse to mopping up any francs which may be lying around rusting in the pants-pockets of his countrymen.

Au revoir, mon vieux! Bon voyage, happy times, *beaucoup* whoopee, come home safe to that so droll, so *amusant*, so *riche Amerique!* But yes!

YOU CAN take this or let it lie, as you choose.

An extra was called for a day's work at a studio. With the generalship of a Napoleon, he brought along a pocketful of crickets and turned them loose on the sound stage with his blessing.

The experts hunted three days for the source of the odd chirping that queered the sound, and all the extras got three-day pay checks instead of one day's work.

AFTER the merry round of life that is a picture star's in Hollywood, it's not easy to find yourself suddenly hidden away from the world, out in the lonely desert. . . .

Lila Lee's there, now. The doctors told her it was her only hope for life—month after month in the quiet and the healthful air of those far-flung stretches of sand and sage and solitude. But oh, it's lonely!

And so there's just this to tell you:

A letter to Lila, if addressed to her secretary, Happy Rand, 5165 Fountain avenue, Hollywood, California, will be forwarded to the game little star who's making the big fight alone.

PICKFORD and Fairbanks are at it again—denying rumors of a divorce. Other stars, as a rule, do their own denying outright. Not so the royal family.

They have their denying done through their personal representative, who says (and very neatly, too, we think), "The name of a titled Englishwoman who visited Pickfair last year is as logically connected with the report of a divorce as the name of the queen of Siam."

AMOS AND ANDY (no, we *won't* ever say Amos 'n' Andy) arrived in the land of the movie stars during the hottest July the land of "unusual weather" had experienced in fifty years. The two Gods of Radioland were properly introduced at a swank tea, sponsored by Radio Pictures. Radio will star the team, and Amos and Andy will be paid something like $300,000. Andy shouldn't have any more trouble with his room rent.

In case you don't know, Amos has a real name, Freeman Gosden, and Andy is Charles Correll. Gosden brought his wife and two small children to Hollywood with him. Correll didn't have any to bring.

DURING their trip across the continent they missed one broadcast. Rather than miss a second they flew from a point in Arizona to Los Angeles. The plane was a pretty disreputable affair, and neither of them knew for sure whether they would ever reach their destination alive. At least they missed the worst of the desert heat, but it was pretty tough on Mrs. Gosden and the children who stayed on the train. But Amos and Andy arrived in Los Angeles two hours before their broadcast.

While here they will make their broadcast for the East at three o'clock in the afternoon. New Yorkers, through this arrangement, will listen in at seven o'clock.

BOB MONTGOMERY was the first Hollywoodian to get one of these new shrunken autos—these Austins. He turned in his Ford for the Austin.

"Honest," he said, "I felt like a flea at a Great Danes' picnic, driving down Hollywood Boulevard between the Rolls-Royces."

GLORIA SWANSON and Miss Nolan, her faithful secretary for ten years, have parted company.

It seems that Gloria was giving a dinner party the other night and instructed Miss Nolan to invite John Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert regretted—which message Miss Nolan conveyed to Gloria.

"Did you tell him that it was the Marquise de la Coudray calling?" Miss Nolan had. "Go back and call him again and make it clear that it is the Marquise who requests his presence!" thundered the wife of Henri de Bailly de la Falaise, Marquis de la Coudray.

Miss Nolan did and returned to say that Mr. Gilbert still regretted. The effect of this message on Gloria was such that Miss Nolan decided to ally herself with someone with less title and more perspective. She departed in such haste that she took with her the list of acceptances for the dinner party—and the upshot of it all was that the Marquise had to forego her banquet. Too bad.

IF you don't believe Gary Cooper and Bill Boyd—the stage Bill Boyd—put up a realistic fight in "The Spoilers," just ask Gary's doctor.

We were snooping around the Paramount lot the other day and discovered that the "Spoilers" company wasn't shooting because Gary was at the doctor's. Further questioning revealed that the "Big Coop" was liberally sprinkled with bruises acquired in the cause of realism.

CLIVE BROOK is killing two birds with one stone. Clive didn't want to keep his youngsters in Hollywood because of the infantile paralysis epidemic, about which the Los Angeles papers kept pretty quiet lest they scare away visitors.

His permission to stay in the United States having expired just at the time the epidemic was at its height, he took his wife and the two children to Canada. Which

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for years the outstanding beauty and most popular actress of England, is working in "The Play Called Life," now being filmed at the Fox Studios. Here she is getting a lesson in picture make-up.

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and receive the next issue and eleven issues thereafter.

meant that the whole family got a vacation, the children were protected, Clive came back under the quota and everybody was happy.

IT now seems certain that the screen is to have a second Coogan.

Robert, aged three, brother to the immortal Jacquie of former fame, is reported to be under consideration for the lead in "Skippy," the talkie which Paramount is slated to make from the famous cartoons by Percy Crosby.

THE MERCURY flirted with the 100-degree mark as Marie Dressler oozed off the transcontinental train on her recent return from Europe to Hollywood.

"When I left Europe, it was so hot they had to carry me on the boat," she said.

"In New York, it was so hot, they poured me on the train. In Chicago, it was so hot that iced tea hissed down my throat. And then crossing the desert . . . ! ! ! And now even Los Angeles is 100 in the shade.

"And my next picture with Polly Moran is going to be named 'Reducing.' Boys—if this heat doesn't stop, there won't be any Marie Dressler left to reduce!"

"What is the name of that thing they've been playing for the past ten days, anyway?"

"It's 'A Cottage for Sale,'" someone told him.

"Well, I hope they find a buyer for the damn thing," grunted Jimmy.

FRIDAY, July 11, was the birthday of Jack Gilbert. Also of Sam Woods, who's directing Jack in "Way for a Sailor."

On that day, the company was working on a ledge over the Pacific, down the coast from Los Angeles. It was hot as a no-ed director's temper, and for hours, the company worked in the broiling sun, half a step from perdition over the edge of the cliff. There was no more comfort than a summer resort on July fourth, and the danger and work was so gruelling that several members of the company were actually ill.

And in the midst of it all, Sam Woods called a sudden halt. He bellowed at Jack Gilbert:

"Say, Jack; happy birthday to you!" And leered malevolently.

"Same to you, you such-and-such a so-and-so," replied Jack, outleering Sam.

So they finished the takes, and when the day was done, they were too tired to either fight it out or do anything else that one might reasonably do in a case like that.

Ho, hum; these actors have SUCH a merry life.

Watch For The Winners!

Photoplay's $5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

The names of the lucky 70 who captured the prizes will appear in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

On all newsstands about Dec. 10

The Photoplay Gold Medal

For the best picture produced in 1929 will be awarded as soon as the thousands of ballots can be counted.

It's Filmland's Nobel Prize!

HAVING nothing else to do, and being rather batty from the heat not so long ago, a Hollywood columnist spent an afternoon thinking up an all-Technicolor cast for a movie. He chose:

Alice White, Harry Green, Amber Norman, Maurice Black, Monte Blue, Red Wing and Violet Bird.

Then he took a shower bath and felt better.

BUDDY ROGERS is Buddy no more. That's official. You may call him Buddy in your own home, with the windows nailed down against spies, but on the posters and screens he is "Charles."

Also, his brother, who was known for publicity purposes as "Bh," is now "Bruce." That's also official, signed and delivered by the Powers.

Now that's all straightened out. Aren't you glad? Or do you want to call Bud—pardon me, Charles, something else?

YOU CAN'T BLAME Jimmy Gleason. Hearing the same piece of music ten days straight is enough to make anyone peevish.

It was while he was working on a Havana café sequence at Pathe. On the eleventh day of rehearsals and shooting, Jimmy looked wearily at the orchestra and said:

GARY COOPER paid a five dollar fine to a Los Angeles judge for driving at thirty-eight miles an hour on Sunset Boulevard.

And there are probably towns whose Chamber of Commerce'd pay Gary Cooper much more than that to drive down their boulevard at any speed.

THE MOST famous "stage mother" in theater history died in midsummer.

Mrs. Janis Bierbauer, mother of Elsie Janis, died in Hollywood at the age of sixty. Since Elsie went into the theater as a child prodigy, the pair had been inseparable, and great legends had sprung up concerning their close and affectionate relationship.

ONE WELL KNOWN men's shop has divulged some startling information about two of its most celebrated customers.

It seems that both John Barrymore and Wallace Beery are addicted to the Piggly-Wiggly system. They prefer to wait upon themselves. They dodge back of counters, and have a swell time burrowing into draw-

ers and shelves. Clerks are instructed to merely say "good morning" to these eccentric, but valuable customers.

In time Barrymore or Beery find something that strikes their eyes, and they pay for it after having a simply elegant time.

THERE are no pretensions in the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister family. They have NOT gone Hollywood. Ann was afraid that they'd be thought upstage when they moved into the new house and it was necessary for them to have a man and woman servant. This made the man servant become a butler.

"But, honestly," said Ann, "our butler isn't as snooty as he sounds. His name is Gus. I simply can't say, grandly, 'The motor, Gus.' That sounds like a Chicago gangster's name."

ARTHUR LAKE is as thrilled by the great stars in pictures as any fan from Keokuk. He is, himself, a hero worshipper.

Not long ago he and a group of young friends were at Catalina. Arthur saw Lawrence Tibbett. "I know him," Arthur boasted. The kid's sister, Florence, had played, you remember, in "The Rogue Song" and Arthur had been introduced to the singer.

"All right," said the other kids, "if you know him so well, why don't you speak to him?"

In telling the incident later Arthur said, "Gee, I was scared to go over and talk to Mr. Tibbett but I'd told the kids I knew him and I just had to do it. And, oh boy, was I proud when Mr. Tibbett remembered me and put his arm around my shoulder and asked me how my mother and sister were getting along. And were those kids surprised? Oh, boy, what a thrill!"

RONALD COLMAN tells with much amusement how he ran into the rumor all over London that he and Gloria Swanson were to be married.

He thinks maybe he ought to call up Gloria—whom he knows only casually—and tell her not to worry—that he didn't get a divorce while he was abroad.

BIG GARY COOPER must find the Dude Ranch business a veritable gold mine.

At any rate, he and his pappy, Jedge Cooper of Montana, recently went to Frants, Ariz., to close a deal for no less than 200,000 acres. They plan to make the property the largest Dude Ranch in the world.

I'll allow as how 200,000 Arizona acres will hold a right smart number of dudes.

POLICEMEN are like that.

It was Raquel Torres who was in the car that drove past the street-car. The policeman asked her what the idea was, and she explained prettily in her best English. Now Raquel Torres' smile will charm anything, even a policeman. So after a while he said:

"Well, if you'll promise not to do it again, I'll let you off this time . . ."

"Oh, *gracias, senor!* You are so *mucho bueno* . . ." she gasped, thanking him. But, being a cop, he imagined the worst.

"Who's them things? Me? Well, just for that, take this here ticket now, young lady," he countered.

And that's why Raquel wants the chief of the Los Angeles police to have the Spanish language included in the police school course.

THE daughter of a well-known woman screen star of fifteen years ago and one of the most famous directors of the present day is shaking a mean scanty as a chorus girl in one of Los Angeles' smartest night clubs.

THE DROOPIEST CHINLINE WAS ONCE AS YOUNG AS YOURS

NO one is born with a double chin—we all start life with a clear-cut, brave young chinline. Nor does time change the basic structure of our chins. Then why do some women develop the heavy, droopy underchins that make them look middle-aged?

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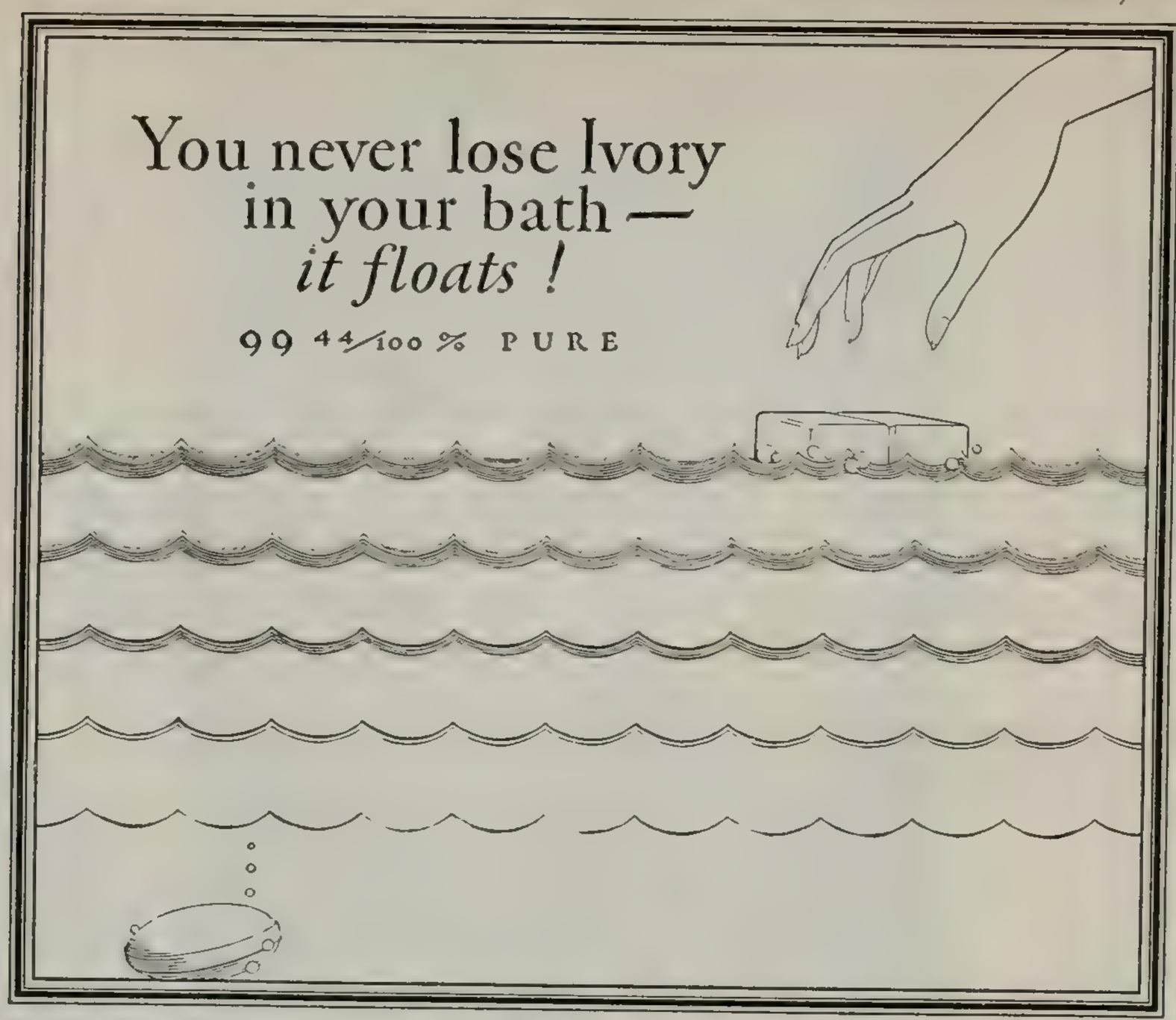

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CHAPLIN is cured.

"I used to think," he said the other day, "that it'd be lovely to own a little boat and just go loafing about the world from port to port.

"Just a little boat, and nothing to do but sail the seas.

"And then I took a trip on Don Lee's yacht. We went to Catalina. There was a slight swell running. And all I did was lean against the rail—and—ah, lean against the rail and lean and lean and lean.

"No, I don't want a boat."

EVEN the Hollywood children think more about pictures than marbles, tops and kites. Several of the children in the neighborhood arranged a pageant, each youngster to come dressed as a movie character.

Little Willie (that's as good as any name) elected to represent the Red Shadow in "The Desert Song." His mother made him the required red robe and cap, but couldn't find a sword.

So Willie went to the pageant without it.

He returned in a most dejected manner.

"Well," asked the doting parent, "did they all know who you were?"

"Naw," said the youngster, "I didn't have a sword and they all thought I was Little Red Riding Hood."

THE big fights in Hollywood are not always confined to scenes before the camera. But, remember, you mustn't play fast and loose with the extras—not in these trying microphone days. The studios have a frugal little habit of employing so many extras to be put close to the camera and so many painted plaster dummies to be placed at the back.

During a recent theater scene three hundred extras were employed to sit before the stage and applaud the actors. In the background were three hundred dummies to make the theater look full. The extras had an idea. These dummies were cheating their fellows out of seven-fifty pay check!

They rushed at the dummies and completely destroyed them. The studio had to send out for three hundred live extras, in order to complete the scene.

IT has remained for Jerusalem to coin the latest word for "talkies."

It is "hashmoinua." Rendered slangily, that means "hearies." Literally, the word means "Hear Movies."

At any rate, the term has been widely accepted throughout the Holy Land.

AL JOLSON belongs to that Little Group of Serious Thinkers in Hollywood. Al is right there in learning about the industry.

He goes to a preview of a movie every night that there is a preview. He doesn't care what picture it is nor who made it, but he wants to keep his finger on the Pulse of Hollywood.

This state of affairs gives courage to those who HAVE to go to previews to make a living and there are many of these in Hollywood, including reviewers, yes-men, etc.

ACCORDING to those rôles Winnie Lightner plays on the screen you'd expect to see that Irish cut-up spending her holidays on the Venice pier, riding the rolly-coaster and swallowing hot-dogs in one gulp.

But when Winnie has a couple of days off she sneaks down to the Mission Inn at Riverside, California. This old inn, famous through two generations, is about the staidest of all California hostelries, but Winnie likes it.

Baby Blue Eyes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

"I think I'll get in the bread line," Jacoby said, and looked across the lawn toward the lazy wicker chairs and tea tables under orange parasols.

The gentleman on the edge of the pool picked up a square of lavender chiffon from the grass; a faintly lingering perfume clung to it.

"Here," he said, "put this in the Duesenberg that's going to Reno."

IT was one of those nights when the moon is a yellow glass lantern, the stars so close you know you could touch them if you wanted to break the spell.

Magnolias in a velvet darkness are white shadows so beautiful they have a *power!*

Over the estate of Mr. James Cruze a hundred guests wandered everywhere!

Women in sequins and lace and diaphanous chiffon.

Men whose words and gestures set the patterns of romance for the world.

Everywhere a ripple of voices; tinkle of glasses and laughter; wide open windows and doors, amber with candle-light; music; colored searchlights playing rainbows on the fountain in the patio; incense from some far orange grove, mixing with the pungent smell of burning hemlock from the great open fireplace in the wall of the garden.

Jacoby came upon the blond chap of the swimming pool standing in the doorway between the drawing room and the garden, watching the dancers.

"Greetings," Jacoby said. "It's a great party!"

"Have you noticed the picture on the East wall?" the blond gentleman said. "It's a genuine Corot."

He offered Jacoby a cigarette.

"By the way," he said, "how did your friend get on with Miss Montaine?"

Jacoby didn't know—hadn't seen him.

"Maybe they've already gone to Reno," Jacoby commented. "He's a chap who doesn't wait around for what he wants."

Brant himself provided the answer, coming across the patio exceedingly handsome in dinner clothes, and exceedingly concerned about something.

"Have you seen her?" he said. "I can't find her anywhere! I'm afraid she's angry because I asked her if she'd—go away with me tonight. I'm afraid she thought I shouldn't have asked it so soon! She doesn't know I've loved her three years! I meant to explain—but now I can't remember anything I said—or anything *she* said!"

"I'll find her," offered the man with the mustache.

HE went outdoors; lost himself in the shadows.

The dancers drifted by—the music teasing, syncopating.

The sun-brown race king brought a linen handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his handsome face.

"It's terrific," he said, "being in love! I knew she'd vanish! I knew I shouldn't have ever tried to see her—or let myself think I could possess her! She isn't here at all! He'll never find her! If she were here *I'd* have found her!"

But the blond gentleman *had* found her. Across the dance floor he brought her, waltzing with him.

They stopped directly in front of Harlan and Jacoby.

"Hello," she said.

Harlan Brant caught her hands.

"I've been hunting for you everywhere!" he said—hoarsely.

"Have you really?" she laughed. "I was in the kitchen whipping cream for the cook. The

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moon is hanging up outside the kitchen window. It's a heavenly night!—Listen, Gren," she said, and looked suddenly up at the blond young man. "Harlan Brant wants me to elope tonight. He wants to drive to Reno and he'll get me a divorce and we'll be married and go in his yacht to Hawaii and everywhere! I think he's sweet. I'm mad about him. Shall I go? That's why I stayed away. I didn't know what to say to him."

"YOU were meant for me," Harlan told her huskily. "It's Fate! I've been waiting for you all my life!"

"Your lyrics are certainly better than Peter's," she said.

"If it's Fate—what can you do?" said the blond gentleman. "And after all, he's been in love with you three years!"

"Three *years!*" Sylvia gasped, her baby blue eyes searching Harlan's in amazement. "Why, I only *met* him today!"

"Ever since I saw 'Joan of Arc,'" Harlan told her earnestly, "you've been the only vision in my heart—"

"There's a pretty line," she said—and looked from Harlan to Jacoby to the gentleman with the mustache. "Listen," she said—"I think I'll go! I think he's adorable! I'll get a coat and some things and meet you all in the garage!"

HARLAN snatched her fingers and kissed them, held her a minute—couldn't let her leave him!

"Hurry," he whispered.

Jacoby and the blond fellow and Harlan walked to the garage together, down the driveway, past the pool, straggling stars lost in the water; frogs in the grass singing cracked, rusty harmony.

On the floor of the garage, Harlan's chauffeur was working on the Duesenberg; its hood off, the motor in pieces.

"She's been missin', Sir," he explained. "But she'll talk pretty by tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," Harlan said. "I've got to use the car *tonight!* Right *now!*"

The chauffeur stared at him.

"She misses bad, sir," he said. "She wouldn't go a mile!"

"If you will take my Mercedes," said the fellow with the mustache, "you're welcome to it. I've got another; or I'll use yours till you come back."

Harlan Brant put out his hand quickly and grasped that of the more-than-generous stranger.

"That's top-hole!" he said. "You know how much it means to me! She might change her mind—tomorrow!"

Sylvia came running down the drive like a little girl—quick little jeweled high heels; pale blue iridescence wrapped in sable; a small monogrammed bag, "S. M. K."

"OH—are we going in *this*," she said—when she found them gathered around the Mercedes.

"My car is limping," Harlan told her. "I didn't want to wait for it."

"Mercy, no," she said. "If we're going—let's *go!*"

She kissed Jacoby. And kissed the man with the mustache.

"Don't tell anybody till morning," she said.

"I'll call the Hotel Riverside in Reno and make reservations," the blond boy told Harlan Brant. Harlan shook hands with him again.

"You've been a great sport about this," he said. "Jacoby, if there's anything you can do for this chap—it's on me!"

Jacoby and the blond fellow watched the car out into the dark; the gay little vermillion taillight traveling away, smaller—and smaller!

"I know Brant meant it, about my doing something for you if I can," Jacoby said. "I don't suppose there's any favor I could extend?"

"Well, yes," the blond chap answered. "As a matter of fact there *is*. I've been wanting a card to the chess club for some time—"

"Great!" Jacoby said.

He brought a personal card and a gold pencil out of his waistcoat pocket.

"I'LL certainly see that they make you at home," he said enthusiastically, and across the card, across the engraved name "Mark Jacoby," he scrawled—

"Admit to The Rat and Cat Club Mr.—"

"By the way," he said, "what name shall I fill in? I don't think I know!"

"No," the blond gentleman said, "I don't remember that we ever met. Kimberly is the name. Gren Kimberly, London."

Still we face the problem of the two Boyds, William and William. William, left, of the screen, has long been a star. William, right, of the stage, fights with Gary Cooper in "The Spoilers." We think we'd better call Film Boyd "William" and Stage Boyd "Bill." That would simplify things, at least from our point of view. "Bill," who is new to you, is a great guy, too

Putting on the Dog

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

good, the M-G-M stars are having art-prints of the still made, for framing. It's printed with this story!

The irony of it is that Bozo is the only blue-blooded, true-bred, pedigreed dog in the whole Dogville company! The rest are all mongrels, mutts, dog-pound pooches. Renny picks 'em up everywhere and anywhere. He gets them from the pound in wholesale lots; he picks up strays on the street; he accepts gifts of unwanted misbreeds that friends wish on him. And while Bozo, the blue-blood, plays the lowest of the low, Perfume, an evil-smelling little cross-breed from Heaven-knows-where, plays the pure and simple country virgin, while January, a hybrid that was found in a gutter, plays the handsome and gentlemanly hero!

HERE'S another gag that's funny. White and his partner, Zion Myers, don't have to worry about sex casting in producing dog shows.

"If we want Oscar to play a gentleman," they say, "we put pants on him. If we want him cast as the heroine, we take off the pants and doll him up in dresses. Simple, and convenient!" The only dog that won't fall into that routine is Buster, the star. He's always the heavy lover. Why, once they had to abandon a certain sequence wherein Buster was to kiss the dog who was cast as his sweetie. Everything went fine until Renny, shouting commands from off-set, ordered Buster to go ahead and kiss the girl. Buster took Renny's command too much to heart; he had his own ideas of how a powerful love scene ought to be played, and he insisted on putting them into effect. So they changed the script.

Oscar is the comedian of the troupe—and a temperamental dog, if there ever was one. He's funny as can be, but if he doesn't have his daily siesta, it's just too bad, but he won't work any more. Regularly, in early afternoon, Oscar stops his clowning, turns a disdainful eye on the rest of the dogs and the men around the set, and strolls off to a cool spot.

He lies down, pays no heed to the noise of hammers and machinery, and goes plumb to sleep. In two minutes, he's snoring so loud you can hear him a hundred feet away. Production has to be suspended until he's had his nap—twenty minutes to a half hour. Then he shakes himself, comes back on the set, looks at Myers and White as if to say: "Well, let's begin,"—and they can start work again.

Oscar and Buster, being the big shots of the racket, have all the gravy with the Renfros. Of the four score dogs they own, only Buster and Oscar are allowed to sleep in the house with them—except when Buster is out sheiking. Oscar is better behaved. The rest of the dogs have their kennels, scattered among the trees in Renny's five-acre peach orchard. There are just enough peach trees to go around.

IT takes a hundred pounds of food a day to feed them—half a hundred pounds of meat, and fifty or more of cereal and other fodder. The dogs have their own cookhouse, and since they're individually temperamental about what they like and don't like, the menu has to be varied to suit each dog.

Of course, only ten or so of the four-score are really full-trained actors. The rest are just extras and bit players. There is an assortment of "one-shot" dogs — animals with marked peculiarities who can be close-upped in a mob scene for a laugh, for instance. There's Ching Lee, a mostly-pomeranian who looks more like a flapper than Alice White; Whitie, who has eyes of different color; a cock-eyed pup that is used a-la-Sennett for something heavy to fall on its head. There's Pepper, one of the best hind-leg dogs in the movies—which means that he can walk well and long on his hind legs.

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After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

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There are dogs who like water, and dogs who hate it; dogs who can roll, crawl, sing, wear glasses, limp, play drunk, wink, smoke—oh, anything you'd want a dog actor to do.

And there are fleas!

"After every scene," says Zion Myers, "we take a spray gun and deluge the set with one of those patented insect-killers. It helps a little.

"As a matter of fact, the dogs are kept pretty free of fleas, even though the whole flea population of Southern California is moving in on our troupe. You see, when the day's work is over, all the fleas are on US. I've never scratched so much in my life as since we started shooting these comedies.

"And an old man who used to help out in the drapery department, next door to the stage where we're shooting, quit his job the other day. 'It was all right before them dod-durned dorgs came in,' he complained, 'but since they got here, I can't sleep in them piles o' draperies no more becuz they're full o' blank-blankety-blank fleas! ! !' "

And say, you've read these sob stories of the actresses and actors of long ago who just manage to still hold on these days by doing character bits, haven't you? Well, the other day, Henry East, who trains dogs, visited the Dogville stage. With him was a shaking old dog who gazed on the proceedings with bored mien.

"Who's the dog?" White asked him.

"Oh, don't you remember Buddy?" countered East. "Well, Buddy used to be one of the canine king-pins of the silent days. Played many dog leads with recognized stars of the old days. But years pass even faster in a dog's life than in a movie star's. But—"

"Let's put him to work," suggested White. So they gave Buddy a cane and glasses, and dressed him up as a grandpa, and set him under the lights. Buddy came through splendidly—did as fine a piece of character work as any dog could be asked to do.

When it was done, the other dogs on the set clustered about, as dogs will, to get acquainted. Buddy regarded them with a vast dignity that kept them at an undoglike distance. Then he growled very softly. And it sounded exactly like: "R-r-r-r-r-riff-r-r-r-r-raffff!"

Secrets of the Portrait Gallery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

With Jetta Goudal's thorough-going mind trouble is inevitable when she enters the portrait gallery. Everything must be just so. She, too, insists on the mirror. Once things reached pretty much of an *impasse*. The irresistible force met the immovable object. Jetta wouldn't be photographed without her mirror, and the photographer wouldn't work with one. They sat and glared at each other for forty minutes, taking turns calling the publicity department. Finally the photographer gave in. La Goudal may occasionally get licked but she never surrenders. Jetta had her mirror.

"She was right about it," the photographer admitted. "She's always right. She knew to the fraction of an inch what the camera would get. She saw herself at an unbecoming angle in the mirror and yet knew that the camera would get a good angle."

IT takes a whole studio to get William Boyd into the gallery. He would as soon submit to a major operation as face the little black box. He makes appointments cheerfully, and breaks them with even more cheer. Recently New York sent a hurry call for new Boyd portraits. There was no time to be wasted, for Bill was leaving for Honolulu in a week. Three times he promised to be at the gallery, and three times he was "unavoidably detained."

The only reason the portraits were ever taken at all was that the head of the studio informed the truant star that he couldn't have his vacation until they had the pictures. He visited the gallery after that, but not in the best humor in the world.

Ruth Chatterton is another star that has to be forced into the gallery. When she does go she insists on being photographed only in her own personal wardrobe, and no fancy shots, either. She just sits, and feels like a martyr to the cause. Ruth's aversion to the gallery is shared by John Gilbert and Victor McLaglen.

Douglas Fairbanks has few portraits taken. It is hard for him to sit still long enough. Doug, Jr., is just the opposite. He doesn't mind at all. In fact he likes it a lot, particularly if he can do historical subjects in costume. If someone will just photograph him as *L'Aiglon*, his favorite character, he will go without breakfast, luncheon and dinner.

Mrs. Doug, Jr., Joan Crawford, consents gracefully to the camera, but strange to say, she is not an easy subject. She likes best to do very dramatic poses. Sometimes it's difficult to keep in the spirit of the thing, for Doug, Jr., is quite likely to call on the phone from three to six times while she is in the gallery.

George O'Brien, of course, is a particularly good subject for athletic poses. George is not averse to showing his muscles at any time. Perhaps his favorite sitting was a series of poses taken from classical subjects; the *Discus Thrower* was one of them. Another was *Adam* with the proverbial fig leaf, if you can call Adam a classical subject. The photographer tries to bring out the rugged strength of the star. He is a bit too broad and muscular to appear to advantage in evening or street clothes.

Charles Farrell is sensitive about a scar over his left eye. The scar makes it appear that his eyebrow is slightly distorted. Although retouching could easily take away the mark in the finished portrait, Charlie always insists on showing only the right side of his face.

Fox almost had to raise the salary of John McCormack before he would enter the gallery. He was firmly convinced that there was only one photographer in America who did good work, and he was in New York. After much persuasion he was led, protestingly, to the studio gallery, but not until he had exacted the promise to see every proof and with the full right to destroy all of them if he were not pleased.

He came. He sat down, folded his arms in a defiant manner, and informed the photographer that he could have just twenty minutes, no more. The photographer had his work all mapped out, and he worked fast. In ten minutes he had used thirty plates. The tenor thought it was the best sitting he had ever had.

Will Rogers is as delighted when he can avoid the portrait studio as the small boy when the hot water goes wrong on Saturday night. He kept a photographer waiting on the set one entire afternoon with the promise that he would pose when he finished work. When he was through for the day he ran past the surprised man like a shot from a cannon. When he was half a block away he turned and called, "Yah, yah, I put one over on you that time."

WHEN Norma Shearer arrives for a sitting she brings all her costumes and properties. She takes it very seriously as an important phase of her profession. Everything must be just right before the camera clicks. As a result she gets splendid studies.

John Mack Brown is a slow Southern boy. It takes him forever to change his clothes between shots. It may be three hours before he returns from his dressing room, and quite likely he will see somebody on the lot, strike up a conversation, and forget to go back at all.

Lilyan Tashman is considered one of the best

subjects in the business. Lilyan can be photographed from almost any angle and appear at her best. She is particularly stunning when it comes to fashion pictures. One Hollywood portrait artist considers Lilyan and the late Barbara La Marr his finest subjects.

Most of the photographers take a deep breath and drink black coffee to steady their nerves when a child artist heaves into view. Usually a more or less fond parent comes along.

There's a decidedly gruesome story of one mother's efforts to get a crying picture. She asked the child to weep, but for some reason the tears would not come. She asked again in a grim, threatening voice. The child was terribly distressed, an emotion she shared with the photographer. Still no tears. Then the mother turned her back to the camera, gripped the child with brutally strong fingers and whispered dire threats into her ear. The photographer will never know what the woman did to the youngster, but when she stepped aside tears were streaming down the child's cheeks, and her face was twisted with agony.

Sometimes wise stars use the studio gallery as propaganda material. They will pose as certain characters in the hope that it might give an idea to a producer.

DOROTHY MACKAILL has always had the desire to do a Hula dance on the screen. She broke down and confessed her ambition to the studio *portraiteur*. He helped her out by posing her against a Waikiki background with Dorothy in a shredded wheat skirt. A producer was impressed by these interesting camera studies and not long after that Dorothy did her Hula dance for a motion picture camera.

In the same manner a story is being sought for Loretta Young that will display her ability as a toe dancer. No one had realized that she was an accomplished *danseuse* until the still camera lens let out the secret.

The other day they had some stunning portraits made of Marie Dressler. The photographer carefully retouched them until the Dressler physiognomy looked as smooth as a sheet of white paper and about as interesting.

When the publicity department brought them proudly to Marie for her approval, she calmly tore them up.

"Listen," she said, "it took me a long time to get those wrinkles and lines in my face. They're all that prove that any thinking goes on beneath this funny pan of mine. Think I'm going to part with them now? No, sir!"

Yes, sir—funny things happen before the still camera!

Is this an invitation? Harriet Lake holds up the very newest thing in flirtatious handkerchiefs. This could go on indefinitely

The attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the appearance of the hair.

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THERE is nothing so captivating as beautiful hair.

Soft, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

BLEMISHES GO
Skin Clears Up while you sleep

Don't let conspicuous skin blemishes worry you for a minute. Even if costly salves and ointments have failed you, relief is still possible.

Before going to bed anoint the infected areas with good old Rowles Mentho Sulphur. While you sleep blemishes will disappear. Your skin will clear up in a surprisingly short time and soon regain its lost loveliness.

This ointment the color of skin contains the 3 valuable ingredients that heal, cleanse and smooth the skin. That's why it's so effective.

At the first sign of a pimple, a blemish, rash or blackhead get a small jar of Rowles Mentho Sulphur from your druggist. It is safe and gentle in action. It's the sensible. easy way to keep the skin flawless and clear.

Don't be an
EX-BLONDE

"How much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

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What About Clara Bow?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

The procession of eager young men which has marched through her girlhood has tried to leave its mark on her personality.

Clara once complained to an interviewer—

"The trouble with boy friends is that they all want to make you over into something else again. It burns me up—especially as it's me as I am that they fall for!"

Such interference with Clara Bow has done nothing to Clara Bow but make her furious.

For seven years Clara Bow has been feverishly hunting for a love that she could trust—that would stand tests and turn out to be what is hopefully known as "the real thing."

The beaux have come and gone.

THERE was Gilbert Roland. There were Gary Cooper and Victor Fleming. Bob Savage cut his wrists theatrically for "love" of her, and was quickly given his marching orders. There were momentary mentions, in the public prints, of Nino Martino, Bela Lugosi, Rex Bell. There was no printed mention at all of a handsome young Texas doctor—at least, never by name.

The Harry Richman story has been most prolonged. Harry had the glitter of Broadway night life about him.

"Ooh—I love Harry!" squealed Clara in the presence of reporters, early in the game.

And a game it's been. Engaged and not engaged—to be married, and no dice. So it's gone for a year, as thousands moaned.

A lady of the theater, Miss Flo Stanley, declared herself in. Threatening to sue Clara for alienation of Mr. Richman's boyish affections, she expressed the cynical New York view of the matter when she told the press—

"Harry's my man. He doesn't love that little kid. He's only playing with her for the publicity he can get out of it."

Poor little Clara—Clara of Page One!

Rumored attempts at suicide—hospitals for appendicitis and then adhesions—hospital for cut fingers—stepmother trouble, boy trouble, money trouble.

Grief has billowed around that tousled head.

Poor little Clara! Where could she turn? Her father seems to have had little influence. Her boy friends? Special pleaders that have come and gone. A stepmother? Almost her own age.

Her own philosophy, childish in its assumption that she can gather roses and no thorns? It hasn't worked!

At twenty-five she's still adrift. Eight years of hectic existence seem to have taught her little of self-discipline. Still with no workable scheme of life, a woman in years but the irrepressible hoyden of eighteen in her mode of living.

What is immediately before her?

After her last expedition, Clara announced in the press that she was going to be "real quiet and orderly." At the moment of trotting to press, she is.

She's busy—and therefore happy, and not harassed by her moody doubts, searchings and wonderings concerning life and love.

Her Paramount contract expires October 1.

In spite of unfortunate stories and almost tragic publicity, her pictures still make money. She has one of the truest and most wonderfully loyal fan armies in the history of pictures.

She's getting about $3,000 a week at present, and if all goes well, she'll be re-signed for another year at somewhat more.

And that's all the inscrutability of Fate allows us to know of Clara Bow's future.

What a tremendous hullabaloo the life of this big-eyed wonder-child has been, since she first broke upon us in 1922, in "Down to the Sea in Ships"!

She crashed upon the screen at the perfect, exquisite moment!

Dashing, alluring and cinematically untamed, she was flaming youth incarnate—the personification of post-war flapperhood, bewitching, alluring and running hog-wild. All the old taboos and thou-shalt-nots were knocked dead by the new freedom for adolescents.

Clara burst out just in time to be the New Youth's standard-bearer.

Point with Joy or View with Alarm, as you will, that's the truth.

Clara Bow is responsible for a whole race of second-run, imitation Bows that flood the country—a type that now seems to be giving way to the Garbo sort of thing among the infant sophisticates.

This is no "attack" on Clara Bow. It is a prayer and a boost for one of the gayest, youngest, prettiest girls who ever danced across a screen—who gave a new kind of youth to the shadow stage.

I will be a charter member of any "League for the Preservation, Care and Protection of Clara Bow."

But there's no sense in begging the issue, or playing ostrich.

CLARA faces a crisis, and we're all involved in some measure.

She's a woman in years, now, and not a schoolgirl thrust into an unfamiliar spotlight.

She can't continue to gallop off the reservation, and continue to delight us, too. She's stretched out her arms for understanding and help and trust—as have thousands of the rest of us. If she's failed to find them—as have thousands of the rest of us at times—she must develop resources within herself, a spiritual fortress that can defend her against all the varied and cruel assaults of life and destiny.

That's what men and women have to do, as best they can, when human hearts and human hands fail.

And so must Clara Bow. But first she must realize that time and her life in the world have made her a woman, and not a spoiled and wilful child!

The Stars Pay and Pay

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

were some carpenters, electricians, boys who work with me, and those in my lodge. The highbrow thousand-a-week 'friends' didn't even phone to see if I were alive or dead. And if I'd died, they would have done the same thing that's been done to plenty of good men and women who have died in this business. Their 'friends' flock to the funeral—to be seen and looked at, like they would go to a première. Then they would get together afterward and say: 'Great guy, wasn't he? Poor old so-and-so. Well, where'll we go and make whoopee tonight?'

"I'll sum it up. In this business, we can count our real friends on the fingers of one hand. If we want more—well, we can reach in our pockets and feel those nice, hard, round 'simoleons.' They're true friends!

"With friends disappears privacy. Even behind the walls of one's own house, there's

only a half-portion of the privacy any individual wants and is entitled to. And when we step outside the door—why, you know that a man, any man, likes to dress up in an old pair of pants and a sloppy sweater once in a while, and go grubbing around the yard or watering the lawn or something. I can't even dare to do that. Somebody will go by and see me. 'Oh, is *that* Monte Blue, eh? Well, what a tramp he is!'

"Even inside our walls, we're not free. The telephone and the doorbell ring night and day, and the mail man dumps bushels of mail. It's all from people who insist on seeing me, for any one of a million reasons. Usually they want me to donate, or to invest, or to buy something. I get from fifty to one hundred mail appeals a week from clubs, churches, bazaars, fairs, asking for donations. Each of them feels worthy, of course.

"AND from individuals, I get countless pitiful letters. They wring my heart. I can see they're not fakes, these pleas—but I can't help them all. I would not have enough left to live on and take care of my family. And then I've got a few brothers, back East, who are not as fortunate as I've been. I've got to help them first. After all, charity does begin at home.

"There are cadgers all around us, for another point. Do you know, I have paper in my drawer representing $8,000 in loans. And it's not worth a nickel. 'Friends' who have gone broke, who needed help in business 'for just a little while,' or maybe somebody's wife had to be rushed to the hospital. You know the type of rush-appeals, don't you? After you've helped them with money, do they stay your friends? No, they don't even call you up. They walk around your block to avoid seeing you. Unless they need more money. I've been told, in just so many words, that since I became a highly-paid star, I'm a legitimate sucker! Imagine that.

"Well, enough of that. There are other things that success has cost me—or taught me, let's say. I've had to learn to be careful of my every utterance, of every spoken word. They're hanging around, hungry for every morsel that drops from your lips, so it can be twisted to mean something quite different from what was intended. No matter what I think, I've learned to be extremely careful either not to say it, or to say it so it can't be misconstrued —if I think it's safe to say it at all.

"YOU know, there's so much envy and jealousy. A certain class of people know I get a big salary, and their envy becomes malicious. They forget that I've worked long to reach the position where I earn it, and that it's only for an abnormally short span that picture stars do earn it. We've got to make it while we can, and save it while we make it. I saw that handwriting on the wall when I saw others throwing it away as fast as they made it—in the old days of the Vernon Club and the Sunset Inn.

"I've saved enough to care for me and mine always. If people want to be maliciously

Marshall, Mich.

My father is confined to bed from a stroke of paralysis. He often has spells when he requires constant attention. We get very nervous and take turns at snatching recreation periods.

The only relaxation I can afford is the movies, which I attend every chance I get. They are my escape from the sober realities of life.

E. W.

if you really knew - - - about princess pat powder you'd surely try it

here we shall try to give the facts— read carefully

This smile says "Delightful." The smile is June Collyer's, Paramount player. The face powder, Princess Pat.

In the first place, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *almond*. Your *accustomed* powders likely have a base of *starch*. This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat — an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder*.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in *no other face powder*.

You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat *is* delightful — and *different*.

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10-PH-30

jealous of me for that, I'm sorry, that's all. I just wish they would stop the manifestation of their envy—the malicious gossip, and anonymous letters.

"There's one other thing a star has to watch for. That's the maintenance of the position he's attained. It seems every endeavor you make has to be ever greater than the ones before. If not, up goes the chorus of, 'What's the matter with Monte? He's slipping; he's gone!' And there's a lot of difference between being a beginner and a contract star, too You'll find the producers only too anxious to skimp money on your pictures, after you've arrived, figuring that your box-office name will sell mediocre films. The money they save goes to fattening some other production. Who suffers? The answer is obvious.

"WELL, there you have some of the things stardom costs you. Too, there's the everlasting responsibility if you've a grain of sincerity in you. It's surprising what a star's attitude can do to or for a company. If he's happy, enthusiastic, up goes the company morale, and there's a good picture. If the star is morose, unhappy, the company is shot and so is the production.

"It's one thing to attain success; another thing to maintain it. It's harder to maintain it.

"I don't know whether I'm happier now than I was at the bottom. Then, every opening was a new start. I had no worries, no responsibilities. My nights were easier. No worries about next day, no rushes to see. No expenses to worry about, because I wasn't living high.

"Life was simple, even though it wasn't luxurious. I was very happy.

"Today—well, I'm very happy today, too. I've realized my ambitions. I've provided for my family and brought them the things that money can buy. I see in my children the forecast of another life I can live when I step out of stardom and into retirement; I can live over my life again in them."

Advice to 17-Year Old Lovers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Well, I don't believe in that. I've never written a note—but I've started plenty. Maybe I'd think a girl hadn't been on the up and up with me and I'd get sore and sit down and start to write her a very bitter note. But I'd wait until the next morning before sending it and then I'd never mail it. And I think that's pretty good advice. Never send a note until you've slept over the idea. Then you'll never send it.

"I SAID a little while ago that I didn't believe in passing out a line. Maybe you won't believe me but it's true that I've never told a girl that I loved her. Honest, the word 'love' is kinda sacred to me and I'm not going to say it until I'm awfully sure I really mean it. If I went around telling all the girls I loved them what could I tell the real one when she came along?"

So maybe there is some hope in the younger generation after all.

The above does not sound like Warner Fabian dialogue, now does it? It appears to me that this kid Arthur Lake has a pretty level head on his shoulders.

Before we parted I asked him what sort of a girl was his favorite type, modern or old-fashioned.

"Oh, they're all about alike," said Arthur. "They're all trying to be modern but they're really pretty old-fashioned underneath. As for my type—well, lemme see,—I like 'em tall and blonde—with football shoulders."

The Story of a Magic House

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

determined that the natural wall should not come down.

Yet one could not build a house against a stone wall.

They effected a compromise.

A part of the wall was hewn away to give a view from the windows at the front and it stands now, like some ancient parapet behind which you walk and suddenly catch a glimpse of a glorified view of Hollywood off in the distance.

BUSY, happy days began. Harry attended to all the details.

He bought every nail, every sack of cement himself.

He and Ann spent most of their time watching their own house spring into being.

But even a castle must be furnished. Came days made hideous by conferences with interior decorators.

(They had to buy everything from dish towels to the grand piano.)

The experts talked to them of *Louis Quatorze* period, Renaissance, early American antiques.

Ann and Harry would have none of that. "We simply want comfort," said Ann. "There must be places to flop in every room. I don't want any antiques that somebody else has owned. We want to build legends around our own furniture. I want only comfort and beauty."

Not long ago they moved in—the three of them, Ann, Harry and Jane. And as they stood in their living room (36 by 20) and looked from the windows on the three sides they knew that the job was finished. They had come home at last!

It is a perfect house.

A well-loved house.

Every stick and stone, every tiny throw rug, every small chair is adored.

It is amazing that in so lavish and elegant an establishment so much comfort and warmth could have been attained. But it is there—beauty combined with grandeur, coziness with great charm.

You drive to the gates. If it is night you press a button. The garage lights turn on. The garage door opens.

"We are now working on a scheme," said Harry, "to have the beds turned down for us and bath water running by pushing that same button."

THE dining room is almost all windows. Every room in the house but two, I believe, has three exposures.

The only bit of modernism in the house is little Jane's nursery—and what a nursery, with Mother Goose characters chasing themselves across the walls—also off the hall, as is Ann's and Harry's bedroom, a room that baffles description.

There are tiny, hidden stairs that lead from the bedroom to the roof where there are two beds set out directly under the stars. They sleep there.

There are, in all, sixteen rooms and eight baths and there is no way of adequately describing any of it. For description would merely cover the charming and luxurious details of the place. There are many beautiful houses in Hollywood. There are many luxurious ones, but not a single film home has what this house has. For this has love and tenderness and comfort. It looks lived in and loved in.

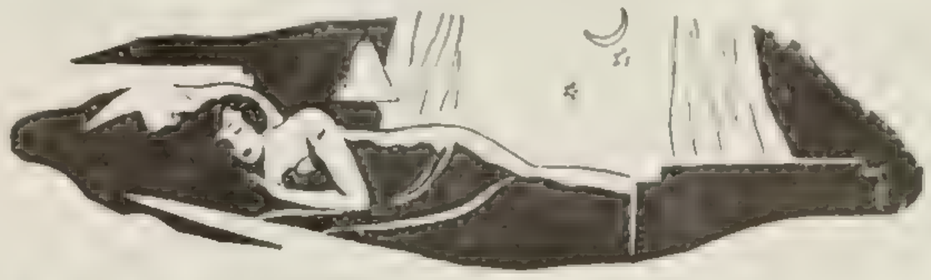
It has character.

It has atmosphere.

It has true charm.

What bath to give me energy?

Do you, now and then, have hard-to-wake-up mornings, "no-account" work days, and tired, spoiled evenings? Then you should read the booklet described below... should learn how remarkably, simple baths often can help in these too-common complaints.

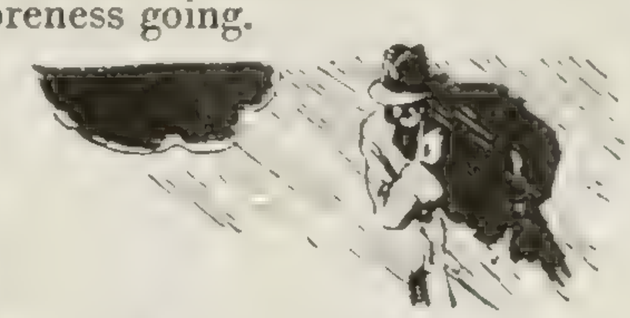


What bath for quick, sound sleep?

Nervous fatigue, they say, is an American tendency. When over-tired or too keyed-up to get to sleep, try the magic of the bath that's only mildly warm. (See booklet).

What bath to avoid sore muscles?

When physically exhausted never take a cold bath. Make it hot. Drink a glass or two of water, and then soak for a full ten minutes. You'll fairly feel the soreness going.



What bath to head off a cold?

The quite hot bath is the one to take, too, when you've come home thoroughly chilled or with wet feet. But don't put it off... And don't delay either, sending for this instructive highly interesting booklet, "The Book About Baths."

Send for "The Book About Baths" it's FREE!

Why *is* it that so many people have tended to think of the bath in terms of cleanliness alone? One reason, no doubt, is that they've never before been offered, free, a booklet just like this one. So get your copy. Use the coupon. You'll be glad you did.

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The Private Life of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

she did this, flooding the premises. Nothing is more provocative, in the life of this strange, wonderful woman, than this passionate love of rain.

It provides endless food for speculation.

She must derive great joy from the feel of the water beating upon her body.

Perhaps it is a method of release for her, this eternal wandering in a human battle against the elements.

All of us have experienced a pleasantly morbid joy in walking alone through rain, at night. It is fascinating to speculate on this solitary Swedish girl, stealing through a downpour late at night.

THE question of Garbo's clothes is also of tremendous interest to her admirers.

It is exactly true that she cares little for clothes.

Seldom did she wear anything but sports clothes—morning, noon or evening. With this costume she always wore heavy, low-heeled slippers.

Oftenest these were the smallest size obtainable in men's low shoes. In 1929 she owned about fifteen pairs of these—most of them brown.

With them she wore woolen hose, such as are worn in Sweden. During hot weather she wore half socks.

She wore men's tailored shirts. She owned dozens of men's silk ties, in all colors. At night she wore men's pajamas, in soft shades of silk and in stripes. Her hats were of soft felt in mannish style.

When her manservant brought her shoes, she would laugh and say, "Just the kind for us bachelors, eh?"

On Garbo's "mystery days," when she hid herself from her friends, she seemed to love to keep everyone guessing about what she did.

At such times she would say to her servants —"I am not at home to anyone. Remember—NO one!"

Edington, her business manager, would phone, and Greta might be in the room with the telephone.

Over and over the words would be repeated —"Miss Garbo is not in. I do not know when she will be in."

Sorensen, her Swedish friend, would not take "no" for an answer. "I know Garbo is there," he'd say. "Tell her I *must* speak to her." And Greta would sometimes instruct the servant to say, "Miss Garbo says to tell you that she is not in."

Often her spells of solitude came with the receipt of a bundle of newspapers and magazines from Sweden.

Then she would stay in bed for three days at a time, reading and clipping—rising only to swim and exercise.

IN spite of all precaution—despite the fact that the house in Beverly Hills was listed under another name—admirers occasionally found their way to Garbo's door.

One Texas girl caused considerable annoyance. She began with a long distance call which Garbo ignored. Then letters arrived.

She claimed to be a relative of Mauritz Stiller's, and to have a letter from him to present. Greta believed nothing of it. Stiller was dead. The letters went into the waste-basket.

But one night the household was awakened by a girl's voice calling, "Greta! Come on out!" A girl and two men were standing before the house. "I am so and so from Texas!" the girl called.

The servants had difficulty in persuading them to leave the premises. In the morning, Garbo, always curious about those who sought her, demanded to know all about the nocturnal callers.

For two days a college boy picketed the house. He was determined to get an interview with Garbo for his school paper. Greta was forced to use the back door.

A man in Wyoming sent Greta two orchids every week, for three months. She liked them, and always kept them on her dresser. A St. Louis admirer sent her a large box of candy each week.

He tried vainly, time and time again, to get her on long distance. She would never talk to him.

Garbo has always been fond of flowers. Her favorites are pansies and violets. Friends often sent them to her.

A bunch of violets was almost always to be found at the head of her bed.

Garbo celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday in that house on September 18, 1929. Her servants made her a birthday cake decorated with twenty-four candles of yellow and blue, and gave her a box of candy tied with ribbons of those colors—the national colors of Sweden.

Her friend Sorensen came over to late breakfast that day, bringing a sketch he had made of her.

It showed Garbo dressed in a trench coat, with a derby hat and men's shoes.

At one side was a French poodle—on the other a pair of galoshes.

THERE is a Swedish folk-story about "lucky galoshes." It tells of a pair of rubbers into which an old man stepped. When he wore them he had good luck, and when he forgot them—bad. Sorensen's picture signified that Greta had "lucky galoshes." She loved the sketch—had it framed in silver, and placed beside her bed. One other picture—a photograph of Mauritz Stiller—also stood on that favored table.

Also, on the dresser, stood Garbo's favorite Chinese idol—a sacred one called, I believe, Quan Yin.

She was forever breaking it. At last its head was completely severed. She was always unhappy when she broke this talisman, and her servants were kept busy mending the poor Chinese goddess. At last her head and body were fastened tightly with a stout spike.

Garbo's toiletries were extremely simple.

She had a very lovely plain silver dressing table set. She used very little perfume, though she did have a bottle of "gardenia" scent. And she used a lavender soap—one popular in Sweden. There were no cosmetics nor lotions on her dressing table. Occasionally Greta called for a piece of ice to rub on her face—"to freshen up a bit," she said.

When not working, Garbo cared for her hair herself. Once a week she would shampoo it.

If Greta was going on location, Alma, her colored maid from the studio, or Billie, her favorite studio hairdresser, would come to the house.

Garbo enjoyed eating. I once heard that she had become anemic from dieting. This was at a time when her company thought she was getting too heavy.

She said herself that she gained about fourteen pounds during her long holiday in Sweden almost two years ago, and that since that visit she had been in perfect health. Her weight, on her home scales, held steady at about one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.

GARBO occasionally invited friends to dinner with little or no notice. They were usually Sorensen, or Jacques Feyder, the director, or Mr. and Mrs. John Loder. Mrs. Loder was the only woman who came to the house often. Garbo liked her very much. They spoke to

each other in German. In fact, Greta usually spoke German to her friends, but talked Swedish to her staff of servants.

Once the star invited Sorensen, Feyder and his assistant director to dinner. That morning she had ordered brown beans with salt pork, Swedish hardtack, Russian rye bread, cake and coffee.

It was a favorite menu of hers, and she permitted no change with the advent of guests.

"They can take just what I am going to have," she said.

After dinner Garbo would entertain her friends by playing the phonograph. She had a Swedish record about herself that she liked to play again and again.

It was made up of bits from a popular Stockholm revue. First there was some music. Then followed conversation about Greta dancing on shipboard with Prince Sigvrid. The record ended with "But remember, Greta, there is a day coming tomorrow!"

Garbo had two other numbers she played nearly to a frenzy—played them when she was low-spirited, to cheer herself; played them when she was high-spirited, to make her happier and entertain her friends. Sophie Tucker sang both songs.

They were something about "Low Down" and "Oh, What a Man!"

IN the summer of 1929, Garbo did not seem to be devoted to any particular man.

At this time her romance with Jack Gilbert had ended.

They did not speak when they passed at the studio.

She never mentioned his name at home, though she did talk, sometimes, of the parrot she had given Jack.

"He was a big, fine bird. And very smart. You should have heard him give the raspberry. He could do it better than any man!"

At one time Miss Garbo's brother, Sven, who has been quite successful abroad both on stage and screen, wanted to come to Hollywood. He even sent a test of himself to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Garbo and Harry Edington occasionally discussed the advisability of having him come to this country. It was considered rather unwise. He is now working for Paramount in Paris.

Garbo, at this period, was not at all domestic. She never puttered about the house.

She read, swam, walked, rode, played handball, ate and slept. And worked, when work was the order of the day! Finally, after months of search, she left this house and took the beautiful Santa Monica estate which appears with this story.

AT this time, in 1929, Greta Garbo used to say that when her contract expired, in 1931, she intended to leave the United States forever. She did not seem to be really happy in Hollywood.

She would daydream—and talk—of the wonder house she means to build one day at Sallsgon, the lake of a thousand islands near Stockholm. There, on a high cliff, she would rear her castle, with the kingdoms of the world spread below.

Fame in the theaters of Europe is also a part of Greta Garbo's dreams for the future. Today she is only twenty-five!

And so ends the simple, truthful tale of Greta Garbo's life as she lived it in the year 1929—her household gods set up in a rented home in Beverly Hills, its doors barred against a prying world. There is nothing of the "sensational" in it—but there is much of surpassing interest, it seems to me.

Think, for instance, of a tall girl, in shapeless clothing, striding through a torrent in the darkness of the night, when the world is warm and dry inside its doors.

In that solitary figure, alone in the wind and the rain, is all the mystery and wonder of Greta Garbo. Of what is passing under that mop of yellow hair, who can speak? Thus does the essential Garbo remain a mystery and a lure!

The 20 Mistakes *in the* Chaplin Interview

(Printed on Page 41)

FIRST, the picture was all wrong. Chaplin and Mary Pickford have never appeared together.

Here are the mistakes in the story, in the order in which they appear:

1. The name of the new Chaplin film is "City Lights," *not* "The Lights of the City."
2. Chaplin's voice is *not* deep bass. It is quite higher.
3. His hair is *not* dark red. It is naturally greying, but he dyes it black for his pictures.
4. His famous moustache is a prop. He is smooth shaven.
5. "The Kid" was *not* the last Chaplin picture. "The Circus" was his most recent.
6. Davey Lee was *not* the boy in "The Kid." It was Jackie Coogan.
7. Georgia Hale does *not* appear in "City Lights." The part of the flower girl is played by Virginia Cherrill, a newcomer to films.
8. Charlie has *not* admitted he hopes to marry Miss Hale. On the contrary, although they go places together, he has denied there is any betrothal.
9. And his next matrimonial venture, if any, will *not* be his second. He has already been married more than once.
10. Charlie does *not* smoke. He gave up cigarettes a few years ago.
11. "City Lights" will *not* be completely voiceless. Instead, a theme song will be sung, in words, from a phonograph. These, however, will be the only words in the picture.
12. The picture can *not* be as good as the script, because Chaplin uses no script. He creates the picture as he goes along.
13. The synchronized musical numbers, as well as the theme song, were all composed by Chaplin himself. There is no Sergei Stenvich.
14. Chaplin's eyes are blue, *not* brown.
15. Charlie's accent is slightly English, *not* French.
16. Chaplin was born in London, *not* Paris.
17. Chaplin *has* been abroad, once, since coming to America.
18. He was *not* educated at the Sorbonne. He never went to school.
19. There is no pretty little maid in the Chaplin home. All his servants—six—are men.
20. Jim Tully is *not* a friend. Instead, Tully, once employed by Chaplin, has turned the fire of his pen to several articles which could hardly be called complimentary, and once Chaplin sued to prevent publication of one of Tully's stories about him.

What was your score?

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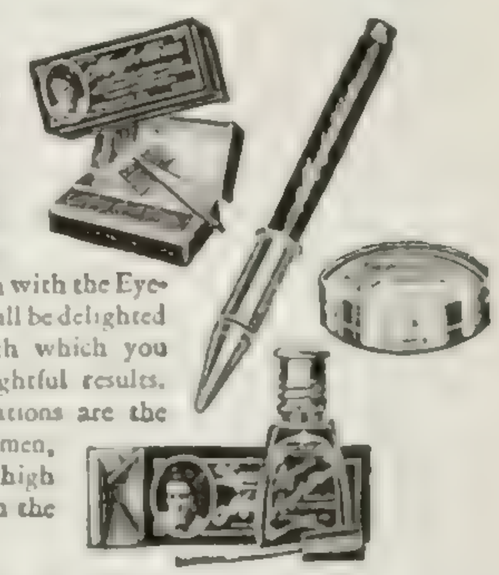

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The Gag Factory

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

"You must have a large staff," I ventured.

"I'll introduce you to the boys," he said enthusiastically, "a little later. They mustn't be disturbed now—they're writing tomorrow's product. You see," he explained, "we do so many more of these short subjects now than we used to because it takes less time. In the old days you'd take a week or ten days to do one of these. Nowadays, since our characters can talk, we can do a picture in two sets—at the most, three—because the dialogue explains things that we used to have to show by action. That speeds things up and cuts down expense."

We were on our way out of his office now, picking our way carefully to a stage set where action seemed to be going on at a furious pace.

But the fuss that had been going on had, apparently, been just a rehearsal. Suddenly a whistle blew, and everybody remained frozen in his tracks.

NOW the drama unfolded itself. It was a household scene. The woman was reading a magazine, and the husband was trying to leave the room unobtrusively. Neither of them was being successful. The wife caught him at it and didn't like it. At any rate, I judge she didn't, because she picked up a board studded with nails, that some one had, by an extraordinary chance, left leaning against the wall. As she walloped her fleeing husband, the front part of whom was now entirely through the window, with this nail-studded board, she shouted:

"There! I think this will make an impression on you!"

"That's not such a bad gag," said Roth. "Many a whole musical comedy has been built on less."

Murray Roth is a person with many sides, and most of them effective. Although he is the head of production, he often directs a picture himself, and it is generally a memorable one. They ran one for me in the projection room. It was called "Yamerkraw." It appears that, hearing so much about the artistic values in certain German pictures, such as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "The Last Laugh," he went to see one.

"So this is what all the shootin's about," he told himself. "If this is art," he added, "it's very easy."

So he did this picture, "Yamerkraw," which is the simple sequence of life in a small negro village, a few shots in the cabarets of the great and wicked city, and then back to the village again. It doesn't sound like much, but it is aesthetically satisfying to see and hear.

We went through a long hallway. From opened doors we heard snatches of music that sounded familiar.

"Our composing department," he said. "We need two songs for a picture we're doing this afternoon; they're being composed now." I listened in the corridor for a moment or two. The music bore a family likeness to all popular music. There was no chance of its striking a jarring—that is, new—note. That isn't called for in the present technique.

WE paused outside a closed door. "The gag department," he said. "You see, every line must count. Every other line must be a feed line, answered by a gag or a wise crack. They're writing them now, in there," he motioned to the door.

"Where do they get them all?" I asked.

He was a little vague. He shrugged his shoulders. "You never know. They're clever, I guess. But you don't depend just on cleverness; each one keeps a file of wise cracks, ready to be pulled out and inserted where needed."

We went inside and he introduced me to Stanley Rauh and Burnet Hershey, who have written a large proportion of the short subjects, it appears, and gagged up a lot of the others. Rauh is a young man, quick and temperamental, with a far-away look in his eye. Conversation was not just conversation to him. It was composed of the quick comeback.

THE office was fancy. "There seems to be money in writing," I remarked.

"It all depends on whom you write to for it," said Rauh.

"The public has always paid well for humor," I remarked.

"Humor, like history, repeats itself," said Hershey.

"Well, anyway," I said, "life is certainly never dull around you boys." You see, I had become the perfect feeder. The faces of both of the gagsters became animated.

"It's always dullest just before the yawn," they both said at once.

There was a pause, while they scowled at each other. "I thought it was agreed that that crack was to be mine?" said Rauh finally.

"Sorry," said Hershey. "You can have the one about the Scotchman and the moth."

Roth turned to go. "It's hot here—I have a headache," he said.

Rauh and Hershey looked at each other. "Just a second," said Rauh. He turned to a filing cabinet and looked through the folders swiftly. He did not find what he wanted.

"Sorry," he said to Roth, "I haven't anything about a headache. Can't you make it something else—a floating kidney, say?"

"Why?"

"You see, if you asked me what to do about a floating kidney I could tell you to put an outboard motor on it," said Rauh. "My headache department isn't what it should be. I'll look into that."

"Let's go," said Roth. "It's a wise crack that knows its own father. You see, I'm getting that way myself."

We started to go out. "Well, goodbye," I said. "Glad to have met you." The door was closing. Their voices followed us down the hall.

"Many a man lives by the sweat of his frau," said Hershey.

"Some people are so dumb they think a hangover is a Jewish holiday," said Rauh.

"You see, the life gets you, after a while," said Roth.

A beautiful voice rang out in the studio, a melody I had heard in the Metropolitan Opera House. I recognized the voice.

"That isn't Martinelli?" I asked.

"Certainly is," said Roth. "He's doing a series of pictures for us—excerpts from the operas."

"Are they popular?" I inquired.

"We like them," he said.

"I know, but—" I persisted.

HE shrugged his shoulders. "They lend tone to the line, and class. So does a picture like 'Yamerkraw.' When you turn out 300 of these pictures a year you can afford to mix them up a little, in order to get a general effect."

He showed me around the studio. It is a large and varied place. He was familiar with everything that was going on. There was a beautiful Chinese shrine in a corner of the property room. He ran his hand lovingly over its lacquered sides. "This used to be in the Metropolitan Museum," he said.

"Are you going to use it in a picture?" I asked.

"I'm going to have a picture written around it," he said. "With no wise cracks. Just (so-and-so) art."

"Thanks for coming out," Roth said. "I hope you won't be too hard on us. You know, our job is to get the greatest number of people

who will laugh at the same thing—you might say that we have here the lowest common denominator of humor. Just as soon as you get away from that you divide your public, the sense of humor being such a (blank) personal thing.

"Not that this stuff is to be dismissed too lightly—after all, we all get down to elementals after a while, and the two things that are more elemental than anything I can think of are laughter and tears."

"Well," I said, "you certainly seem to have made good on your end of things."

"The only trouble with making good in this business," he said quietly, "is that you have to do it over every day!"

Deeds and Dreams

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

influenced her life and was, in a way, responsible for her having a screen career. She had met Marconi in South America, through her mother, and when she came to London she saw him again. Here was a man who had dedicated his life to his work, who thought of nothing but that work, and who knew that in the intense little Spanish girl burned the fire of the artist.

Marconi told her of the glories of work well done, and when Mona's mother heard of their frequent meetings and wrote to her to come home, Marconi took out legal guardianship papers so that she might remain. It was he who begged her to break away from all her friends and acquaintances in London and strike out for herself, alone, in Germany.

She had a few letters of introduction to people in Berlin, but none of them were connected with the film industry, yet because she was determined, because she knew now what she wanted to do, and because there were no outside influences to hamper her, she landed a contract with UFA and found herself approaching happiness for the first time in her life.

Work in Germany did not satisfy her. It was too small. The center of the industry was to be found in America and when Joe Schenck came abroad, saw her and told her of the opportunities on the other side, she came, as soon as her UFA contract was up, only to discover new battles with the talkies.

She and her maid, a German woman who is half-mother, half-companion, half-servant to her, were sitting in the compartment of the train when the maid looked up from her paper and said, "You must learn to speak English. They are making talking pictures now."

"That's ridiculous," said Mona. "They won't last. They're merely novelties."

But they lasted, and Mona learned English well enough to give one of the best performances of the year in "Romance of the Rio Grande." She was almost immediately cast in "The Arizona Kid" and is now with Jose Mojica in "One Mad Kiss."

Mona has been and continues to be one of the most misunderstood girls in Hollywood. Hollywood demands a penalty for one drop of Spanish blood. It demands gayety and bounce, pep and personality stuff. Hello, baby! Hot Tamale! Ooh, la, la! A melancholy Spaniard is like a gay Swede. Mona, you see, simply won't remain true to type. She is herself and when the demons sit on her shoulders she locks herself in her house and won't come out, and when she is at parties she behaves like a lady. And that, according to Hollywood, is not an old Spanish custom.

Lonely, pitifully lonely is strange little Mona. And she will always be so. She shrugs her shoulders. She is used to it by now. She doesn't mind. She has other compensations, for as she knows the depths, so does she know the heights. I doubt if she will ever be understood. I doubt if the two stories told by her profile and her full face will ever be reconciled.

"Oh, Mr. Jones!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

So that was all settled and when the boy brought around the check from the telegraph office, maybe an hour later, the guy at the desk here was ready to cash it. I slipped my good suit to the valet for a pressing and got a shave and a haircut and a facial and a manicure; and it was about ten-thirty that me and the roll arrived at the Arcade and found the Bemis kid just getting ready to go home.

"Oh, get out some more glasses; we got company again," she said, and rolled her eyes and smiled to drive you mad. "Mr. Glintz has left for the night."

"If you ask me, baby, he can stay for the next couple of centuries, just so he leaves you behind," I said, and meant it. "How about a bite of supper with a lonely guy in a strange town?"

"Meaning handsome you?" she said, powdering her nose.

"Along with beautiful you," I told her. "I got a taxi waiting. You can tell him where to hit the curb."

IT went over big. No, we didn't come to the grill here, brother. Where we went was this Hotsy Club, a million miles out in the mountains—seven-ninety to the taxi guy, without tip. We ordered all there was on the card and we danced some and talked some, and then we danced some more and ate a little something and talked some more; and then around one o'clock Flo threw in the sponge—I was calling her Flo before we got there—and said it was time to go home. It gave me quite a start, being that late, I mean, and nothing accomplished.

"I hate to call it a day, Flo," I said. "I hate to think I have to wait till tomorrow to see you again."

"TAKE a load off your mind, Mr. Jones," she said, laughing ever so sweet and pretty. "It's tomorrow already. Can I have my hand now?"

"Pretty soon, Flo," I said. "Listen, Flo," I said, "you and me could travel a long way together."

"Mr. Jones!" she said. "I'll bet you could teach people by mail how to work fast."

"I'm not kidding, Flo," I said. "What else made me the man I am today? Going after what I want and snatching it! Take Glintz, for instance," I said.

"Where will we take him?" she asked.

"Anywhere, so long as he does himself a favor by buying Peppytone," I said. "Baby, you could help with that."

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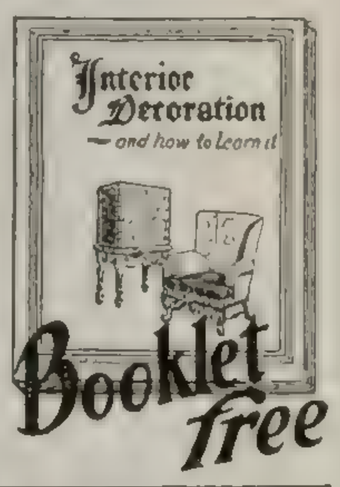

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"I knew all this food wasn't free," she said and kind of sighed and looked at me, and I hope to tell you, brother, I laid off breathing for a second. How could I help it?

"Flo," I said, "what you can do with those eyes alone is nobody's business. Look at Glintz tomorrow the way you looked at me just now and tell him to buy a Peppytone. Will you do that?"

WELL, she mashed out the cigarette she was smoking and she seemed to be thinking it over, and pretty soon she shook her head.

"It wouldn't be right," she said. "Me trying to influence him like that."

"But this is for his own good," I told her.

"Yes, I know, Mr. Jones, but I couldn't do it," she said. "I don't think that's proper, using sex appeal to sell goods. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

"You're a funny little kid, taking it so serious," I said. "You could try."

"Even if I did try, I couldn't do it right. I couldn't put my mind on it," she said. "I've got too much trouble on my mind."

"What trouble, Flo?" I asked her. "Maybe I could help."

"You couldn't," she said. "This is money trouble." Then she looked like she was going to cry. "Oh, I could shoot myself!"

It got me in the throat, but I had to laugh.

"You tell your old uncle all about it, kid," I said.

"Oh, it's that terrible mortgage!" she said.

"On the old farm, huh?"

"No, on the two-family papa bought three years ago," Flo sighed. "We had nothing but trouble since we got it. Now the heating plant in the part we don't live in went on the bum and papa simply hasn't got the price of a new one, so there's no rent coming in from that and —oh, I'm so worried I don't know what to do. The interest is six weeks over-due now and there's the payment pop has to make twice a year."

"Listen, kid!" I said. "How much is this interest?" And I pulled out the roll Homer Savage had wired.

IT seemed she was a very sensitive little kid and the sight of all that money gave her a kind of shock.

She let off a yip and flopped back for a second, breathing kind of hard.

"For the love of Pete, Mr. Jones, put it away!" she said. "Do you want somebody following us out of this joint with a lead pipe?"

"Leave that to me," I said. "How much is this interest?"

"Well, it's a hundred and fifty dollars, Mr. Jones," she said, "but that don't concern you because—"

"Don't it?" I said, and pushed the hundred and fifty over to her. "You put that in your pocket and say no more! *Now* how will it be about mentioning Peppytone to Mr. Glintz?"

"Gee, Mr. Jones, you make a girl ashamed," Flo said, putting it away quick before anyone could see it. "I—yes, sure. I'll speak to him about it tomorrow."

"Around what time, honey?" I said.

"I don't know till I see when I get the chance. Maybe you'd better not show up till I have him interested. I don't know anything about money or business," she said, timid, "but wouldn't that be better? Then maybe if we went somewhere like this tomorrow night, I could tell you about it? Maybe here, if it don't cost too much?"

TELL yourself twenty-four hours have elapsed, the way they do in plays, me sort of walking around on the air, as they say, and singing tunes to myself all the time and having my eyebrows trimmed and buying a couple of new shirts and ordering some violets sent up to Flo at ten sharp; and also giving the giggle to Bill Patterson whenever we happened to meet, he doing the same for me and also seeming to feel that he was riding high, wide and handsome.

Well, anyway, here we are at the same table the next night, with the boys shoveling out the chow like the army's getting ready to eat, and Flo kind of funny and nervous and not laughing as usual.

"Well, baby," I said, "tomorrow we hand Glintz the fountain-pen?"

"Oh, that!" said Flo, like she'd just remembered. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Jones. That isn't fixed yet. I had too many other things on my mind."

"Trouble, Flo?"

"About the mortgage," she said, and gulped a couple of times.

"What's the darn thing done now to fuss you?" I asked her.

"Oh, I don't understand about money and business," she said, "only pop went down to the lawyer today and he says it isn't legal to take the interest when the payment's not made. They're going to foreclose and take away our house. Oh, I think I'll shoot myself, Mr. Jones!" she said.

"FLO, why would you shoot yourself?" I asked her, soothing. "How much is the payment?"

"That's a laugh, Mr. Jones," she said. "More money than there is in the world. Five hundred dollars!"

Ain't it funny, how a man will get? I tore the pocket, pulling out Homer Savage's roll.

"Gimme your funny handbag, kid," I said and snatched it. "There!"

"But Mr. Jones!" she said.

"Call me Harry," I told her.

"Oh, that wouldn't be proper," she said, and

Indianapolis, Ind.

If anyone appreciates the movies it is those who live on farms. I, myself, living in the city never realized just what a blessing pictures were until I went to visit in the country.

My grandmother has ten children. They all look forward to the visit to town on Saturday, knowing that they will end the grand day by a trip to the movies. This trip is the spice of their lives and about the only form of real recreation which they can enjoy. And the pleasure isn't only for the time being, as they spend the rest of their dreary evenings discussing the picture, actors and actresses, and look forward with equal joy to the next Saturday trip.

So that's another point for the movies—the joy they bring to "country folks." Harriet Barrick

opened her eyes again. "I guess I'm terrible old-fashioned and out-of-date, but I don't think that would be proper. I couldn't call you Harry, Mr. Jones. And all this money—"

"FORGET it, beautiful," I said. "Your pop can pay me back some day. So tomorrow you'll tell B. Glintz he has to buy a Peppytone or put up the shutters, hey? I'll be there around three."

"No, I wouldn't," Flo said. "Let me get him all interested and hot and bothered about it and wanting to send for you, first. Then you can put it over fast. Isn't that wiser?"

"I leave it to you, kid," I said. "Only this time you're hopping into it with nothing on your mind, ain't you?" I said, because after all six hundred and fifty smackers are six hundred and fifty smackers.

"You watch me!" Flo said. "I'll call you at the hotel tomorrow if it's ready to break; and if it isn't maybe we could come out here again tomorrow night and I could tell you all he said and how he felt and you'd know exactly what to do. Oh, I *want* you to sell him the thing!" she said, and put her soft little hand on mine for a second.

"Have it your own way, sweetie," I said.

"Well, then, if you don't hear from me tomorrow, will you meet me on the Fifth Street corner the same time tomorrow night?" Flo said, sort of apologetic. "It looks kind of funny, you calling for me at the theater all the time. I don't want to get talked about."

So last night I met her on the Fifth Street corner.

Yes, this was just last night, brother. It seems like fifty years ago! One way and another, she stalled me off till we were at the Hotsy, with the boss bowing till you'd think he'd crack in two and all the waiters hotfooting it to bring the season's delicacies for the new millionaire and his girl friend. And then it got to me she wasn't laughing any more than she had the night before. I wanted to cuddle her and tell her it was all right, whatever it was—but, at that, business is business and I was never a man to put anything in front of business, with the firm depending on me the way it does.

"Well, well!" I said. "What time tomorrow is it we're putting the halter on B. Glintz?"

"I DON'T know what to say to you, Mr. Jones. You've been so kind to me and everything," Flo said, and started winking fast. "I wasn't able to get it fixed yet. I've been away from the Arcade all day, but it wouldn't have made any difference if I'd been there. I had too much on my mind to do you any good."

"Not trouble, Flo."

"Yes, trouble," she said and sniffed.

"Only not about the mortgage," I said. "We got that all cleaned up."

"No, we didn't," Flo said, and began crying, gentle, so nobody but me would notice it. "I've been to the lawyer's with papa. It seems there were extra charges we didn't know about—some back payment that wasn't made last time and some charges on account of waiting so long to pay this one. Oh, I can't stand it, Mr. Jones!" she said. "I can't stand all this worrying! I'm going to shoot myself!"

I can be firm when I have to be, as the feller says.

"Flo," I told her, "we have to sell B. Glintz a Peppytone before you can shoot yourself. How much does the shyster want now?"

"You couldn't believe it!" Flo said, hysterical. "He has to have another five hundred and eighteen dollars before day after tomorrow or he will bring men and put our things on the sidewalk!"

And with that she started crying into her handkerchief and I guess it was just as well, because I certainly needed time to think.

You see, no matter how you looked at it, it was bad. I'd been thinking originally I'd buy Flo a couple of meals and some candy and maybe a bracelet for a couple of hundred dollars and ship the rest of the coin back to Homer to show him how good I was. And instead of that, here's six hundred and fifty gone for the mortgage and three meals at around thirty dollars a throw and three round trips in the taxi at around twenty more apiece, making about eight hundred dollars in the red so far—and now comes this other five hundred for the lawyer, and that puts her up to three hundred more than Homer sent me in the first place. The catch being that if I don't come through with three hundred, here's Flo shooting herself.

I started thinking about that and the lucid interval was over, you could say. I could see the gun lying on the floor beside her and her little hand laying there, all limp, just the way it is in the pictures. It made me sick all over.

Well, I was never one of these guys that goes around without a dime of his own and it so happened that, in the inside vest pocket, I was warming three hundred and eighty dollars of my own. I've been thinking this last year maybe I'd get married and settle down some time. That's why I started saving.

SO here's all I could see to it: if I ditched the kid then, eight hundred smackers were gone anyway and she'd be shooting herself, whereas if I kicked in with my roll and the deal went through, I'd still be out only the commission on a couple of sales.

And I had some plans for Flo, around that time, that wouldn't work out so well if she shot herself.

"Listen, honey!" I said. "Suppose Santa Claus should come across for this last hold-up, how would I know you'd make B. Glintz buy a Peppytone?"

"Oh, Mr. Jones! Oh, Mr. Jones!" Flo gasped. "You couldn't do that? You wouldn't do that? Oh, if you'd do that, Mr. Jones, I'd get down on my knees and make him buy one! I'd vamp him till they had to put him in a strait-jacket before I'd ever let him get away without buying one!" she said. "Oh, you don't know what that would mean to pop and mom and me, Mr. Jones! Pop wants to shoot himself!"

"Well, if it's only to save undertakers' bills, we better get this mortgage stuff out of the way," I said, and unbuttoned the vest; and a couple of minutes later she had the savings of a lifetime in her bag, and she was holding my hand and looking at me. Just looking at me and looking at me till I thought I'd melt and run down out of the chair like candlegrease.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, you're a prince!" she said. "You're a king, Mr. Jones, and—"

"Call me Harry!" I told her.

"Well—Harry, then," she said, and couldn't look at me. "Harry, you're the biggest and finest man in the world and if I ever fall in love with a man, I hope he's just like you!"

"Meaning, it hasn't happened yet?"

"What hasn't happened yet—Harry?" she said.

"You falling in love with me, honey." I could hardly speak.

"I—DON'T know," she said, so low I could just hear.

"That means there's a chance!" I pretty near yelled.

"I don't know, Harry—yet," she whispered. "I have to think about mom and pop."

"Kid," I said, "let's give us a break and think about us for a while, huh? Let's think about the little house we could have in some little town, with roses and geraniums and everything. Let's think how I'd chuck this selling game and take a job in some bank, so I'd be coming home to you every night and you'd have dinner ready and afterward we could wash dishes and then sit out on the porch or go to the movies, huh?" I said. "How about it, kid? How does it listen?" I said.

"Gee, Harry, it listens great!" she said.

"And Sundays we'd put the kids in the little car and go off somewheres for a picnic, and take a shoebox full of sandwiches and a vacuum bottle with milk and eat under a tree in the country. Flo," I said, "could we get married

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tonight or would we have to get a license in this state?"

Yes, I said all that and then some, and—well, what the hell are you laughing about? What's funny? You're a married man, ain't you? Well, did you dictate a letter to her, when you were proposing? Think back, brother, think back!

As I was saying, that's what I said to her, but she just shook her head.

"I don't know about a license, Harry, but we couldn't get married tonight or any time, till I've thought it over."

"How long will it take you to think it over?" I asked her.

"A month," she said.

"Make it a week, kid," I said. "Make it a couple of days. Make it tomorrow!"

"GEE, Harry, no wonder you're such a success," she said, and opened those eyes for me, "rushing people and things the way you do! Well—maybe tomorrow night."

"*Sure* tomorrow night?"

"Well, if I can come out here with you again tomorrow night—yes, Harry. I'll tell you then. I guess you're not much worried about what I'm going to tell you," she said, and gave me the eyes again, "only—oh, gosh, Harry! I *have* to think it over! I mean, I have to feel as if I was thinking it over. You know what I mean?"

"Sure I know what you mean, baby," I said.

"Then do you mind if we don't talk about it any more now?" she said. "I mean, if we just have supper and dance and—and be happy?"

"Kid," I said, "you'd have some job finding anything I'd mind, just about now, what I mean!" And then I turned around to old Hotsy and hollered: "Hey, you! Bring us a quart of champagne! Bring us a couple of quarts!" I said.

SO we danced till half-past two this morning and in the taxi I could kiss her just once. That's on the level. We couldn't roll up to her door because mom and pop didn't like her out so late with gentlemen and she'd have to give 'em some kind of stall about doing overtime at the Arcade, making up the books. She said it hurt her conscience very bad, having to lie, and she'd be glad tomorrow night when she could tell them the truth.

I dropped her at the corner and the last thing she said was, we mustn't be so happy we forgot about business. But, to tell you the truth, it took me quite some time to remember that theaters were using sound outfits, much less Peppytones. However, the way we left it, she was to get B. Glintz all ripe and ready for picking and then call me up here before eleven.

Well, brother, noon today and I was still sitting here with no call and no answer from the Arcade when I tried to get 'em. The funny part was, Bill Patterson was hanging around in much the same way, looking kind of worried and thoughtful. That's not like him. Usually he has his chest out and the horse laugh ready for everybody. He sat in about fifteen different chairs and dropped about a dozen nickels in the 'phone and got them all back. It got so we were taking turns in the booths.

Two or three times he started to speak to me and changed his mind; and then at last he came over and sat beside me.

Night shots at the studio. High on the platform is Director Alfred Werker and his boss cameraman, pondering shots on "The Sea Wolf," which he is directing for Fox. Note the wraps on the ladies below. The California nights are pretty chilly

"Say, Jonesy," he said, "you're a pretty good scout. As man to man, did you sell the Arcade?"

"Not yet," I said. "Did you?"

"Not yet, Jonesy," Bill said and grinned kind of queer and puzzled and bit his trick moustache. "Say, Jonesy, I don't know what it is, but I have a hunch there's something wrong," he said. "I have a hunch we might do well to slap the cards down on the table. Jonesy, I hear you've been out a couple of times with the cutie Glintz has selling tickets up there?"

"Well?" I said quick. "What of that?"

"Don't get sore, Jonesy. Me, I've been trying to reach him through Dixon, his operator, and—damned if I know what it is, but I'm smelling something. Coming down to cases, I guess the money I've been spending on that boy is getting on my nerves. I've been chucking dough to him like it was spoiled and I had to get rid of it. He's a very ingratiating lad, somehow. He's in trouble—or his family is—and a couple of times I've had to watch the poor devil break down and cry about the mortgage."

"WHAT mortgage?" I asked. It gave me a start.

"Oh, they have a two-family house and they're paying off a mortgage and they're apparently in the hands of some loan shark. Why, they'd have been put out on the sidewalk tomorrow if I hadn't come to the rescue!" Bill said. "I—well, by thunder, all the expense money the firm's allowing me for this territory has gone into that mortgage and a couple of hundred of my own beside!"

"Why, Bill!" I said. It just slipped out of me. "Him and Flo must be brother and sister! That's the same family I've been saving!"

Then we sat down and looked at each other for, I'd say, maybe about half a minute, and it was certainly very peculiar. I mean, how much we both seemed to be understanding without saying a word. I was getting kind of chilly, too. You know, shaky. My hands were wet and clammy.

"Jonesy, suppose we'd take a walk up to the Arcade?" Bill said.

"Suppose we would," I said.

There was B. Glintz, the same as usual, leaning on the outside of the ticket booth this time, with his hands in his pockets and the cigar in his teeth.

"Where's Miss Bemis, Glintz?" I asked him.

"Is Dixon around, Mr. Glintz?" said Bill.

"Neither of 'em, gents," B. Glintz said.

"Well, when are you expecting Miss Bemis?" I asked him.

"Two or three days after hell freezes over," he said. "There ain't any such person. She's Mrs. Dixon now. Yep, her and the boy got married this morning at City Hall. They went somewhere. New Orleans—maybe it was San Francisco. They're starting some business, some beauty shop racket or something. They'd ought to do quite well."

DID you ever fall off a dock in the middle of winter, brother? I mean, when the river was full of ice and a good, strong wind blowing out of the North and then have 'em haul you out and let you stand around a while, till they found blankets?

I did; I was ten years old at the time, but I never forgot it.

This was like that. What I mean, I was still living and my head was very clear, but yet I was very uncomfortable.

"They'd ought to!" Patterson said, after a while. "They'd ought to!"

"I'd say so," B. Glintz said. "They're a couple of live kids. They got lots of enterprise. I was sorry to see the last of Flo. She was a bright little thing. I knew her popper quite well. He used to have the ticket wagon in a circus for a number of years, till he got shot."

"Who shot him?" I said. "I'd like to meet the party."

"I disremember the name," B. Glintz said. "All I remember, the jury wouldn't convict him. Oh, I guess he was pretty sour."

"And where did you get Dixon, Mr. Glintz?" Bill asked. "Was he selling the reserved seats in the same circus?"

"No, I got Jimmy from the reformatory," B. Glintz said. "He worked quite cheap, account of that. He was bright, too."

"OH, he was bright!" Patterson agreed. Then he got to staring at me and he was so red and wild-looking I thought he was going to have a stroke. "Well, that's that, Jonesy," he said, "and here we are back at scratch again and may the best man win!"

He whirled around and yelled at B. Glintz, like crazy: "Listen, you! You're buying a Blastophone or a Peppytone! I don't give a damn which it is, but you're buying one or the other! Get it?" he yelled. "After what we've spent between us—say! Which is it going to be? Which is it going to be?" I'd never have thought Bill Patterson could lose control of himself that way, especially when talking to a customer.

B. Glintz just waited till Bill was through and then shook his head.

"I ain't interested," he said.

"Maybe not, but by crackey! you're going to be before we get through with you!" Patterson hollered. "We'll get you interested!"

"No, you won't get me interested," B. Glintz said. "I ain't in the picture business any more. Two o'clock, the sheriff's taking over this place. Well—what the hell?" he said. "I wasn't making any money, anyway."

And he spit out his cigar and walked into the Arcade; and here's me and Bill Patterson standing outside. Pretty soon Bill took his handkerchief and dried his forehead, which certainly needed it, and looked around. Me, I felt like I was dead inside, but with signs of coming to life pretty soon and murdering somebody.

"That's an elegant dark little alley, there beside the house," Bill said.

"What good would it do us, bumping him off?" I said. "Even if we could get him in there."

"I hadn't thought that far, Jonesy," Bill Patterson said. "I was just wondering if you and me couldn't go up to the end of that alley and you kick me till you were tired and then I'd kick you till I was tired, and so on till three o'clock, when I'll be pulling out of this—" well, I couldn't tell you exactly what he called Giddesboro, not with those two old ladies sitting so close.

"THE idea has points, Bill, but it's no good to me," I said. "I have to be careful of these pants," I said, "because it might be some time before I'll buy any more."

So then I came back to the hotel and wrote out a full and complete report for Homer Savage, the way he said, and wired it in. Nine dollars, collect.

What did I tell him? I told him the truth! What else would I tell him? That I fed the thousand dollars to the cat?

Oh, no, Homer won't get tough. We're practically like brothers.

He'll just wire back some funny little message, kidding me.

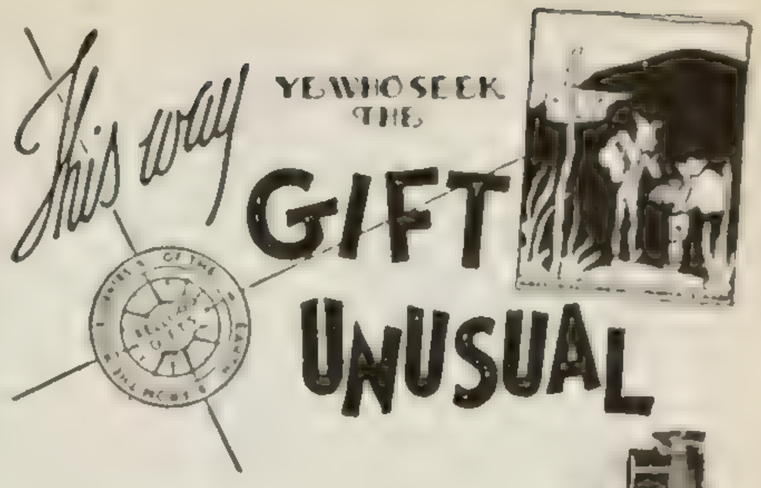
What say? No, I'm not trembling. I'm slightly nervous.

What else could you expect from a man which has had his life practically ruined within twenty-four hours? Homer Savage has nothing to do with this nervousness. You stick around if you think different and see the kidding message I get from him. Why, Homer and me are practically like—is that boy paging me? He is?

What's that, bellhop? Well—well, yes, certainly.

I'm the Mr. Harry Jones that Mr. Savage wants on the long distance double quick. I—well, I have to go, brother.

I guess—well, I guess Homer wants to kid me a little now!



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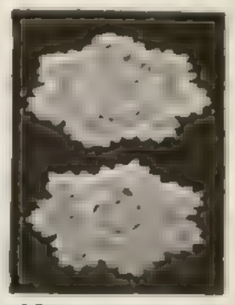

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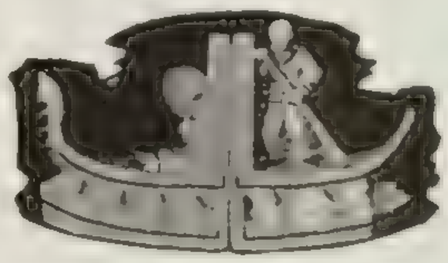

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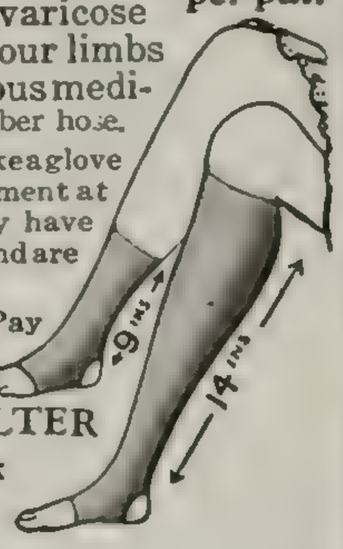

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Talking *of* Talkies

THE strangest thing I ever saw was an invitation to a Hollywood party reading "Admit bearer and one husband."—The New York Daily Mirror.

TALKING pictures are a great mistake. If I were younger and had plenty of money I would go into the production of silent pictures. That is the great field for the right man today. Good silent pictures would sweep the country. —David Belasco, stage producer.

HOLLYWOOD is a group of illiterates catering to the vast multitude of half-wits.—Arthur Caesar, scenario writer.

AN artistic wave of the hand is great, but a good laugh is much more pleasing to the audience, and you will always hear movie-goers telling others about a picture when they have been given a lot of entertainment.—Edward Cline, director.

PRISON scenarios are becoming so common in the talkies that soon the way to tell a Hollywood star will be by that hunted look. —The New York Evening Post.

IT is horrible to think of the British Empire receiving its education from the place called Hollywood.—Sir James Parr, High Commissioner for New Zealand.

THE picture shows have gone from bad to voice.—Carolina Buccaneer.

BERLIN, Germany—(by Associated Press) —The national board of film censorship will not permit the motion picture called "Mickey Mouse in the Trenches" to be shown in Germany. The censors hold that the wearing of German helmets by an army of cats which opposes a militia of mice is "offensive to national dignity."—The New York Daily News.

"WHAT would you advise young people to do if they want to break into the movies?" the interviewer asked Marie Dressler.

"Tell them to wait. Wait. Wait. It's a waiting game. I waited seven months. I played a small part. The critics said I was good. I waited until I found a good part. And I hope I'm doing all right."—The New York Telegram.

When a film director turns cartoonist! This is Mal St. Clair's idea of a modest, shrinking picture director posing for a picture with his children. Find the kiddies!

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Stephen Vincent Benet. Adapted by Stephen Vincent Benet. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: *Mid-wife*, Lucille La Verne; *Tom Lincoln*, W. L. Thorne; *Nancy Hanks Lincoln*, Helen Freeman; *Offut*, Otto Hoffman; *Abraham Lincoln*, Walter Huston; *Armstrong*, Edgar Deering; *Ann Rutledge*, Una Merkel; *Lincoln's Employer*, Russell Simpson; *Sheriff*, Charles Crockett; *Mary Todd Lincoln*, Kay Hammond; *Mrs. Edwards*, Helen Ware; *Stephen A. Douglas*, E. Alyn Warren; *Herndon*, Jason Robards; *Tad Lincoln*, Gordon Thorpe; *John Wilkes Booth*, Ian Keith; *John Hay (Secretary to the President)*, Cameron Prudhomme; *General Scott*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *Young Soldier*, Jimmie Eagle; *General Grant*, Fred Warren; *Secretary of War Stanton*, Oscar Apfel; *General Sheridan*, Frank Campeau; *General Lee*, Hobart Bosworth; *Colonel Marshall*, Henry B. Walthall.

"ANIMAL CRACKERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by George S. Kaufman and Morris Ryskind. Adapted by Morris Ryskind and Pierre Collings. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Captain Jeffrey Spaulding*, Groucho Marx; *The Professor*, Harpo Marx; *Signor Emanuel Ravelli*, Chico Marx; *Horatio Jamison*, Zeppo Marx; *Arabella Rittenhouse*, Lillian Roth; *Mrs. Rittenhouse*, Margaret Dumont; *Roscoe Chandler*, Louis Sorin; *John Parker*, Hal Thompson; *Mrs. Whitehead*, Margaret Irving; *Grace Carpenter*, Kathryn Reece; *Hives*, Robert Greig; *Hennessey*, Edward Metcalf; *Six Footmen*, The Music Masters.

"ANYBODY'S WOMAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gouverneur Morris. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Pansy Gray*, Ruth Chatterton; *Neil Dunlap*, Clive Brook; *Gustave Saxon*, Paul Lukas; *Grante Crosby*, Huntly Gordon; *Eddie Calcio*, Tom Patricola; *Dot Calcio*, Cecil Cunningham; *Katherine Malcolm*, Juliette Compton.

"DANGER LIGHTS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by James A. Creelman. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Dan Thorn*, Louis Wolheim; *Larry Doyle*, Robert Armstrong; *Mary Ryan*, Jean Arthur; *Ed Ryan*, Frank Sheridan; *Engineer*, Robert Edeson; *"Professor,"* Hugh Herbert; *Joe Geraghty*, James Farley; *General Manager*, Alan Roscoe; *Chief Dispatcher*, William P. Burt.

"DOUGH BOYS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Al Boasberg and Sidney Lazarus. Adapted by Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Elmer*, Buster Keaton; *Mary*, Sally Eilers; *Nescopeck*, Cliff Edwards; *Sergeant Brophy*, Edward Brophy; *Svendenburg*, Victor Potel; *Gustave*, Arnold Korff; *Captain Scott*, Frank Mayo; *Abie Cohn*, Pitzy Katz; *Lieutenant Randolph*, William Steele.

"EYES OF THE WORLD"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Harold Bell Wright. Adapted by Clarke Silvernail and N. Brewster Morse. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *The Cast in Prologue: Mrs. Rutledge*, Eulalie Jensen; *James Rutledge*, Hugh Huntley; *Myra*, Myra Hubert; *Maid*, Florence Roberts. *The Cast: Sybil*, Una Merkel; *Myra*, Nance O'Neil; *Aaron King*, John Holland; *Mrs. Taine*, Fern Andra; *James Rutledge*, Hugh Huntley; *Conrad LaGrange*, Frederic Burt; *Mr. Taine*, Brandon Hurst; *Bryan Oakley*, William Jeffrey.

"FLIRTING WIDOW, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Green Stockings" by A. E. W. Mason. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Celia*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Colonel Smith*, Basil Rathbone; *James Raleigh*, William Austin; *Evelyn*, Leila Hyams; *Faraday*, Claude Gillingwater; *Aunt Ida*, Emily Fitzroy; *Bobby*, Anthony Bushell; *Phyllis*, Flora Bramley; *Martin*, Wilfred Noy.

"GOLDEN DAWN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Oscar Hammerstein II. From the play by Otto Harbach. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Tom Allen*, Walter Woolf; *Dawn*, Vivienne Segal; *Shep Keyes*, Noah Beery; *Blink*, Lee Moran; *Joanna*, Marion Byron; *Sister Hedwig*, Julanne Johnston; *Maid in Waiting*, Nena Quartaro; *Mooda*, Alice Gentle; *Napoli*, Nick de Ruiz; *Captain Eric*, Otto Matiesen; *African Piper*, Sojin; *Fan Boy*, Harold Clarke; *Anzac*, Frank Dunn; *Dancing Instructor*, Eduardo Cansino; *British Officer*, Carlie Taylor; *Hasmali*, Nigel de Bruilier; *Col. Judson*, Ivan Simpson.

"HELL'S ISLAND"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Tom Buckingham. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Mac*, Jack Holt; *Griff*, Ralph Graves; *Marie*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Sergeant Klotz*, Richard Cramer; *Bert, the Cockney*, Harry Allen; *Monsieur Dupont*, Lionel Belmore; *German Legionnaire*, Otto Lang; *Colonel*, Carl Stockdale.

"KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the play by Dion Boucicault. Continuity by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Kathleen*, Sally O'Neil; *Terry*, Charles Delaney; *Dan Moriarity*, Robert Elliott; *Aunt Nora Shannon*, Aggie Herring; *Uncle Mike Shannon*, Walter Perry; *Butler*, Francis Ford.

"LADY WHO DARED, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "The Devil's Playground" by Kenneth J. Saunders. Adapted by Forrest Halsey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by William Blaudine. The cast: *Margaret Townsend*, Billie Dove; *Charles Townsend*, Sidney Blackmer; *Jack Norton*, Conway Tearle; *Julianne Boone-Fleming*, Judith Vosselli; *Seton Boone-Fleming*, Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; *Butler*, Ivan Simpson; *Maid*, Mathilde Comont.

"LEATHERNECKING"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Herbert Fields, Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart. Adapted by Alfred Jackson. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: *Delphine*, Irene Dunne; *Frank*, Ken Murray; *Hortense*, Louise Fazenda; *Ned Sparks*, Ned Sparks; *Edna*, Lilyan Tashman; *Chick*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Stein*, Benny Rubin; *Fortune Teller*, Rita LaRoy; *Douglas*, Fred Santley; *Richter*, Baron von Brinken; *The Colonel*, Carl Gerrard; *Richter songs*, Werther and Wolfgang.

"LOTTERY BRIDE, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—An Arthur Hammerstein Production. From the story by Herbert Stothart. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Jenny*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Chris*, John Garrick; *Hoke*, Joe E. Brown; *Hilda*, ZaSu Pitts; *Olaf*, Robert Chisholm; *Alberto*, Joseph Macaulay; *Boris*, Harry Gribbon; *Nels*, Carroll Nye.

"LOVE IN THE RING"—TERRA PRODUCTION.—Directed by Reinhold Schuenzel. The cast: *The Champion*, Max Schmeling; *Hilda*, Renata Muller; *The Challenger*, Jose Santa; *The Vamp*, Olga Tschekowa; *The Mother*, Frieda Richard; *Trainer*, Max Machon; *Manager*, Kurt Gerron.

"LOVE IN THE ROUGH"—M-G-M.—From the play "Spring Fever" by Vincent Lawrence. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Charles Reisner. The cast: *Kelly*, Robert Montgomery; *Marilyn*, Dorothy Jordan; *Benny*, Benny Rubin; *Waters*, J. C. Nugent; *Virgie*, Dorothy McNulty; *Tewksbury*, Tyrrell Davis; *Gardner*, Harry Burns; *Johnson*, Allan Lane; *Martha*, Catherine Moylan; *Williams*, Edward Davis; *Proprietor*, Rosco Ates; *Brown*, Clarence Wilson.

"LOVE RACKET, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "The Woman on the Jury" by Bernard K. Burns. Adapted by John F. Goodrich. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Betty Brown*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Fred Masters*, Sidney Blackmer; *George Wayne*, Edmund Burns; *Marion Masters*, Myrtle Stedman; *Grace Pierce*, Alice Day; *Mrs. Pierce*, Edith Yorke; *Mrs. Slade*, Martha Mattox; *Judge Davis*, Edwards Davis; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Webster Campbell; *Defense Attorney*, Clarence Burton; *Detective McGuire*, Tom Mahoney; *John Gerrity*, Jack Curtis.

"MADAM SATAN"—M-G-M.—From the story by Jeanie Macpherson. Dialogue by Gladys Unger and Elsie Janis. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Angela Brooks*, Kay Johnson; *Bob Brooks*, Reginald Denny; *Trixie*, Lillian Roth; *Jimmy Wade*, Roland Young; *Martha*, Elsa Petersen; *Captain*, Boyd Irwin; *First Mate*, Wallace MacDonald; *A Roman Senator*, Wilfred Lucas; *Romeo*, Tyler Brooke; *Eve*, Lotus Thompson; *Call of the Wild*, Vera Marsh; *Fish Girl*, Martha Sleeper; *Water*, Doris McMahon; *Confusion*, Marie Valli; *Miss Conning Tower*, Julanne Johnston; *Empire Officer*, Albert Conti; *Pirate*, Earl Askam; *Little Rolls Riding Hood*, Betty Francisco; *Babo*, Ynez Seabury; *Spain*, Countess De Liguoro; *Spider Girl*, Katherine Irving; *Victory*, Aileen Ransom; *Electricity (Ballet Mechanique)*, Theodore Kosloff; *Herman*, Jack King; *Biff*, Edward Prinz; and Abe Lyman and his band.

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mark Canfield. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Nan Sheffield*, Joan Bennett; *Speed Hansen*, Joe E. Brown; *Tommy Nelson*, James Hall; *Betty*, Laura Lee; *Mr. Nelson*, Anders Randolf; *Whiskers*, Sumner Getchell; *President Sheffield*, George Irving; *Professor*, George Bickel; *Coach Bob Brown*, Howard Jones; *Bill*, Bill Banker; *"Racehorse" Russell*, Russell Saunders; *Tim*, Tom Moynihan; *Schoony*, W. K. Schoonover; *Elmer*, E. N. Sleight; *George*, George Gibson; *Ray*, Ray Montgomery; *Otto*, Otto Pommerening; *Ken*, Kenneth Haycraft; *Howard*, Howard Harpster; *Paul*, Paul Scull; *Brown of Harvard*, Stuart Erwin.

"MOBY DICK"—WARNERS.—From the story by Herman Melville. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Ahab*, John Barrymore; *Faith*, Joan Bennett; *Derek*, Lloyd Hughes; *Whale Oil Rosie*, May Boley; *Stubbs*, Walter Long; *Starbuck*, Tom O'Brien; *Elijah*, Nigel de Brulier; *Quee Queg*, Nobel Johnson; *Blacksmith*, William Walling; *Old Maid*, Virginia Sale; *First Mate*, Jack Curtis; *Rev. Mapple*, John Ince.

"MONSIEUR LE FOX"—M-G-M.—From the story by Willard Mack. Directed by Hal Roach. The cast: *Louis*, Gilbert Roland; *Girl*, Barbara Leonard; *Father*, Arnold Korff; *Sergeant Mooney*, Robert Elliott; *Corporal Smith*, George Davis; *Woolie-Woolie*, Nena Quartaro; *Priest*, Robert Graves, Jr.; *Charlie Cateye*, Fletcher Norton; *Minnie*, Katherine Winner; *Buck*, Siegfried Schmidt; *Man on Sled*, Frank Lackteen.

"MONTE CARLO"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

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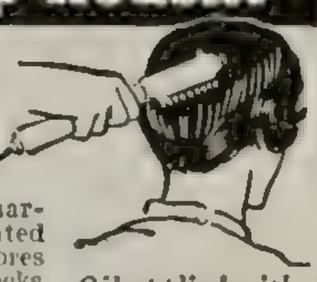
A new discovery now actually peels them off, and they're gone positively, *not covered up as with paint and powder.* It's the most amazing, yet simple, way of removing skin blemishes and making yourself more beautiful and youthful-looking you ever read of. And it's all explained in a new treatise "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which now is being mailed to readers of this magazine ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send no money, just name and address, and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell your friends who may also wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. R-31, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now!

Magic Electric Invention Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff and All Scalp Troubles

Now, Hot Oil Treatments, Scientifically Applied, Cost ONLY 3c EACH



A remarkable invention, just marketed, applies electrically heated oil treatments direct to the pores of the scalp and instantly checks dandruff, stops falling hair and quickly cleanses scalp of all disorders.

SAV-UR-HAR

Electric Oil Comb—"It Heats As It Treats"

Saves 15 to 45 minutes on each application. Eliminates old, messy methods of applying with cotton wads, fingers or brush. No matting or tangling of hair. SAV-UR-HAR passes through and around each strand of hair with a stimulating, soothing action. The world has waited 35 years for this remarkable invention. Write for details and low introductory price.

BEAUTY AIDS, Inc.
Suite 2007J, 307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Oil applied with SAV-UR-HAR is fed direct to the pores and is kept at the scientifically correct temperature.

$24 a Day We have a few good openings for live representatives that pay $24.00 profit on only 3 sales per day. Write us.

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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake St., Dept. M-130, Chicago, Ill.

The cast: *Count Rudolph Falliere*, Jack Buchanan; *Countess Vera von Conti*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Maria*, ZaSu Pitts; *Armand*, Tyler Brook; *Prince Otto von Seibenheim*, Claud Allister; *Duke Gustavo von Seibenheim*, Edgar Norton; *Paul*, John Roche; *Master of Ceremony*, Albert Conti; *Lady Mary*, Helen Garden; *Monsieur Beaucaire*, Donald Novis; *Horald*, David Percy; *Lord Windorset*, Erik Bey.

"NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Frederick L. Bowen. Adapted by Richard Weil and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Kay Elliott*, Alice White; *Alan Ward*, Paul Page; *Jack Gregory*, Douglas Gilmore; *Linda Gregory*, Myrna Loy; *Wilbur Fairchild*, Robert Agnew; *John R. Elliott*, George Irving.

"OFFICE WIFE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Faith Baldwin. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Anne Murdock*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Lawrence Fellows*, Lewis Stone; *Mr. McGowan*, Hobart Bosworth; *Kate Halsey*, Blanche Frederici; *Catherine Murdock*, Joan Blondell; *Linda Fellows*, Natalie Moorhead; *Mr. Jameson*, Brooks Benedict; *Miss Andrews*, Dale Fuller; *Ted O'Hara*, Walter Merrill.

"ONE MAD KISS"—FOX.—From the story by Adolf Paul. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Jose Savedra*, Don Jose Mojica; *Rosario*, Mona Maris; *Don Estrada*, Antonio Moreno; *Paco*, Tom Patricola.

"OUTSIDE THE LAW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Tod Browning. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Connie*, Mary Nolan; *Cobra*, Edward G. Robinson; *Fingers O'Dell*, Owen Moore; *Jake*, Edwin Sturgis; *Humpy*, John George; *The Kid*, Delmar Watson; *Police Captain*, DeWitt Jennings; *Officer O'Reilly*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *District Attorney*, Frank Burke; *Assistant*, Sydney Bracey.

"RAIN OR SHINE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play "Rain or Shine" by James Gleason. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Smiley*, Joe Cook; *Frankie*, Louise Fazenda; *Mary*, Joan Peers; *Bud*, Wm. Collier, Jr.; *Amos*, Tom Howard; *Dave*, David Chasen; *Dalton*, Alan Roscoe; *Foltz*, Adolph Milar; *Nero*, Clarence Muse; *Mr. Conway*, Ed Martindale; *Grace Conway*, Nora Lane; *Lord Gwynne*, Tyrrell Davis.

"ROAD TO PARADISE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Margaret Waring*, Loretta Young; *Mary Brennan*, Loretta Young; *George Wells*, Jack Mulhall; *Nick*, Raymond Hatton; *Jerry "The Gent,"* George Barraud; *Mrs. Wells*, Kathlyn Williams; *Casey*, Fred Kelsey; *Updike*, Purnell Pratt; *Flanagan*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Lola*, Dot Farley; *Brewster*, Winter Hall; *Yvonne*, Georgette Rhodes.

"ROUGH WATERS"—WARNERS.—From the story by James A. Starr. Directed by John Daumery. The cast: *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Cal Morton*, Lane Chandler; *Mary*, Jobyna Ralston; *Captain Thomas*, Edmund Breese; *Norris*, Walter Morris; *Bill*, Bill Irving; *Fred*, George Rigon; *Little*, Richard Alexander; *Davis*, Skeets Noyes.

"SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by John Wray and Jack O'Donnell. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Littleton Looney*, Jack Oakie; *Ellen Saunders*, Ginger Rogers; *Hycross*, Granville Bates; *Senator Powell*, George Barbier; *Nick Pangolos*, Sidney Riggs; *Flo Goodrich*, Betty Starbuck; *Dolly Clark*, Veree Teasdale; *Captain Barker*, J. Malcolm Dunn; *Bells*, Bernard Jukes; *Henderson*, Walter Fenner; *Hopkins*, Jack Daley.

"SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A"—WARNERS.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Adapted by Perry Vekroff. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Gretchen Rittner*, Lotti Loder; *Tim*, Harry Langdon; *Georgie*, Ben Lyon; *Grandfather Rittner*, Jean Hersholt; *Captain Plover*, Noah Beery; *Hank*, Fred Kohler; *Herman*, Otto Matiesen; *Corporal Brown*, Lee Moran; *Lola*, Marie Astaire; *Dave*, Frank Campeau.

"SONS OF THE SADDLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Bennett R. Cohen. Directed by Harry Joe Brown. The cast: *Jim Brandon*, Ken Maynard; *Ronnie Stavnow*, Doris Hill; *Martin Stavnow*, Joe Girard; *Harvey*, Carroll Nye; *"Red" Slade*, Francis Ford; *"Pop" Higgins*, Harry Todd.

"SOUP TO NUTS"—FOX.—From the story by Rube Goldberg. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Ted*, Ted Healy; *Queenie*, Frances McCoy; *Carlson*, Stanley Smith; *Louise*, Lucile Browne; *Schmidt*, Charles Winninger; *Throckmorton*, Hallam Cooley; *Klein*, George Bickel; *Ferguson*, Wm. H. Tooker.

"TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "When We Were 21" by Harry V. Esmond. Adapted by Harrison Orkow. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Phyllis Ericson*, Loretta Young; *Richard Dane, The Imp*, David Manners; *Richard Carewe*, Conway Tearle; *Col. Graham*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Horace Palmer*, Harry Stubbs; *Mrs. Ericson*, Myrtle Stedman; *Kara, the Firefly*, Myrna Loy; *Hal*, Ray Hallor; *Cherry*, Dorothy Matthews; *Babette*, Yola D'Avril.

"WHAT A WIDOW"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Josephine Lovett. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Tamarind*, Gloria Swanson; *Gerry*, Owen Moore; *Victor*, Lew Cody; *Valli*, Margaret Livingston; *Mr. Lodge*, Wm. Holden; *Jose Alvarada*, Herbert Braggiotti; *Bastikoff*, Gregory Gaye; *Paulette*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Marquise*, Nella Walker; *Masseuse*, Daphne Pollard.

"WHOOPEE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the musical comedy by William Anthony McGuire. From the play "The Nervous Wreck" by Owen Davis. From the story "The Wreck" by E. J. Rath. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Henry Williams*, Eddie Cantor; *Sally Morgan*, Eleanor Hunt; *Wanenis*, Paul Gregory; *Sheriff Bob Wells*, John Rutherford; *Mary Custer*, Ethel Shutta; *Jerome Underwood*, Spencer Charters; *Black Eagle*, Chief Caupolican; *Chester Underwood*, Albert Hackett; *Andy McNabb*, Will H. Philbrick; *Judd Morgan*, Walter Law; *Harriett Underwood*, Marilyn Morgan; *Show Girls*, Jeanne Morgan, Virginia Bruce, Muriel Finley, Ernestine Mahoney, Christine Maple, Jane Keithley, Mary Ashcraft, Georgia Lerch and Betty Stockton.

"WINGS OF ADVENTURE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Harry Frazer. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Dave Kent*, Rex Lease; *Maria*, Armida; *Skeets Smith*, Clyde Cook; *La Panthera*, Fred Malatesta; *Manuel*, Nick de Ruiz; *Viva*, Eddie Boland.

"WOMEN IN LOVE"—WARNERS.—From the play "Penny Arcade" by Marie Baumer. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Angel*, Grant Withers; *Jennie*, Evalyn Knapp; *Harry*, James Cagney; *Myrtle*, Joan Blondell; *Ma Delano*, Lucille La Verne; *Buck*, Noel Madison; *George*, Otto Hoffman; *Mitch*, Warren Hymer.

Her Name in Lights

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

wants to live. Why shouldn't she, with everything before her?

She is not sentimental. She is practical. The race from which she springs is notoriously impractical; dreamers, fighters, romancers, enthusiasts, delightful madmen. But somehow she has inherited, or acquired, a practicality concerning life, concerning people, concerning money, which would argue a hard-headed New England ancestor somewhere along the road.

She is generous; but practically generous. I do not think she would fall for a hard luck story. She'd investigate it first.

There is something soft and vacillating about people who cannot say "No." She can say, "No." Or, driven to it, she may say, "Yes," and think, "No," and wonder a little at the amazing ability of people to impose, to appeal.

She probably marvels why they haven't worked for things as she has. I doubt if she would talk hard luck, even if she had it. She's got pride. And I know that she can't be bluffed, for she has sense.

She is not conceited. She is not, I think, vain, save as all pretty girls are vain, with a natural vanity, a natural acceptance of their good fortune at having been born easy on the eyes.

She would probably admit she were good looking if you asked her. She'd be foolish not to, and a hypocrite, with normal eyesight and a mirror in evidence. But she isn't content to rest upon her accidental, physical laurels.

She is a square-shooter. She considers the feelings of other people. She doesn't do it emotionally—she does it practically. She figures things out. She looks ahead. There is nothing languorous or blurred or vacillating about her.

She is, I think, exceptionally shrewd, and she has learned a sense of values. She is perfectly willing to sacrifice certain things for other things which appear to her to be more valuable in the long run.

I imagine she has a quick red-headed tem-

per. As to temperament, rumors of which I have heard, I am not so sure. Temper and temperament are very different. I fancy she would be quick to see an injustice, a wrong, quick to flare up, swift to retaliate. And, if time proved her in the wrong, instead of the other fellow, as swift to make amends.

But temperament—in her profession? I wonder. I have a very strong impression that when Nancy Carroll indulges in a fit of "temperament," she does it with her brain clicking on all six, and her motives perfectly clear cut and with a purpose. With her, it would not be the emotional reaction of the wounded ego, the hysterical and uncontrolled outburst of star-types—masculine as well as feminine—which have whipped themselves so often to a state of emotional exhibitionism that it becomes second nature to them.

SHE has been hurt. She is a little wary. She doesn't trust people, entirely. How can she, having taken punishment? She holds back, she feels her way, she waits until she is sure of her opponent.

She has a grand sense of humor and a quick wit which may, in her circles, pass for wisecracking. It is not wisecracking. It is wit, which is the humor of the soul and has nothing to do with custard pies. She can dissect a person or a personality with the scalpel of a single sentence. It is not malicious; it is funny, and shrewd and even, astonishingly, a little subtle.

She does not "yes" you. If you make a statement, or mention a preference, and she doesn't agree, she doesn't smile and say "How true," or words to that effect. She knows her own mind and who are you to tell her otherwise?

She is ambitious. "Here I am," she says, in effect, "but I'm not going to stay here." There are things she wants to do, goals she wants to reach. She says so frankly, "I may never get there, but I'm going to try." Content is stagnation and she knows it.

She knows, too, the uncertainty of her position, of the position of all of them. *"You have to keep running to stay in the same place,"* says Nancy Carroll. She knows that times change, that stars rise and fall, that the public is fickle, that the fans grow critical, that there is no *status quo*.

No other profession moves as fast and as far in as short a space of time; no other profession is as lavish with its rewards when you're on the crest; and certainly no other profession forgets as quickly and as easily and as completely when you are slipping, when you're on the down grade.

But as long as she knows this she is armed. She'll fight back. She has something with which to fight.

She has, as you know, as I said before, a four-year-old daughter who looks, says Nancy Carroll, "exactly like her father." Nancy Carroll is exactly like any young parent in her worry about proper foods and proper surroundings and a little bewildered, as all young parents are nowadays, by the new fads in child rearing which rise up to confront one every other day. Then she recalls the way she was "raised"; without too much fuss and bother, without a lot of clinging and cooing and pampering; and certainly, with very little attention to modern diets. "And I," she says, "am a pretty healthy specimen."

Pat hasn't inherited her mother's red hair. But I imagine she has inherited a good deal of her mother's self reliance and common sense. When a four-year-old youngster can dress herself in the morning, go downstairs in a hotel, sit herself at a table and order her bran and milk and orange juice, without a quiver, she is going to grow up to be someone to reckon with.

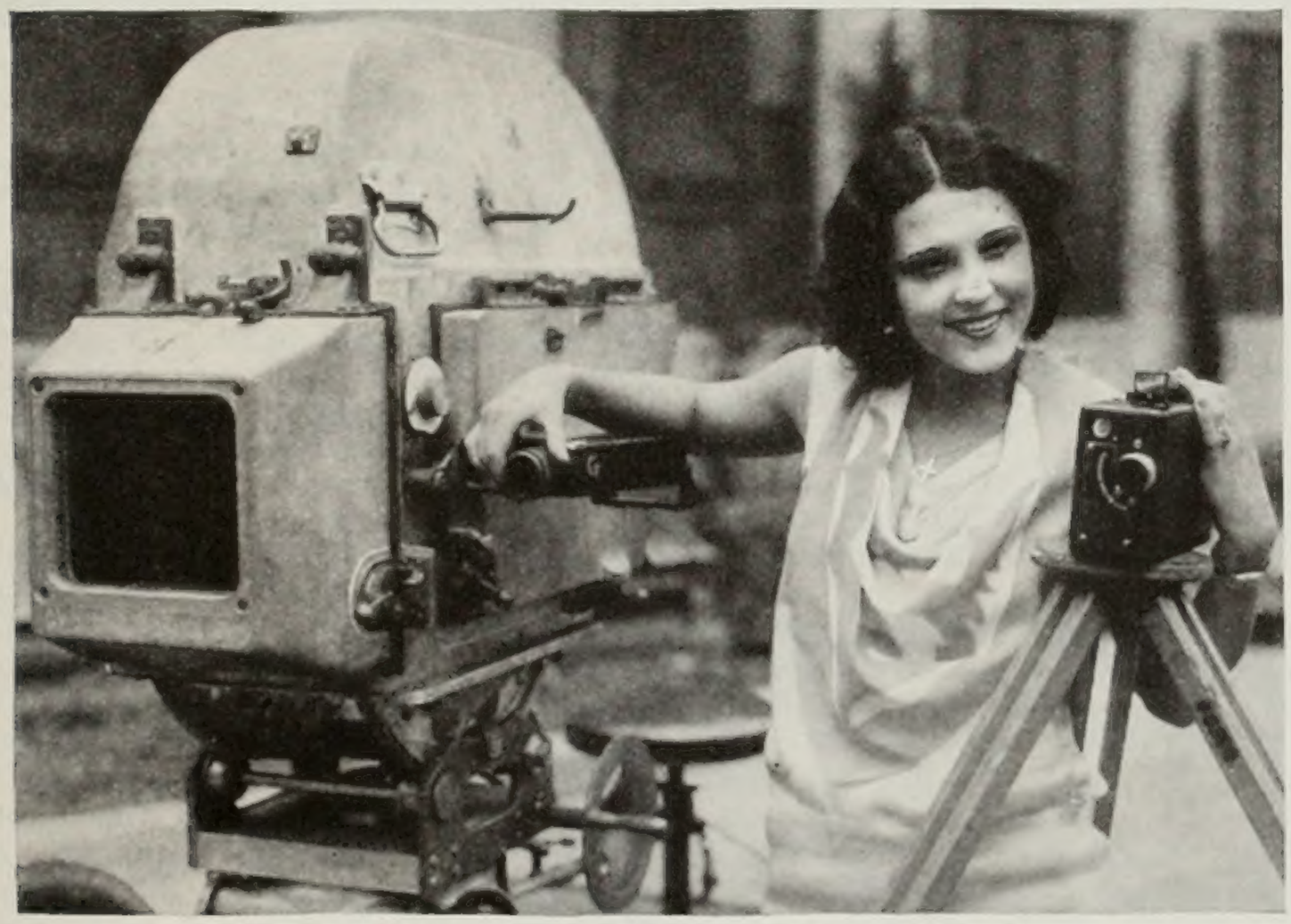
I did not ask Miss Carroll if she believed in teaching independence to her child. I didn't ask her because I believe that she does and the question did not seem necessary. I think that, within the limits of common sense, the proper safe-guarding, and the sort of discipline which builds, but does not stereotype character, she will permit her daughter freedom; the ability to learn lessons of personal experience.

SO here we have Nancy Carroll to the best of my belief; witty, shrewd, intelligent, ambitious, practical, courageous.

I may make my own heroines out of whole cloth, but I have made Nancy Carroll out of her own cloth—which is, I judge, all wool and a yard wide.

She is a good listener, too. If she doesn't really interest herself in other people, you'd never know it. At all events, I didn't know it. It was rather like interviewing the interviewer.

But I am not an interviewer. I am a novelist and, incidentally, a motion picture fan. "The Devil's Holiday" is playing in my neighborhood. One of these nights I'll be in the middle of the house, center. I'll say "There's a youngster with brains and ability . . . and a darned good scout. More power to her!"



The daddy and the baby of motion picture cameras in 1930, as shown by Raquel Torres. At the left is one of the huge ones used in sound shots, encased in its "blimp" covering. Right, a tiny camera for silent shots

Sure, Speedy Relief

Don't let that old devil constipation take away the joy of your living and make your days and nights miserable . . . . chase him away with America's favorite laxative mineral water—Pluto Water, from French Lick . . . . home of America's greatest health resort!

Pluto Water washes away the poisonous wastes that accumulate in the intestines . . . . without griping, pain, or danger. Pluto Water cannot harm the most delicate of tissues. It is a *natural* water wash—contains all the essential saline properties of the famous natural springs that bubble up from underground caverns down at French Lick.

Doctors in every section of the country have prescribed Pluto Water for more than thirty years—it's America's favorite laxative! It works always—in from thirty minutes to two hours. It's sure—speedy—safe!

Pluto Water, from French Lick, is sold at drug stores and fountains everywhere. Get your supply today — two sizes — 20c and 35c. Keep it on hand for emergencies . . . . use it regularly as a preventive of constipation—a little each morning as soon as you get up, diluted in plain hot or cold water. It's a wonderful tonic for the digestive system!

PLUTO

America's Laxative Mineral Water

Two sizes—20c and 35c

Studio Rambles

By Harriet Parsons

MARLENE DIETRICH, the new German sensation who's supposed to be Garbo, Jeanne Eagles and Phyllis Haver all rolled into one (see the lovely picture of her in this month's rotogravure section) is working today.

Let's ramble over to Paramount and take a look.

Great guns, what's this? All we can see is a haze of yellow smoke. There's a clatter of dishes, a clink of glasses and a buzz of voices. Looks and sounds like a speakeasy. It is—a Moroccan speakeasy.

The picture is called "Morocco" and this scene is the interior of a subterranean café. They're using smoke pots to give that hazy effect.

It's a colorful set—sheiks in beards and burnooses, French soldiers in blue caps and red coats that would be elegant in Technicolor, dancing girls with sleek black hair and gold rings in their ears.

Someone in a Tuxedo and silk hat is singing a French song. It's a woman! What's more, it's *la* Dietrich. She doffs her hat, revealing a tumbled mass of curls. But there's something of that boyish quality of Garbo about her. She's fascinating—a magnetism about her that can be felt across the huge set.

There's Gary Cooper in the uniform of a French soldier. Director Von Sternberg beckons to a hairdresser. "Give Mr. Cooper a finger wave." Big Gary slinks off the set sheepishly, hoping no one has heard.

Dietrich has stopped singing. Let's ramble on. The scene seems dull without her. Maybe a little something Russian will revive us. How about "The Virtuous Sin"? Kay Francis and Walter Huston may be working. They are—and what a contrast to the gay café set!

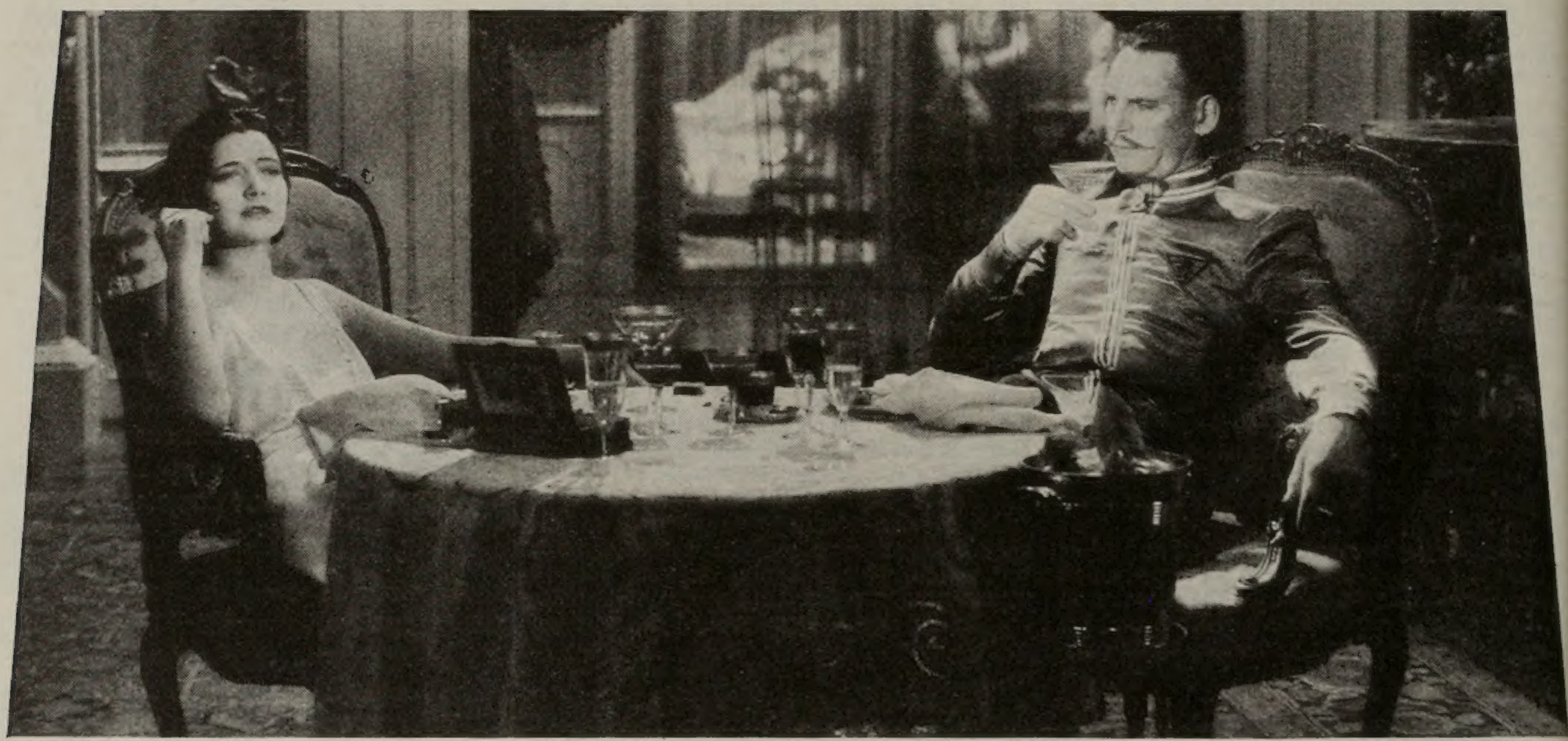
IT'S a tense love scene between Walter and Kay. Kay, in a close-fitting white gown, sits languidly wielding a huge white fan in one hand and a long Russian cigarette in the other. Huston is magnificent in a gray silk tunic with a high collar and the Russian eagle embroidered on the left breast. He looks very martial with a trim little mustache snappily turned up at the ends.

What's happened to Kay's sleek bob—she wears her hair waved softly around her face and coiled in a knot at the nape of her neck. It's immensely becoming.

We could watch *Carmina* exerting her wiles on the *General* for hours, but they've retaken the scene three times already.

How about the M-G-M studio? Always something doing there. Right! Off to Culver City. If we're good maybe Owens will let us drive the Ford onto the lot. Owens is the amiable tyrant who guards the gate. Try to get in!

What have we here? Must be the hallway of an old Southern home, for there are Mammy and old Uncle George looking expectantly up the great stairway. Joan Crawford descends it, looking charming in a blue tailored sports coat and tam-like hat.



Our studio rambler came upon "The Virtuous Sin" set while Walter Huston and Kay Francis were making this scene. Well, they seem to be having a nice time

The picture is "Great Day," a musical comedy laid in the South. Joan plays a fourteen-year-old girl at the start of the story. We saw her taking a test the other day in a blue-checked gingham dress and socks, looking young enough to be in "Our Gang."

Between shots, Joan and Cliff Edwards and John Miljan gather around a miniature piano. Joan sings "More Than You Know" in a low, pleasing voice. Her eyes have a far-away look. Probably thinking about that good-looking husband of hers. Cliff sings, too, and clowns.

Before we go let's drop in on the "Jenny Lind" set. Maybe we can hear Grace Moore sing. What? She's not singing today—they're just shooting the final love scenes. Too bad.

What a charming little Swedish cottage—so quaint and cosy. Look at that funny old-fashioned china dog on the shelf. There's Grace's voice offstage—and here she comes down the stairs in a high-waisted frock with an enormous full skirt. She doesn't look like the usual buxom opera star.

By the way, wasn't Jenny Lind a coloratura soprano? And Grace Moore is a mezzo. How on earth can she sing those pyrotechnical coloratura arias that the "Swedish Nightingale" was famous for? Ah, well—stranger things have happened in the movies!

Guess we're getting too curious. Better go home before we're thrown out for asking impertinent questions.

I made a special shopping trip to see the newest Fifth Avenue Fashions in Faces

The other day I decided to go see what the smart Fifth Avenue shops, that are my next-door neighbors, could tell me about the very newest complexion fashions.

Well, I *wish* you could all have gone with me—from one colorful shop to another. I talked to the salesgirls at the fragrant and sparkling toilet goods counters. I investigated all the new powders and rouges and lipsticks.

And *what* do you think is the most fashionable kind of face? It's the very *nearest* possible approach to what your own complexion would be if you could simply *live* in the sunny, fresh out-of-doors!

Of course, the very smartest thing is to have your own complexion as fresh and clear and outdoor-looking as possible. So I'm going to give you a set of rules that I *know* will help you, because they've already helped so many girls.

The 5 Rules for Beauty

1. Cleanliness — This is the most important part of any beauty treatment. Dermatologists say so—and they are *the only* real authorities on complexion care, you know. And, to them, perfect cleanliness means washing with soap and water.

2. Proper Diet—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.

3. Sleep—an average of eight hours.

4. Exercise—walking, sweeping, golf, tennis, a daily dozen—anything active.

5. A Happy Frame of Mind—keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

Now the first rule—cleanliness—is just so important that I must emphasize it.

For 73 of the leading American dermatologists, whom I consulted, prescribe a thorough soap-and-water cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the most important item in complexion care.

And since these eminent physicians, after testing Camay's effect on all the different types of skin, gave it their unanimous approval as the right kind of soap for even the most delicate complexions, do you need any more authoritative assurance that here is the perfect soap for *you?*

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist? The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YV-100, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP [CALLED CALAY IN CANADA]—10¢ A CAKE

En Route

Unnumbered miles slip away from the Limited . . . sagebrush and sand and a painted desert . . . mountains stark above timber line. But through all the changing scene, this cigarette will be your best companion. Fragrant, refreshing, *dependable*, it adds the flavor of enjoyment to your journey. . . . And whether you travel three days or three hours, you know that you're *going* some place, when you go with Camels.

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